

























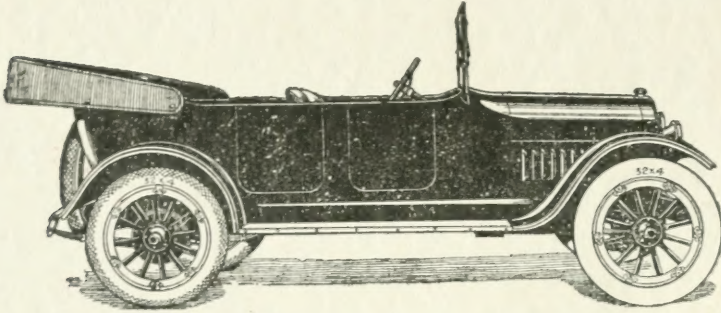
**The  
Saint  
Andrew's  
College  
Review**

**Christmas**  
1916



---

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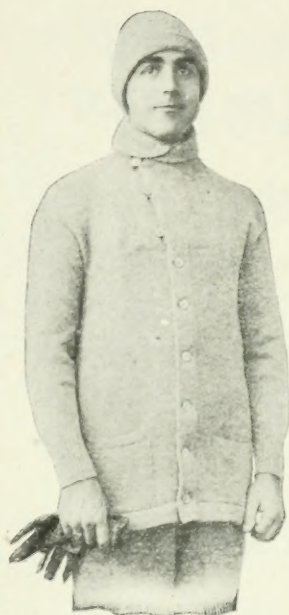
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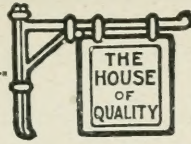
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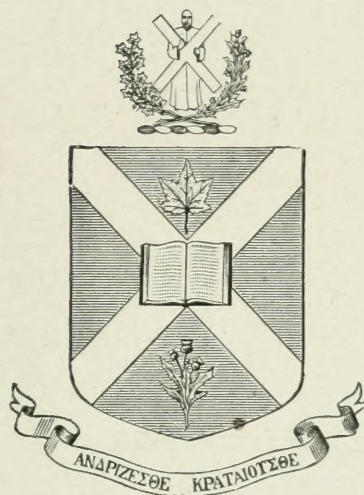


HER EXCELLENCY, THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE





# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Christmas, 1916

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Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER





# Christmas, 1916

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# St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1916

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## Editorial

**W**HAT a splendid tradition is being built for us to-day by the Old Boys ! That is the thought which in these eventful and trying times cannot but fill us with pride, and strengthen our loyalty to the School. A week seldom passes now, but the Headmaster, as we assemble in the morning, has to tell us of some new distinction won, or of some gallant life laid down for his country by one who a short time ago was with us in classroom or playing-field. Familiar figures reappear among us, khaki-clad, and wearing honourable scars—boys but yesterday, now men indeed, and all of them good St. Andrew's men ! It was an inspiring and memorable occasion for our younger generation to see so many of them in our midst on Prize Day.

---

**T**HAT the Old Boys at the Front remember their School with pride and affection is shown in a host of letters received by the Headmaster and Mrs. Macdonald. Passages like the following are typical of many :

"Everywhere I go in the army game I run into Old S.A.C. Boys, and they are all making good, and among the men have the reputation of 'square dealers.' I myself always look back with pleasure and respect to the days at the School. There I became acquainted with a fine class of boys, and wherever you meet them, S.A.C. stands as a countersign." "While in France," writes another, "it always seemed as though we were having an Old Boys' Reunion, as in nearly every Battalion, or Battery, or in any branch of the Service that you can name, you will find the Old S.A.C. Boys in prominence."

---

**I**T has been a great gratification to the REVIEW Staff that so many Old Boys have expressed appreciation of the School magazine, which the kind help of those unable to serve with the colours themselves has enabled us to send to their fellows abroad.



We hope that the present number will reach all of them and convey a greeting from the School, and that the Honour Roll will prove, as it has already done, a means by which old friends may keep in touch, or renew acquaintance.

THE sketches scattered through our pages were very kindly given to us by Lieut. Guy Rutter. They were done by him in the trenches for the amusement of friends at home. The "letter" figured in one of them was part of an actual letter. Lieut. Rutter is now invalided home with a severe wound which deprives him of the use of his right arm. We all hope that the clever hand which produced these humorous impressions of trench-life may be finally restored to use again.



Inspection of Cadets by His Excellency, Nov. 30.

# Honour Roll

This list has been brought up to date as far as we have been able to do so with the information available. The Headmaster again requests to be notified of any necessary additions or corrections. Names of those who have fallen are included, but will be found again in the list of casualties below.

The accompanying portraits are those which have been sent to the Headmaster since our last number.

## Masters.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Allan, N. McD.	Sergt.	Can. Dental Corps.	Paisley.	1915-1916
Bell, Dr. A. M.		Army Medical Service.	Merrickville.	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles.	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers.	England.	1913-1915
Caverhill, E. A.	Gunner.	67th Battery.	Toronto.	1915
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Adjutant 4th Can. Battalion.	Sudbury.	1908-1911
Grant, W. L.	Major.	59th Battalion.	Kingston.	1903
Green, A.		Army Service Corps.	Ottawa.	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy.	England.	1912-1913
Ker, A. W. E.	Lieut.	18th Battery, 5th Brigade.	Hitchins, Eng.	1913-1914
Knighton, G. G.	Capt.	9th Oxford Bucks L.I.	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Capt.	19th Battery, 5th Brigade.	Kingston.	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H. W.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston.	1913-1915
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt.	48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Major.	Hdqr's Staff, 9th Inf. Brigade.	Toronto.	1905-1914
Tudhall, T. B. D.	Lieut.	13th Batt'n, 3rd Inf. Brigade.	England.	1909-1915

## Old Boys.

Abendana, E. M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers, Ottawa.	Port Antonio.	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred.			Campbellton.	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	Military Air Service.	Toronto.	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Allan, J. B.		Ottawa Artillery.	Ottawa.	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172 Tunnelling Co., R.E.	Toronto.	1903-1905
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	P.P.C.L.I.	Vancouver.	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Lieut.	198 Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1911
Anderson, W. S.		Newfoundland Contingent.	St. John's.	1909-1910
Angstrom, L. C.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters.	Toronto.	1905-1906
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	Can. Field Artillery.	Toronto.	1904-1912
Aspden, A.	Private.	No. Construction Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1913
Ballantyne, C. C.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1905
Barclay, W. C.		Guard at Island.	Toronto.	1902-1906
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Oakville.	1905-1907
Bath, C. L.	Capt.	Flight Comm., 29th Sqdn., R.F.C.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Victoria.	1911-1912
Beath, M. G.	Sergt.	227th Battalion.	Sudbury.	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Reserve.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Reserve.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Beecroft, H. T.	Sgt.-Maj.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Edmonton.	1912-1913
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers.	Montreal.	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.			Toronto.	1908-1915
Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	27th Winnipeg Battalion.	Winnipeg.	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Capt.	92nd Battalion, Asst. Adjutant.	Toronto.	1900-1909
Bennett, F.	Lieut.	Nfld. Reg., Record Office, Eng.	St. John's.	1911-1912



## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Bennett, S. ....	L.-Corp.	1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1911-1914
Black, S. C. ....	Sergt.	C.F.A., 6th Howitzer Brigade	Montreal	1910-1912
Blair, A. G. ....	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.	Vancouver	1911-1913
Blake, G. E. ....	Lieut.	Oxford-Bucks L.I.	Toronto	1901-1902
Blake, Hume, Jr. ....	Lieut.	Headquarter's Staff, Shorncliffe	Toronto	1901-1902
Blackstock, G. ....	Lieut.	British Army, A.D.C.	Toronto	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H. ....	Private	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1913-1915
Bole, W. W. R. ....	Driver	Mechanical Transport	Toronto	1909-1916
Bond, H. St. G. ....	Lieut.	Royal Can. Engineers	Toronto	1904-1909
Booth, C. D. ....	Capt.	39th Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto	1903
Booth, C. H. ....	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1911
Booth, D. W. ....	Capt.	169th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1903
Bowden, H. ....		Army Service Corps, 510202	Toronto	1908-1909
Boyd, J. Errol. ....	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-1909
Bradshaw, M. A. ....	Gunner	67th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
Broderick, F. N. ....		Yk. Rangers, Kapuskasing Camp	Toronto	1906-1912
Broughall, Derie. ....		3rd Battalion, 1st Brigade	Toronto	1904-1905
Brown, R. A. ....	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, Bernal. ....	Private	4th University Co.	Toronto	1908-1914
Burk, Gerrie. ....		8th Battalion	Port Arthur	1906-1907
Burk, H. D. ....	Capt.	147th Grey Overseas Battalion	Toronto	1907-1909
Bryan, F. W. ....	Driver	Mechanical Transport	Toronto	1908
Burns, E. A. ....	Lieut.	169 Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, G. K. ....		Cyclists Corps	Toronto	1913-1914
Burns, M. C. ....		15th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1906-1908
Burton, R. B. S. ....	Major	90th Rifles, "B" Co.	Toronto	1902-1907
Buscombe, R. ....	Capt.	3rd Battalion	Vancouver	1911
Caldwel, C. N. R. ....	Lieut.	189th Regiment	New Carlisle	1905-1907
Calvert, C. W. L. ....		Royal Naval Aviation Service	Toronto	1912-1914
Cameron, J. H. ....		No. 72125, 27th Battalion	Kenora	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A. ....	Signaller	147th Battalion	Owen Sound	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec. ....	Sergt.	2nd Div. Ammun. Col.	Toronto	1905-1912
Campbell, E. S. ....		Naval Air Service	Toronto	1907-1916
Campbell, A. R. ....	Major	216th Battalion	Toronto	1899-1900
Campbell, Geo. ....	Lieut.	40th Battalion	Halifax	1906-1911
Cantley, C. L. ....	Major	5th Royal Highlanders (Special Service)	New Glasgow	1900-1902
Cantley, D. F. ....	Lieut.	Artillery	New Glasgow	1911-1916
Carlyle, D. B. ....	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1912
Carlyle, R. T. ....		Inspector, Can. Inspection Co.	Toronto	1905-1909
Carmichael, G. R. ....	Lieut.	94th Battery	Kenora	1907-1909
Cassels, G. ....	Lieut.	Kingston Battery, C.E.F.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G. ....	Bomb.	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H. ....	Bomb.	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B. ....		4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Port Williams	1912-1913
Chase, G. A. ....	Sergt.	"C" Squad, 2nd Brigade	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H. ....		No. 7 Stat. Hospital, No. 522081	Wolfville	1910-1911
Chesnut, E. F. ....	Sergt.	19th Battalion, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1902-1908
Chesnut, A. W. ....		4th University Co.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L. ....	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-1907
Clare, A. M. ....	Sergt.	Winnipeg Medical Corps	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S. ....	Lieut.	Imperial Transport	Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, E. K. ....	Driver	Queen's Can. Military Hospital	Toronto	1905-1911
Clarke, N. D. ....	Private	P.P.C.L.I.	Toronto	1905-1909
Clark, C. T. ....	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C. ....	Lieut.	1st Motor Machine Gun Brigade	Renfrew	1901
Clark, A. R. S. ....		Dorsetshire Regiment	Toronto	1901-1902
Clement, D. W. ....	Private	5th Royal Highlanders	Kitchener	1913-1915
Clark, B. M. ....	Lieut.	74th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1904

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion.	Toronto.	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.	Ottawa.	1905-1908
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Gunner.	43rd Battery, 10th Brigade.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Comstock, W. H.		Naval Air Service.	Brockville.	1909-1916
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	216th Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1906
Copeland, R. C.	Bomb.	43rd Battery, C.E.F.	Collingwood.	1911-1912
Corbould, C. E. B.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.	New Westminster.	1905-1908
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.	7th Battalion.	Victoria.	1904-1906
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	19th Battery, C.F.A.	Brockville.	1913-1915
Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion, M.G.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	95th Battalion, M.G.	Toronto.	1901-1905
Cotton, H. H.		2nd Brigade, C.M.R.	Cowansville.	1910-1912
Coulthard, J. K. B.	Private.	58th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.	Private.		Victoria.	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.	Driver.	2nd Divisional Train.	Medicine Hat.	1904
Crane, Geo. A.	Staff-Sgt.	48th Highlanders.	Toronto.	1900
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	134th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1911
Crowe, H. L.	Sub-Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1908-1915
Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion.	Toronto.	1913-1914
Crother, W. G.	Lieut.	In charge of Transport.	Ottawa.	1912-1913
Cruikshank, W. J.	Corp.	No. 75498, Infantry.	Matequi.	1911-1912
Cutler, J. G.	Lieut.	Pay Office, London, Eng.	Halifax.	1905-1907
Dack, J. O.	Gunner.	67th Battery.	Toronto.	1915-1916
Darroch, J. C.		No. 2729, Troop 3, Strathcona H.	Toronto.	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1907
Davison, J. A.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1910
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Company, R.E.	Bridgewater.	1906-1908
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion.	Prince Albert.	1912-1913
DeBeck, C. V.	Private.	No. 443772, Infantry.	Penticton.	1911-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.	133rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1908
DeSherbinin, I.		69th Battery.	Toronto.	1911-1912
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.	Toronto.	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery.	Winnipeg.	1911
Dickson, I. W.		N.B.	Toronto.	1899-1900
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion.	Toronto.	1910-1912
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles.	Toronto.	1910-1915
Dineen, G. E.	Lieut.	9th Battalion, Royal Ber. Regt.	Toronto.	1907
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	87th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	1st Can. Motor Mach. Gun Brig.	Toronto.	1909-1913
Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion.	Winnipeg.	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	92nd Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Donaldson, W. A.	Sergt.	188th Battalion.	Prince Albert.	1913-1914
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	12th Brigade.	Toronto.	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.	2nd Lieut.	Royal Welsh Fusiliers.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Dordis, G. D.	Lieut.	154th Battalion.	Morrisburg.	1909
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	7th Seaforth Highlanders.	Toronto.	1904-1907
Douglas, G. K.	Gunner.	1st Reserve Brigade.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		203rd Battalion.	Moose Jaw.	1913-1915
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	79th Cameron Highlanders.	Winnipeg.	1904-1906
Duncan, J. M.	Eng. Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Lion"	Toronto.	1903-1909
Duncanson, A. E.	Capt.	Staff appointment in England.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.	Sergt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1907-1912
Dymont, I.		5th Field Ambulance.	Toronto.	1906-1912
Eakins, C. G.	Gunner.	67th Battery.	Napanee.	1911-1916
Easson, J. M.	Private.	C.A.S.C., Mechanical Transport.	Toronto.	1913-1916
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1907
Farquhar, T. D.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Halifax.	1907-1908



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Ferguson, J. A.	Lieut.	17th Draft, Can. Engineers.	Massey.	1910-1913
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Toronto.	1899-1902
Fergusson, J. T.	Lieut.		Toronto.	1899-1906
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.	4th Battn., 1st Can. Inf. Brigade.	Toronto.	1903-1910
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	7th Artillery Brigade.	Toronto.	1906-1914
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	216th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Fisken, Sidney	Lieut.	Royal Field Artillery.	Toronto.	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.	166th Battalion.	Toronto.	1901-1909
Fleming, Donald	Lieut.	241 Scottish Regiment.	Winnipeg.	1910-1912
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers.	Ottawa.	1913-1916
Fleming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1907
Fleming, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	A.S.C., No. 4 General Hospital.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.	British Highland Regiment.	Oakville.	1900-1903
Forge, J. M.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Pembroke.	1904-1907
Foster, M. L.		Motor Boat Patrol.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
Foster, W. F. T.	Corp.	50th Queen's Battery.	Vancouver.	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Capt.	Instructor, M.G. Sch., Kingston.	Ottawa.	1903-1911
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	British Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1900-1905
Frith, Ed. V.		3rd Div. Cyclists.	Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Frith, N. L. H.		Volunteer Rifles, Home Defence.	Hamilton, Ber.	1914-1916
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Sub-Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Carleton Place.	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. A. H.	2nd Lieut.	Royal Engineers.	Toronto.	1907-1915
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Garratt, P. C.	Pilot.	No. 70, Squadron R.F. Corps.	Toronto.	1909-1910
Gartshore, L. B.	Lieut.		Toronto.	1899
Gauld, W. H.		Cycle Corps.	Japan.	1911-1912
Geggie, W. M. M.		U. of T. Officers' Training Corps.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Gibson, W. O.		7th Brigade, 35th Battery.	Winnipeg.	1907
Gideon, T. R.	2nd Lieut.	9th (?) 6 Lincolns, 11th Div.	Port Antonio.	1904-1906
Gill, R. J.	Major.	156th Battalion.	Bowmanville.	1904-1907
Gillespie, J.	Lieut.	170th Battalion.	Toronto.	1902
Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto.	1900-1902
Gillies, C. C.		Infantry.	Clover Bar, Alta.	1900
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.		Vancouver.	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul.	Capt.	17th N.S. Battn., Chaplain "U".	China.	1902
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	54th Battery.	Toronto.	1905-1908
Gooherham, G.	Sub-Lieut.	Aviation.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Gooderham, M. S.	Capt.	4th Infantry Brigade.	Toronto.	1901-1910
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion.	Toronto.	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion.	Pembroke.	1910-1914
Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	69th Battery.	Toronto.	1908-1910
Graham, D. W.	Private.	5th Can. Machine Gun Co.	Renfrew.	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	74th Field Battery.	Belleville.	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.	Napanee.	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Dragoons.	Perth.	1910-1912
Grant, E. M.	Lieut.	40th Can. Reserve Battalion.	Halifax.	1905-1907
Grant, G. W.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.	Halifax.	1905-1907
Grant, R. H.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Command Regiment.	Toronto.	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.	Gunner.	67th Battery, S2nd Howitzer.	Toronto.	1909-1915
Greer, W. C.	Lieut.		Vancouver.	1910-1911
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.		
Haas, M. S.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade, N.G.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Hamilton, C. D.	Sergt.	M.T., 3rd Div. Supply Col.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	"C" Co., 76th Brigade, R.F.A.	Toronto.	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	"C" Co., 123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sapper.	2nd Field Engineers, Driver.	Toronto.	1902



## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

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Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Hanlan, E. G.	Capt.	Sportsmans' Battalion	Toronto.	1908
Hanna, W. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1907
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	26th Battery, 7th Brigade	Sarnia.	1908-1910
Hardie, J. M. O.	Private.	No. 446139, 2nd C.M.R.	Lethbridge	1907-1909
Hardie, W. E. G.	Private.	No. 629066, 29th Battn., 6th Bg.	Lethbridge	1906-1909
Harris, H. K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army, 3rd Essex Regt.	Toronto.	1899
Harrison, W. L.		Aviation	Toronto.	1913-1916
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	5th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal.	1906-1907
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	16th Battalion	Winnipeg.	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Lieut.	Staff of Military Duty, Dist. 10.	Winnipeg.	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport.	Whitby	1910-1914
Hayes, Barry B.	Lieut.	198th Buffs Regiment.	Toronto.	1904-1906
Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	116th Ont. County Battalion	Oshawa.	1910-1913
Herald, R. A.	Private.	16th Battalion	Vancouver.	1910-1911
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Major.	1st Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto.	1900-1904
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	7th Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto.	1899-1901
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto.	1906-1909
Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	Aviation	Toronto.	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Capt.	198th Battalion	Toronto.	1904-1907
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1909
Hodgson, D. E.		14th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto.	1908-1909
Hume, R. F.		Can. Army Medical Corps.	Vancouver.	1911-1912
Husband, G. C.	Pilot.	Aviation	Toronto.	1914
Hutchings, D. J.	Corp.	Lewis M.G. Sect. of the 46th	Calgary	1909-1912
Hutchings, H.		Bermuda Volunteer Rifles	Bermuda	1915-1916
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.	Toronto.	1912-1915
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	London	1901-1903
Ings, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Charlottetown	1913-1914
Isbester, M.	Capt.	42nd Battalion, M.G. Section	Port Arthur	1900-1902
James, W. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto.	1904-1910
Jardine, R. A.	Lieut.	100th Battalion	Winnipeg.	1909-1911
Johnson, G. R.	Lieut.	177th Company, Royal Engineers	Fernie	1904-1906
Jenkins, W. S.	Driver	67th Battery, No. 337993.	Madoc.	1915-1916
Johnston, H. A.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Montreal.	1908-1912
Johnston, K. B.	Lieut.	66th Batt., 17th Howitzer Bgde.	Montreal.	1910-1914
Jones-Bateman, J. B.		1st Div. Signal Corps	Toronto.	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, R. W.	Corp.	33rd Battalion, M.G. Section	Toronto.	1909-1913
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	5th Field Co., 2nd C. Div. Eng.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	11th Can. Machine Gun Co.	Toronto.	1908-1912
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	Toronto.	1903-1907
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1910
Kay, Jack	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1901-1909
Kelly, Chas. H. T.		No. 30876, 12 Plat. Co. 10th Batt.	St. George's, Ber.	1900-1902
Keith, N. M.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit.	Toronto.	1899-1904
Kemp, C.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps	Toronto.	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	Training, England	Toronto.	1909-1913
Kingour, Arthur		Flight Lt. 31st Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto.	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	48th Sec. 2nd 4, C.D.A.C. 2nd Div.	Toronto.	1909-1907
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	19th Battalion, 4th Inf. Brigade	Toronto.	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.		4th Can. Div., No. 331164.	Toronto.	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto.	1905-1907
Lash, G. H. G.	Private.	4th University Company	Toronto.	1910-1913
Lafferty, Heber	Adjut.	Horse Artillery	Calgary	1906-1907
Lazier, T. H.	Signaller.	52nd Battery	Belleville.	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	Paymaster, 36th Ottawa Rifles	London	1903-1906
Leckie, C. P.		Aviation	Vancouver.	1911-1915

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Leckie, H. S.	Sub-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.	Vancouver.	1909-1914
Lee, S. B. D.		Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1900-1906
Leishman, C. M.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Officers' Draft.	Toronto.	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.	Private.	241st Highland Battalion.	Toronto.	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	X Trench Motor Battery.	Toronto.	1905-1909
Leishman, N. G.	Sergt.	70th Battery.	Toronto.	1912-1913
Lennard, H. G.	Private.	No. 58316, 20th Battn., 4th Bgde.	Dundas.	1908-1910
Lightbourn, G. O.	Lieut.	180th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1914
Livingston, Ross.	Lieut.	72nd Battery.	Kingston.	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	1st Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1909-1913
Lockhart, N. B.		19th Battalion, "A" Co.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Lorimer, N. H.	Lieut.	20th Battery, 6th Brigade.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Loudon, L. B. M.	Capt.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1906
Lowes, A. T.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.	Calgary.	1906-1907
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.	Toronto.	1906-1912
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Lightbourn, A. H.		Volunteer Rifles, Home Defence.	Paget, Bermuda.	1908-1909
McAvity, P. D.	Major.	26th Battalion.	St. John.	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.	Elmvale.	1909-1912
McDonald, G. C.	Driver.	No. 302241, 40th Battery.	Chatsworth.	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.	Lieut.	16th Battalion.	Winnipeg.	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corp.	"A" Co., 142nd Battalion.	Walkerton.	1915-1916
McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	34th Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.	Lieut.	127th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		No. 37167, Div. Ammun. Park.	Winnipeg.	1910-1914
McKenzie, K. G.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps.	Monkton.	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Paymaster.	Ottawa.	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Ottawa.	1904-1906
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	103rd Battalion.	Abbotsford.	1905-1907
McLennan, A. R.	Sergt.	2nd Can. Command Regiment.	Toronto.	1907-1914
McLaren, G. B.			Vancouver.	1903-1907
McMullen, R. P.			Vancouver.	1910
McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	Royal Field Art., Imp. Army.	Toronto.	1912-1914
McMurtry, U. B.	Lieut.	116th Battalion.	Toronto.	1915-1916
McMichael, J. E.	Gunner.	79th Battery.	Toronto.	1909-1914
McPherson, W. B.	Lieut.	C.O.T.C.	Toronto.	1902-1907
McQueen, H. M.	Private.	58th Battalion.	Petrolia.	1912-1913
McPhedran, M.	Capt.	Med. Officer, 12th Art. Brigade.	Toronto.	1902-1906
McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	24th Royal Fusiliers.	Toronto.	1902-1910
McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	219th Field Co.	Clinton.	1912-1914
McTaggart, W. B.	Major.	12th Battery, 3rd Brigade.	Clinton.	1908-1910
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion.	Montreal.	1907-1908
Macdonald, F. M.	Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.	Toronto.	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1900-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.	Can. Military School, Eng.	Winnipeg.	1911-1915
MacDougall, J. W.	Driver.	68th Battery, No. 339140.	Vancouver.	1912-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery.	London.	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Lieut.	42nd Highlanders.	Montreal.	1900-1902
MacGregor, D. G.		153rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1908-1910
MacGregor, I. C.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport.	New Glasgow.	1912-1916
MacKeon, D. W.	Lieut.	15th Brigade, C. F. A.	Halifax.	1907-1912
MacKeon, H. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Heavy Battery.	Halifax.	1906-1910
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Battalion, Co. 2.	Washington.	1901-1902
McLaren, Ian.	Lieut.	14th Brigade.	St. John.	1910-1913



# ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

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Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
MacLaren, K. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1907
Macnee, W. K.	Lieut.	Barriefield Camp.	Kingston.	1905-1908
MacNutt, P. I.	Driver.	Engineers, No. 504278.	St. John.	1900-1901
Macpherson, C.	Corp.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Glenallan.	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.	Can. Engineers.	Amherst.	1913
Malcolm, Jack.	Lieut.	242nd Battalion.	Campbellton.	1910-1913
Malcolm, E. B.	Sapper.	C.O.R.C.C.	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	Sapper.	C.O.R.C.C.	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Sergt.	65th Battalion.	Prince Albert.	1911-1913
Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery, 4th Brigade.	Toronto.	1911
Massey, V.	Lt.-Col.	Asst. Musk. Officer, Div. Staff.	Toronto.	1902-1906
Marsh, P. C.		No. 512861, C.A.S.C. Supplies T.D.	Huntsville.	1909-1910
Marshall, D. G.		50th Queen's Battery.	Vancouver.	1910-1912
Matheson, W. D.	Pilot.	Royal Flying Corps, Sergt.	New Glasgow.	1905-1910
May, G. H.	Lieut.	Can. Mech. Transport.	Ottawa.	1903-1905
May, T. C.		R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.		Borden's Armoured Motor Battn.	Peterboro.	1907-1908
Mickleborough, K.	Capt.	"A" Co., 84th Battalion.	Toronto.	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	2nd Lieut.	Imperial Army, North. Fusiliers.	Toronto.	1901-1907
Millington, C. A.	Private.	Ont. Mounted Rifles.	Toronto.	1909-1914
Mills, L. G.	Adjut.	Assistant, 74th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1908
Milne, J. K.		107th Battalion, M.G. Section.	Madoc.	1910-1911
Mitchell, R. C.		28th Battalion.	Weyburn.	1909-1911
Moffat, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.	Toronto.	1899-1906
Montgomery, A. R.	Sergt.	No. 85151, 4th Battery, C.F.A.	New Richmond.	1909-1910
Montgomery, L. C.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion.	New Richmond.	1909-1912
Montgomery, G. C.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers.	North Bay.	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion.	Oshawa.	1906-1908
Morrison, A. M.	Private.	C.A.S.C., Mech. Transport.	Winnipeg.	1915-1916
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	213th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1905
Mortimer, V. S.		2nd Can. Mounted Rifles.	Toronto.	1902-1905
Morton, D. R.	Capt.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1909-1911
Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Roy. Can. Artillery.	Toronto.	1907-1912
Mulligan, W. R.	Trooper.	Lord Strathcona Horse.	Regina.	1911
Munn, W. L. G.		Newfoundland Regiment.	St. John's.	1910-1914
Munn, R. S. E.	Private.	1st Newfoundland Regiment.	St. John's.	1909-1913
Munro, H. E.	Lieut.	35th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1909
Munro, Freeman.	Lieut.	114th Battalion.	Dunnville.	1906-1911
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	Training, England.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon.	Sergt.	29th Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto.	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.		28th Battalion, "D" Co.	Weyburn.	1910
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse.	Toronto.	1900-1902
Nation, Geo.	Lieut.	7th Can. Inf. Battalion.	Victoria.	1910-1913
Neil, R. M.	Lieut.	67th Battery.	Peterboro.	1913-1914
Nelson, G.	Lieut.	18th Battalion, 4th Brigade.	Toronto.	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren.	Lieut.	24th Battalion.	Montreal.	1906-1913
Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. C. H.		14th Horse Guards.	Kingston.	1906-1908
Nicol, H. L.	Sgt.-Maj.	Strathcona Horse.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner.	48th Battery.	Toronto.	1909-1913
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sgt.	Div. Ammun. Park, A.S.C.	Toronto.	1905-1908
O'Brian, Lewis.	Sapper.	Can. Engineers, "A" Co., 2200.	L'Original.	1907-1911
Oliver, Allan.	Lieut.	26th Battery, 7th Brigade.	Ottawa.	1905-1909
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill Gen. Hospital No. 3.	McAdam Jct.	1908

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Paton, W. H.		198th Battalion	London	1906-1907
Peuchen, G. A.	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
Paisley, J. E. H.		62nd Battery	Ottawa	1908-1910
Page, F. P.	Capt.	126th Battalion	Toronto	1902
Parsons, Myles		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Paterson, G. O.		5th Div. C.A.S.C., No. 510721	Toronto	1904-1913
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	216th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1909
Phillips, Ralph		No. 304665, 9th Artillery Brigade	Ottawa	1912-1915
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	155th Battalion	Belleville	1911-1915
Quigley, F. G.		Queen's Engineers	Winnipeg	1908-1909
Ramsden, J. C.		95th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	8th Battalion	New Westminster	1912-1913
Rice, H. F.	Gunner	2nd Reserve Battery	Toronto	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.		45th Battalion	Portage-la-Prairie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	8th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1906-1909
Risteen, G. N.	Driver	56th Queen's Battery	Vancouver	1909-1914
Rogers, C. E.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1902-1909
Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion	Toronto	1903-1913
Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	6th Howitzer Brigade, C.F.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Ross, Dudley		Surg.-Prob.H.M.S. "Linnnet"	Elora	1908-1913
Ross, G. F.	Flight Lt.	Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, N. E.		1st Inf. Brigade, 1st Can. Div.	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.	Lieut.	47th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1905-1910
Saunders, R. P.	Lieut.	19th Canadians	Toronto	1900-1904
Shirriff, Q. S.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1906-1910
Sinclair, D. C.		78th Regiment	New Glasgow	1902-1903
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Mounted Rifles	Ottawa	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P.	Lieut.	1st Battalion	Cobourg	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner	271st Can. Siege Battery	Montreal	1910-1915
Slatter, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	Lie.-Corp.	Can. Reserve Cyclists	Kincardine	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.		Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1904-1910
Smith, J. R.		134th Battalion, No. 799030	Toronto	1906-1910
Smith, L. F. W.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1910-1912
Sneigrove, C. R.		Can. Army Service Corps	Toronto	1908-1913
Sneigrove, J. C.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Somerville, G. A.			Toronto	1907-1915
Somerville, H. A.	Lieut.	118th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1913
Spohn, H. G.		7th Battery, C.F.A.	Penetang	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B., Dr.		Ontario Hospital	Toronto	1903-1906
Stavert, R. E.	Capt.	119th Battalion	Montreal	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Lieut.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps	Toronto	1903-1908
Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery	Farren's Point	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C.		119th Battalion	Fort William	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.		Motor Transport	Vancouver	1909-1912
Stonehouse, C. E.	L.-Corp.	58th Battalion, No. 404762	Toronto	1903-1905
Stovel, E. F.		Strathcona Horse	Winnipeg	1914
Stokes, S. G.	Lieut.	129th Battalion	Petrolia	1910
Straith, J. L.		99th Battery	Windsor	1912
Strother, K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army	Toronto	1904-1909
Stuart, J. F. P.		M-2-132736, A.S.C. M.T., 73 Siege Bty.	Vancouver	1906-1911



# ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

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Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Sutherland, P. E.		"B" Co., 28th Battn., 6th Bgde.	Vancouver.	1906-1911
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion	Toronto.	1905
Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	18th Battalion	Toronto.	1909-1910
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Signalling Co.	Toronto.	1908
Scott, D. S.			Vancouver.	1908-1911
Taylor, J. S.	Private.	Borden's Motor Car Battery	Whitehorse.	1908-1910
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	186th Battalion	Chatham.	1913
Thompson, E. W.		Can. Army Service Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1910
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto.	1907
Thompson, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Field Artillery	Halifax.	1910-1913
Thomson, R. A.		19th Alberta Dragoons.	Paris.	1905-1909
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps	Montreal.	1911-1913
Travis, C. W.	Lieut.	Can. Machine Gun Depot.	Sydney.	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner.	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade	Toronto.	1905-1908
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	"B" Co., 135th Battalion	London.	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner.	43rd Battalion	Toronto.	1910-1914
Thomson, G. J.			Vancouver.	1907-1909
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Hamilton.	1909-1911
Verner, W. S.		"A" Co., 35th Battalion	Toronto.	1909-1910
Waiker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion, "B" Co.	Fort William.	1907-1910
Wallace, H. D. M.		Aviation	Blind River.	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.		Army Medical Corps.	New York City.	1901-1904
Wallace, C.		5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade	Vancouver.	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.		234th Battalion	Toronto.	1909-1912
Wallace, Eric.	Lieut.	7th Field Artillery, 16th Battery	Hamilton.	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	126th Peel Battalion	Toronto.	1903
Waterous, C. L.	Lieut.	Reserve Brigade, C.F.A.	Brantford.	1907-1910
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1911
Wemyss, R. H.	Gunner.	No. 327880, 59th Battery	Neepawa.	1910-1913
West, R. R.	Sapper.	No. 425474, C.O.R.C.C.	Brandon.	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mech. Trans., 3rd Div., S. Col.	Brantford.	1908-1912
Whitaker, Ewart G.	Bomb.	12th Brigade Hdqtrs., C.F.A.	Brantford.	1908-1915
Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner.	3rd Section, 2nd D.A.C.	Brantford.	1908-1916
Whitney, E. C.		208th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1912
Wilkes, F. H.	Capt.	3rd Indian Cavalry	Brantford.	1908-1909
Williams, J. H.	Private.	A.S.C., M.T.	Winnipeg.	1913-1914
Williams, W. D.		Ontario Mounted Rifles	Mexico.	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B.	Sergt.	Saskatchewan Hospital Unit	Toronto.	1911-1916
West, G. H.	Private.	No. 425473, 28th Battalion	Wetaskiwin.	1902
Wilson, A. C.		15th Battalion	Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
Wilson, J. T.		67 Battery	Toronto.	1910-1914
Winter, E. R.	Private.	2nd Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's.	1912-1914
Winter, M. G.	Private.	2nd Battalion Nfld. Regiment	St. John's.	1912-1915
Wishart, Dr. D. E. S.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1906
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto.	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C.		Transp. Col., Armoured Motor	New Westminster	1906-1909
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	Artillery Reserve Brigade	Toronto.	1907-1914
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lancashire Fusiliers	Toronto.	1907-1912
Webster, Harold.			Vancouver.	1910
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	102nd Battalion	Vancouver.	1904-1910
Young, J. W.	Gunner.	67th Battery	Superior, U.S.A.	1909-1912
Yuille, J. W.	Lieut.	42nd Highlanders	Montreal.	1906-1909

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

## DIED ON SERVICE

Chesnut, A. W.	Pte.	Died from Pneumonia, Sept. 6th, 1916
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed, July, 1915.
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning, October 25th, 1915.
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidentally shot, July, 1915.
Lockhart, N. B.	Pte.	Died March 24th, 1915. Meningitis contracted in Camp.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in France on March 16th, 1915.
Beil, A. L.	Lieut.	Killed —Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Bell, Trevor S.	Lieut.	Killed in action, September 14th, 1916.
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 23rd, 1916.
Broughall, Deric.	Pte.	Killed—Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Brown, B. B.	Pte.	Killed in action, September, 1916.
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	Killed in action, June 19th, 1915.
Campbell, G. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, May 20th, 1916.
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Killed—Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Herald, R. A.	Pte.	Killed—Ypres, April 22nd, 1915.
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action, June 3rd, 1916.
Nation, G. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 25th, 1916.
Oliver, Allan.	Lieut.	Killed in action, November 24th, 1916.
Rogers, Clarence.	Sub-Lieut.	Killed in action, June 18th, 1916.
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Williams, W. D.	Pte.	Killed in action, June 2nd, 1916.
Winter, E. R.	Pte.	Killed in action, July 1st, 1916.
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 28th, 1916.

## Honours Awarded

## D. S. O.

Kilmer, Charles.	Capt.	August 21st, 1916.
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## D. S. C.

Galbraith, Murray.	Sub-Lieut.	November, 1916.
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## MILITARY CROSS

Allen, Ernest R.	Lieut.	May 23rd, 1916.
Auld, James C.	Lieut.	June 13th, 1916.
Auld, James C.	(2nd Clasp to medal)	October 18th, 1916.
Cassels, Gordon T.	Lieut.	October, 1916.
Fiskin, Sidney F.	Lieut.	September 25th, 1916.
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	August 8th, 1916.
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Capt.	November, 1915.
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	November 16th, 1916.
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	November, 1916.
Oliver, Allan.	Lieut.	November, 1916.
Sykes, H.	Lieut.	November, 1916.
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	November, 1916.

## MILITARY MEDAL

Lennard, Harry G.	Pte.	October 12th, 1916.
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	October 27th, 1916.

## CROIX DE GUERRE

Galbraith, Murray.	Sub-Lieut.	November, 1916.
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## Casualty List

## PRISONERS AND MISSING

Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	Ypres.	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	Ypres.	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.		Oct. 16th, 1916.	Missing.
Boyd, J. E.	Lieut.		Oct. 5th, 1915.	Interned in Holland.
Burk, Gerrie.	Pte.	Ypres.	May 12th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
				Escaped Aug. 1st.
Chase, D. B.	Pte.	Zillibeke.	June 2nd, 1916.	Prisoner in Germany.
Devlin, H.	Lieut.		Sept. 9th, 1916.	Wounded and Prisoner.
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.		April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Macdonnell, H. W.	Lieut.	Zillibeke.	June 2nd, 1916.	Prisoner in Germany.
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.		June, 1916.	Prisoner in Germany.

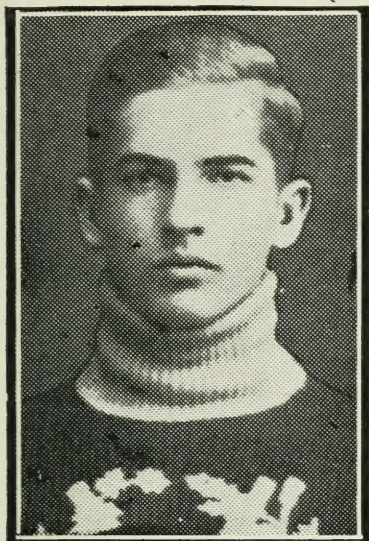
## WOUNDED

Allen, J. Stuart.	Lieut.		April 20th, 1916.
Anderson, W. S.			October, 1915.
Angstrom, L. C.	Sub-Lieut.		June 21st, 1916.
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.		May 4th, 1916.
Black, S. C.	Sergt.		June, 1916.
Blackstock, G.	Lieut.		October 19th, 1916.
Brown, B. B.	Pte.		May 1st, 1916.
			(Killed September, 1916.)
Brown, R. A.	Lieut.		June 4th, 1916.
Burns, M. C.			June 17th, 1916.
Burton, R. B. S.	Capt.		April 24th, 1915.
Cameron, J. H.			April 7th, 1916.
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.		June 13th, 1916.
Chesnut, E. F.	Corp.		January 5th, 1916.
Chesnut, A. W.	Pte.		July 12th, 1916.
			(Died September 6th, 1916.)
Clark, C. T.	Lieut.		October 7th, 1916.
Clarke, A. R. S.			June, 1915.
Cruickshank, W. J.			October 18th, 1916.
Cockburn, G. A. R.			October 20th, 1916.
Corbould, C. B.	Lieut.		June 1st, 1916.
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.		June 16th, 1915.
Coulthard, J. K. B.			July 31st, 1916.
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.		June 7th, 1915.
Crombie, V. R. A.			August, 1916, and Sept. 21st, 1916.
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.		June, 1916.
Davison, J. A.	Lieut.		September 4th, 1916.
DeBeck, C. V.	Pte.		November 25th, 1916.
Dincen, G. G.	Lieut.		July 19th, 1916.
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.		September 25th, 1916.
Doherty, H. J.			June 27th, 1916.
Douglas, J. G.			October 19th, 1916.
Dymont, T. I.			February 14th, 1916,
			and April 25th, 1916.
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.		June 26th, 1916.
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.		July 31st, 1916.
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.		June 29th, 1916.
Gillies, A. R.			June 3rd, 1916.
Gillies, C. C.			October 16th, 1916.
Garratt, P. C.	Pilot.		November 17th, 1916.
Graham, D. W.			November, 1916.
Grant, W. L.	Major.		August 13th, 1916.
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.		July 31st, 1916.
Hardie, J. M. O.			October 21st, 1916.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Hardie, W. E. G.	.....	September 28th, 1916.
Hastings, J. O.	Capt. ....	June 3rd, 1916.
Hastings, V. J.	Capt. ....	August 8th, 1916.
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Major. ....	April 25th, 1915.
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut. ....	February 18th, 1916.
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut. ....	September 11th, 1916.
Hutchings, D. J.	Corp. ....	September 6th, 1916.
Jones-Bateman, J. B.	.....	June 14th, 1915.
Kelly, C. H. T.	.....	September 26th, 1916.
Ker, Alan W. W.	Lieut. ....	September 21st, 1916.
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt. ....	July 29th, 1916.
Lash, G. H. G.	Pte. ....	September 25th, 1916.
Louden, L. B. M.	Capt. ....	October 2nd, 1916.
McAvity, P. D.	Major. ....	October, 1916.
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut. ....	September 18th, 1916.
McLennan, A. R.	.....	June 9th, 1915.
McMurtry, C. A.	.....	August, 1916. Remained on duty.
McTaggart, W. B.	Major. ....	October 15th, 1915, and October 16th, 1916.
McPherson, G. B.	Lieut. ....	October 12th, 1916.
McQueen, H. M.	.....	October 19th, 1916.
MacKeen, H. P.	Lieut. ....	October, 1916.
Macpherson, C.	Corp. ....	May 16th, 1916.
Massey, Raymond.	Lieut. ....	May 20th, 1916.
Mills, L. G.	Lieut. ....	Sept. 21st, 1916.
Montgomery, A. R.	Sergt. ....	November 20th, 1916.
Mulligan, W. R.	.....	June 8th, 1915.
Munn, R. S. E.	.....	July 15th, 1916.
Munro, H. E.	Lieut. ....	September 21st, 1916.
Nicol, H. L.	Sergt. ....	June 8th, 1915.
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sergt. ....	March 7th, 1916.
O'Brian, C. L.	.....	July, 1916.
Rand, E. A.	Lieut. ....	June 3rd, 1916.
Rolph, H. J.	Lieut. ....	July 7th, 1916.
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut. ....	June 6th, 1916.
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt. ....	June 6th, 1916.
Skead, Eric.	Lieut. ....	June 3rd, 1916.
Skidmore, J. P.	.....	April 25th, 1915.
Snelgrove, J. C.	.....	September 25th, 1916.
Staverf, R. E.	.....	.....
Stone, R.	Lieut. ....	June 22nd, 1916.
Stonehouse, C. E.	Lance-Corp. ....	August 30th, 1916.
Straith, J. L.	Lieut. ....	September 19th, 1916.
Sutherland, Eby.	.....	April 21st, 1916.
Sykes, H. H.	Lieut. ....	September 21st, 1916.
Taylor, J. S.	.....	March 6th, 1916. (Killed in action October, 1916.)
Verner, W. S.	.....	June 26th, 1916.
Wallace, Clarence.	.....	May 6th, 1915.
West, G. H.	.....	September 30th, 1916.
Whitaker, E. G.	Gunner. ....	November 27th, 1916.
Wilson, Algernon.	.....	April 20th, 1915, and June 19th, 1916.
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut. ....	July 21st, 1916.





LIEUT. ALAN OLISON  
S.A.C. 1905-1907  
Military Cross, Nov., 1916  
Killed in action Nov. 24th, 1916



LIEUT. F. G. DIVER  
S.A.C. 1904-1906  
Killed in action, Nov., 1916



LIEUT. J. A. DAVISON  
S.A.C. 1902-1910  
Wounded, Sept. 4th, 1916

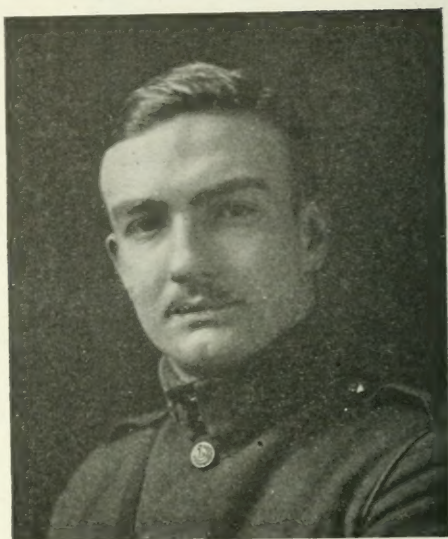


LIEUT. A. W. W. KER  
S.A.C. 1913-1914  
Wounded, Sept., 1916

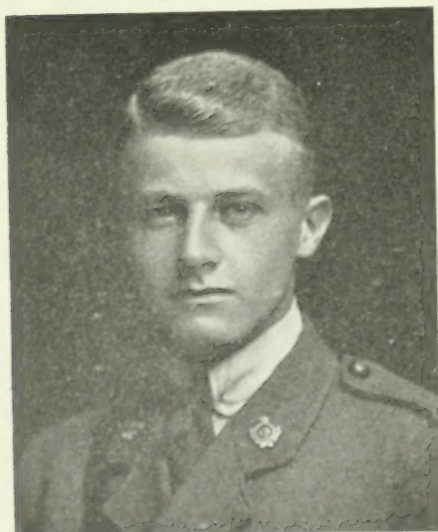




SUB-LIEUT. D. M. B. GALBRAITH, R.N.A.S.  
S.A.C. 1914-1915  
Distinguished Service Cross, Nov., 1916  
Croix de Guerre, Nov., 1916



LIEUT. W. S. McCLINTON  
S.A.C. 1909-1912  
Military Cross, Nov., 1916

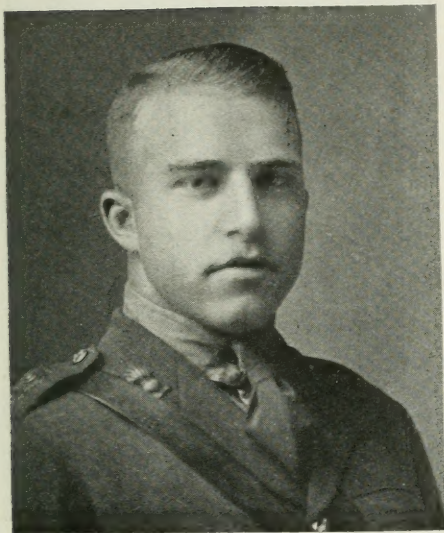


LIEUT. P. D. McINTOSH  
S.A.C. 1903-1913



R. W. McFARLANE  
S.A.C. 1915-1916





LIEUT. D. F. CANTLEY  
S.A.C. 1911-1916



J. W. McDOUGALL  
S.A.C. 1912-1915



LIEUT. F. M. MACDONALD  
S.A.C. 1899-1907



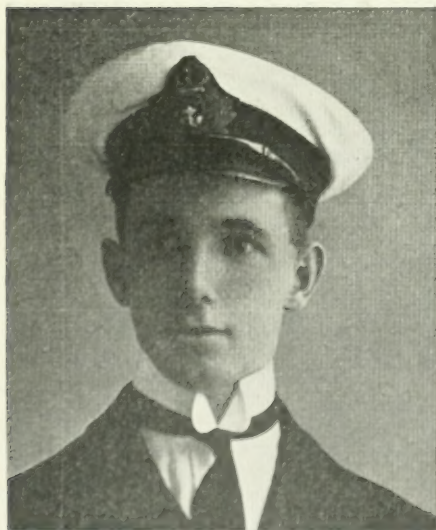
SUB-LIEUT. H. S. LECKIE  
S.A.C. 1909-1914



LIEUT. F. G. ROLPH  
S.A.C. 1903-1913



LIEUT. E. C. COSSITT  
S.A.C. 1913-1915



SUB-LIEUT. H. T. BEATY  
S.A.C. 1905-1910



SUB-LIEUT. W. T. BEATY  
S.A.C. 1905-1910





LIEUT. W. M. MUNRO  
S.A.C. 1907-1910



J. R. SMITH  
S.A.C. 1906-1910



G. N. RISTEAN  
S.A.C. 1909-1914



LIEUT. F. MUNRO  
S.A.C. 1906-1911





W. D. MATHESON  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1905-1910



C. G. EAKINS  
S.A.C. 1911-1916



LIEUT. W. K. MACNEE  
S.A.C. 1905-1908



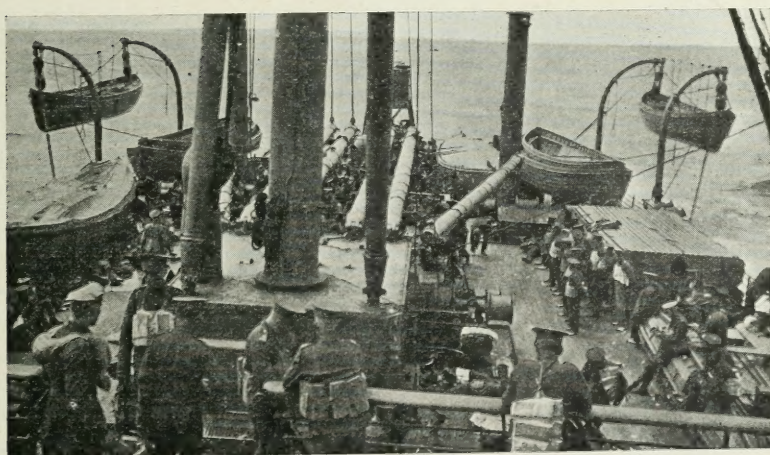
P. T. MACNUTT  
S.A.C. 1900-1901



LIEUT. D. B. CARLYLE  
S.A.C. 1908-1912



F. B. RICHARDSON  
S.A.C. 1912-1913



Scene on a Canadian Transport

Photo by Fraser Grant.



## PRIZE DAY

ST. ANDREW'S DAY this year was an occasion of more than usual interest. The sad regrets occasioned by the many casualties among our old boys and the serious reflections induced by the tragic occurrences of the war, were for the moment forgotten in the pleasure felt at the honour conferred upon the school by a visit, so soon after his arrival in Canada, of the new Governor-General, His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire. The weather which had been unfavourable had cleared, and the day was fine. At three o'clock the vice-regal party, accompanied by Sir John and Lady Hendrie, arrived, and were received at the main entrance by the Headmaster and by the cadets, drawn up as a guard of honour. The bugle band and the pipe band were stationed on the west side of the steps and the main body of the cadets on the east side. After a brief inspection, their Excellencies were escorted by the Headmaster to the Hall, where a large number of the relatives and friends of the boys were assembled. There were also present members of the Board of Governors and many gentlemen eminent in the Legislature and in the religious and educational life of the Province, among whom readers of the REVIEW will be interested to know were the Premier, Mr. Hearst ; the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Rowell ; the Minister of Education, Dr. Pyne ; Rev. Dr. Neil ; the Bishop of Toronto ; Archdeacon Cody ; President Falconer ; Principal Hutton ; Prof. Baker, and others.

After a brief devotional service and the singing of the School song, "Play the Game," the Headmaster presented his report for the year. He had much to say of the record of the old boys in every branch of the service, and made special mention of the deeds of gallantry which have made us all proud. The fact that although the School had been in existence only 17 years, it had given from among its old boys upwards of 500 to the service of the Allies, was, he maintained, a matter not for boasting but for honest pride. After briefly reviewing the year's activities in the class room and in athletics, he read the list of honours awarded to old boys on military service and then, asking all to stand, he read the list of those who have given their lives in defense of the Empire. Before inviting the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, to welcome and introduce the Duke of Devonshire, a song, composed by Mr. Blomfield in honour of the old boys who have fallen, was sung. Mr. J. K. Macdonald,



in welcoming his Excellency, expressed the hope that the union between Great Britain and Canada might remain for ever unbroken.

His Excellency then rose to speak and was received with three hearty cheers from the boys. After expressing his pleasure at being present, he congratulated the Headmaster and the School on its vigorous life and resolute spirit. Alluding to the determined character of the address to which he had listened, he expressed the wish that the Kaiser might have been present, at least in spirit, to learn by contact with such sentiments the hopelessness of an attempt to overthrow the British Empire. "This war," he continued, "is not going to be terminated at the mere conclusion of peace. This generation and the next, and generations after them, have got to say that the fruits of that which we are now sowing shall not be taken away; that we are going to make the Empire self-containing and self-reliant. Nothing will help that more than the formation of character. It would not be right to touch on controversial matters, but I have shrewd suspicion that many matters of public interest are in the future going to be settled not by those in authority and the Government, but by the people themselves. The spirit which is now prevailing will continue, and we must personally equip ourselves by education and prepare ourselves to resist any possible invasion of our rights and privileges." At the conclusion of his address he asked for a half holiday for the boys. The prizes were then presented by the Duke, and the medals by the Duchess, who did not make a speech, but won the hearts of the boys by asking for the other half of the holiday. After the Headmaster had acceded to this request, the proceedings were concluded with "God Save the King." It was a great pleasure to observe among those present some of our gallant boys invalided home from the front—Arnold Davison, Rutter, J. C. Snelgrove, Sykes, Findley, Ev. Smith, N. C. Fergusson, Mills, Christie Clark, Norris and Diver.

On the wall of the Hall, to the right of the entrance, are to be read the names of their comrades who have fallen. This Honor Roll has been beautifully executed by Mr. Holmes. It is adorned with the college crest and bears the words: *In memoriam Andreanorum qui pro nobis et pro patria ante diem perierunt.*

## PRIZE LIST.

## PREPARATORY FORM.

Group A.—General Proficiency : 1st, Rogers ; 2nd, Blomfield II., R. H.

Group B.—General Proficiency : 1st, Smart.

Group C.—General Proficiency : 1st, Denison II., E. W.

## FORM I.

General Proficiency : 1st, Easton ; 2nd, Patterson III., D. S.

## FORM II.

General Proficiency : 1st, Calvert II., L. P. ; 2nd, Brown, Black II., R. T. (equal).

## FORM III.

General Proficiency : 1st, Denovan ; 2nd, MacKay ; 3rd, Home II., L. G.

## FORM IV.

General Proficiency : 1st, Black I., S. R., Gallagher I., T.H.L. (equal) ; 3rd, Choppin, Dewdney (equal).

## FORM V.

General Proficiency : 1st, MacLeod ; 2nd, McLaughlin ; 3rd, Kerr.

## FORM VI. (TORONTO).

General Proficiency : 1st, Wright II., J. H. ; 2nd, Rolph ; 3rd, Watson.

## FORM VI. (McGILL).

General Proficiency : 1st, Yuill I., J. W. ; 2nd, Yuill II., J. H.

## FORM VI. (R.M.C.).

Rose.

## UPPER VI.

General Proficiency : 1st, Eakins, Dack (equal).

Governor-General's Medal : Dack.

"Cooper Medal," Science : McLaughlin.

"Wyld Prize in Latin" : Rolph I., E. G., Wright II., J. H. (equal).

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal (for Shooting) : Rankin.

Mr. Albert Gooderham's, Jr., Medal, to Junior Cadet Coprs (Shooting) : McDougall.

The 48th Highlanders Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire (Proficiency in Rifle Shooting) : Taylor I., W. Y.

The James George Prize (Proficiency in English) : McDougall. Given by Mrs. George.

Lieutenant-Governor's Medals : Silver—Wright II., J. H. Bronze—Rolph I., E. G.

Chairman's Gold Medal : Wright II., J. H.



## Miscellaneous Articles and Fiction

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### ESCAPING FROM PRISON IN GERMANY

[The following thrilling narrative has been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. James Gerrie Burk (S.A.C. 1906-07) who was captured by the Germans at Ypres last year. He was with the 8th Battalion, Winnipeg, part of the First Contingent. Burk and his companion had been registered as dead, and their effects were about to be disposed of, when they turned up in London. Burk paid the School a visit this term. He appeared to be considerably shaken as a result of his trying experiences.]

The Camp of my eighteen months' imprisonment is a difficult place from which to escape. It is surrounded by two 8 ft. barb wire fences, 3 yards apart, and running between these is a 4 ft. fence of electric wire. The whole is brilliantly illuminated at night by arc lamps, and by day and night sentries walk around the fences ready at any moment to test their skill as marksmen. In spite of the obvious, difficulty and danger attached to any attempt to reach the open country beyond those barriers, several representatives of all nations have succeeded in doing so. Most of the flights, however, were made from working parties outside the Camp, and so far my friend and I are the only British to have crossed the Dutch frontier direct from the central camp.

We left on the night of Tuesday, Sept. 5th. But for the sake of those desirous of following our example, who are still there, I will not describe the exodus. It was a good night for the attempt, the kind of weather that tempts a sentry to turn up his collar and dream of home—dark and raining heavily. Suffice to say we chose a happy moment, and after a minute's struggle and short sprint we were lying exhausted under a dripping hedge, satisfied that our doings had not been noticed. It was quite dark, but we considered the time rather early for travelling, having previously decided to walk only between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., so we lay in the hedge until 10 p.m., extremely glad of a rest after the excitement of exit. We bound up our hands lacerated by barb wire, pinned the most extensive rents in our uniforms and refreshed ourselves from a bottle containing alcohol and peppermint. Then we crawled from the hedge, and cautiously advanced straight across country, smashing through hedges and jumping or wading small streams. The railway lay across our path. We crawled on



hands and knees across a turnip field which bordered it, crawled up the embankment across the rails, then seeing no guards dashed down the side, only to fall headlong over the signal wires which sang in a most terrifying manner under the shock and seemed to warn the whole country of our nefarious doings. We naturally did not wait for the alarm to spread, but ran on to the darkness beyond over ploughed fields, through standing corn, and even through orchards and gardens. But this triumphant enjoyment of newly gained liberty was too good to last unchecked. A river lay across our path. We had been told that it was only a small stream, but recent rains had swelled it into a very respectable flood. We searched for a bridge, and wasted a valuable hour before plucking up sufficient courage to plunge boldly in. The river crossed, we soon lost sight of the light of Münster far behind us, and had no further adventures that night. We took no rest whatever, until the paling of the eastern sky warned us that it was time to think about a hiding place for the day. A big wood lay just ahead, and although rather close to a village, we were too tired to proceed further, and contented ourselves with it. It afforded very poor cover, and in it we passed a fearful day, for it was absolutely alive with people, and served as a playground for the village children, who were having their holidays. Sportsmen with dogs, too, caused us considerable anxiety, passing within a few yards of the bramble bushes under whose prickly shelter we lay cowering. We were soaked to the skin, and the sun, breaking out between the clouds, tempted us strongly to leave the dark and hostile brambles, and venture into the warmth of his rays. Caution said "no," and so we lay shivering in the wet shadows, until darkness approaching sent the playing children to the place we so longed for—bed. We ate our evening meal—a small French army biscuit, and a piece of chocolate. We lit out pipes and sucked comfort from them until the quietness of the surrounding country told us we might again venture forth.

That second night's journey can never be forgotten. We started well, passing through many huge orchards, and filling stomachs and pockets with most welcome fruit. Then we got into a district of small farms, and small fields and thick hedges. And how we cursed the barbed wire fences. Every farm, too, had its dog. Some indeed seemed to be dogs' homes and to contain tribes and families of the brutes. Some were tied up, and as we passed, leaped at their chains as they barked furiously. Others

were free and rushed out upon us, baying as though mad. We cut heavy sticks, and proceeded cautiously. The dogs so annoyed us that we forgot other dangers and got within 100 yards of a railway employee, standing at the door of a signalman's cabin, before we noticed him. Fortunately, he did not see us, or at any rate gave no sign of having done so.

We struggled on through this dangerous district, for three or four nights, finding the greatest difficulty in choosing hiding places for the day. The whole country seemed to be awake long before dawn, and at 3 a.m. farmers could always be heard, shouting to their horses, children shouting, harness rattling and wagons creaking. Consequently we had to choose a hiding place in the dark, and sometimes when dawn broke, it showed us a farm quite close at hand which had escaped our notice in the dark. We were within inches of being caught on several occasions. Once two children came picking blackberries, and stood nearly on top of our faces as we lay in a ditch covered with moss and leaves. Strange to say they were talking about "zwei Engländer," and we can't imagine yet how they failed to see us. At another place two milk girls passed us as we lay in a ditch, at about 3.30 a.m. One dropped her pail two yards from us with an exclamation. We were not sure whether or not she had seen us, but thought it wise to find another harbour that day. Cover was very scarce, and we were obliged to find it in a small orchard attached to a farm, full of children and dogs, who played there from sunrise to sunset, making sleep impossible for us.

But the most astonishing escape of all was the occasion of our having lost our way. We had expected to reach a railroad, but never coming to it, decided we were lost, and were obliged to follow a road, until we found a sign post. This found, it told us we were many miles south of our course, and, since the road continued northwest, leading us on in the right direction again, we decided to strike boldly along it. We were tired, and having been travelling for some nights without much adventure, had become a trifle careless. We had been told that sign posts were sometimes altered by the Germans, on purpose to mislead escaping prisoners. Consequently, after many miles of travel, on seeing another cross road in the moonlight ahead, instead of advancing towards it very cautiously, we eagerly stepped forward to see whether the sign post confirmed or contradicted the other. What appeared to us in the uncertain light to be a kind of wagon, lay



drawn up at the road side between us and the sign post. As we passed it, a huge mastiff rushed roaring upon us. We glanced quickly at the wagon, and to our amazement saw it was a patrol's caravan. We had seen its like before. Sign post and all were forgotten. We turned and fled through a wood until the furious barking of the dog died away in the distance. So far as we know, the guard did not turn out and no attempt seemed to be made to follow us.

We seemed to get into a maze of patrols at one time, but the dogs always gave warning when we got anywhere near them. Once I remember hearing an angry soldier shouting savagely at his dog, because it made such a noise at hearing us. Once, too, a huge patrol hound trotted up to us as we lay in a ditch watching a road. He sniffed at us and twice raised his head as though to give voice to disapproval. We raised our clubs, and had he howled it would have been for the last time. But finally he lowered his huge head, and trotted calmly away on his beat, leaving us to cross the road undisturbed.

The day after these adventures we felt extremely tired and lying on a fairly comfortable bed of moss and pine branches in the centre of a tiny copse, dropped off into sleep. We were awakened by a great noise of shouting and the hurried beat of hoofs. We looked out cautiously, and there was a ferocious looking bull, which had broken loose, and was being pursued by men and boys with ropes. The brute came thundering straight towards our little hiding place, scented us, and, throwing up its head, bellowed, looking towards us menacingly. Its pursuers got a rope over its head, as we watched only 10 to 15 yards away, and the danger was over.

We celebrated this deliverance by making a tiny fire and boiling up a tin of "bully beef" with the last of our water. We added Oxo cubes and made a stew which would have been ambrosia but for its saltiness. Our meal over we smoked, and became horribly thirsty. The night's march was commenced, and we expected to find water any moment. We searched ditches in valleys, but had no luck. Then we saw some cows in a field. In desperation we tried to milk them, but failed miserably, and after many attempts gave it up. Towards morning we saw a pump just outside a farmhouse. The handle creaked dismally. The pump was dry. However, the trough was full of water, the dirt in which was hid by the darkness, and we drank and were contented. The next notable occurrence was the consumption of the



last of our biscuits and chocolate. This did not worry us much at the time, for we hoped to be across the frontier twelve hours afterwards. That night was perfectly clear and cloudless, with a full harvest moon, and was so light that we considered any attempt to approach the frontier as most unwise. So, having a fairly comfortable bed of furze bushes and heather, which we had strewn in a ditch, we decided to try a night's sleep and hope that the following night would be darker. It turned out a very cold night and though tired, sleep was impossible. We were hungry next day, as well as cold, and when the next night came lighter than ever, we were very sorry that we had wasted 24 hours. On setting out we searched for apples, but found the orchards in that locality entirely stripped. Then we got on to the moors, and made very slow progress, through woods of poplar bushes soaked in dew and over heather. We were, moreover, weak with hunger and exposure, falling headlong several times over imaginary obstacles. A turnip and carrot field filled our aching hearts and other things with vigour, but the moonlight was so brilliant that we made it an excuse for postponing the frontier for another day. It was windy and bitterly cold, and we had the happy fortune to find an isolated shed containing two stacks, one of hay the other of barley. Feeling that another day in the open would be nearly fatal, we decided to risk the shelter of this barn. The hay stack was more comfortable, but looked at though people had recently been working at it. The barley looked hard and cold and uninviting, but we took it and burrowed right into its centre. Well it was that we did so, for as soon as daylight came, wagons came creaking into the barn and were filled with—hay. We blessed the choice of the barley, for by night time there was very little hay left. Dogs, scenting us, drove all sleep from our heavy eyelids, and children were romping around us for hours, keeping our already overstrung nerves at a great tension. Blessed night came, and with it showers of rain, and clouds passing over the moon. We had a feed of potatoes and carrots, a pipe of tobacco, and then on. We knew that we must be very near the frontier and were most anxious to make good progress, but were delayed by vile peat bogs, and were very glad to feel ourselves again on terra firma. Then came the frontier.

There was a house ahead with a flagstaff. It was a big house and we thought it might be marked on our chart. So out it came, and we stood in the moonlight looking at it, but could see no

indication of a house there. We put it away and were taking a compass bearing when bang ! bang ! bang ! came a scattering volley from a spot some 100 yards ahead and to our left. We heard no bullets humming around us, but lost no time in getting on our stomachs and crawling snake fashion to cover. A cloud then hid the moon, and we ran along a hedge, right round to the left, alternately running and crawling as the moon was hid or not. Then, as we were in the middle of an open patch, it came out suddenly from a bank of clouds, and another volley told us we were seen again. So knowing the enemy would expect us in the direction in which they had last seen us, we took advantage of another cloud to double back the way we had come. We crawled along a series of ditches, and actually passed an empty guard station, having the foolhardiness to sit in it for a few moments for a rest. We got a long way round to the right, and then made straight in what we thought the direction of Holland. After hours of crawling we thought we must be in the longed for neutral territory. We had gone miles beyond the patrol that had fired on us, and thought that they must have been actually on the frontier, or would never have fired so carelessly. And we were bedraggled and weary with crawling, weak, and fearfully hungry. Consequently when we found a scrap of newspaper lying on a road, and discovered it to be Dutch, we abandoned further precautions and staggered along the road until we met two men in uniform. Were they Germans or Dutch ? We were so worn out we went up to them and ended our suspense. Pointing to them we said, "Deutch oder Hollander ?" and how glad our hearts were at the smiling response "Hollander." We were really in Holland. And to make sure it was no dream, these two men pulled out their breakfasts, and gave us all the food they had,—white bread—real white bread, new and delicious, with ham in between the thick slices and rich Dutch butter. We solemnly shook hands all round, and after eating felt like walking to London. Our troubles were over, and during a good feed, which lasted all day, found ourselves at Rotterdam in the evening. New clothes provided by the kindly Consul, chocolate and cigars, books and papers, showered on us by the sympathetic Dutchmen, a dream of sea voyage, and then, England, exactly a fortnight after leaving Germany. Heaven after Hell!



**\*PLAYED, ST. ANDREWS! OLD ST. ANDREWS**

(TO THE MEMORY OF OUR OLD BOYS WHO HAVE FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE)

Fighting on the fields of Knowledge,  
With his back against the wall,  
In the far-off days at College  
Many a gallant lad did fall.  
    Played St. Andrew's ! Old St. Andrew's !  
    In the world there's room for all.

On the greensward oft contending,  
In the long-drawn-out campaign,  
Fighting battles never-ending,  
For the honour of the game.  
    Oft in falling, Old St. Andrew's  
    Added lustre to our name !

At the trumpet-call of Duty  
To rise up and right the Wrong,  
In the prime of manhood's beauty  
And with simple Faith and strong,  
    Fought St. Andrew's, Fell St. Andrew's,  
    Fighting furiously and long !

On the moonlit plains of Flanders,  
And on France's blackened soil,  
Everywhere our spirit wanders  
Rest these warriors from their toil.  
    Rest, St. Andrew's, Old St. Andrew's,  
    To your Country ever loyal !

We who have as yet no mission  
Comfort's easy path to leave,  
Ne'er forget the high tradition  
We from you must needs receive.  
    Played St. Andrew's ! Old St. Andrew's !  
    Ours the Laurel Crown you weave !

—E. C. BLOMFIELD.

\*These lines have been set to music by Mr. Blomfield (as also the verses written on the School motto and published in last Christmas Number) and both were sung by the boys on Prize Day.

## MATE IN FOUR MOVES

THE quiet rooms of the Chess Club presented that evening an unusual scene. Scattered round the place under their shaded lights stood the tables, each with its brightly illuminated chequered square of black and white, and pieces ranged in silent battle. But all were now deserted but one, and about this table the club members had assembled and were silently and intently watching the final phases of an unusual and sensational contest. The players were Sir Hamilton Ardagh, undisputed champion of the club, and a dark, foreign-looking stranger. The present game was the last of a series in which the newcomer, moving rapidly and with little apparent forethought, had vanquished easily and speedily one after another of the club's strongest players. His name—it was a Polish one—was quite unknown in the world of chess. His style of play had been throughout the evening unorthodox, to say the least. He would lead off with an eccentric, unknown opening, sacrifice important pieces with seeming recklessness, but always, sooner or later, his adversary had found himself quite unexpectedly exposed to a brilliant “mate” in four moves.

His first victims attributed their defeat to carelessness, or confusion caused by the stranger's irregular play, and they would laughingly call on a fellow-member to vindicate the honour of the club. This continued until the foreigner had met and defeated champion after champion with unfailing ease and swiftness. The thing had begun to take on an uncanny look. To these staid devotees of the noble game it had almost assumed the dimensions of a scandal.

It was now well past the midnight hour, and a circle of absorbed and silent watchers were gathered round the table where the stranger was pitting himself in a concluding bout against an acknowledged master, a player of international repute. He was moving his pieces with the same unhesitating swiftness and apparent lack of method as before, and Sir Hamilton, who was White, had already developed what seemed to every onlooker an irresistible attack.

But to the chagrin, almost the horror of the spectators, the end once more came suddenly and unexpectedly, and with the same dramatic completeness that had marked its predecessors. A few rapid moves by Black and behold! the situation was entirely altered. White's attack had broken down through an un-



suspected flaw, and when Black announced the now familiar "mate in four moves," the wonder felt by that assemblage of experts was not caused so much by brilliance in the ending, as by the unaccountable blindness, as of some strange spell, which had allowed it to come as a surprise to all of them.

The mystified group broke up in silence. The usual outburst of criticism and discussion was hushed. Unwonted nods and puzzled glances were interchanged, and curious backward looks were directed by the departing members at the mysterious stranger, who was presently left smiling and chatting unconcernedly at the table with his late antagonist and a few veteran habitués of the Club.

"Do you mind telling us," said Sir Hamilton presently, with a somewhat rueful smile, "how you acquired your wonderful proficiency in chess? Your name—if you will allow me to make the confession—is quite unfamiliar to us here. To the best of our knowledge, it does not appear in any of the chess journals of Europe and America, which you see we are well provided with. However, there is no doubt about it, you have made some pretty well-known players look like tyros here this evening. Yet—you must not feel offended—your method of play has seemed to us all a little—well, novel, and—"

"No offence, indeed," laughed the stranger pleasantly. "It must be quite evident to players like yourself and the others that, as regards the tactics of the game, my ignorance is that of a beginner. For reasons which you will understand presently, I seldom care to play, and only yielded this evening to impulse—a spirit of mischief if you like. But you will see when I tell my story.

"It goes back to a night one hundred years ago—the time of the Napoleonic wars. An ancestor of mine in Poland, the owner of considerable estates, found himself ruined by the French invasion. One night he was seated in a café in Warsaw, meditating suicide. It was a sultry, oppressive evening in May. There was thunder in the air. He had been playing a game of chess with an acquaintance who had long since left, and now his fingers were engaged in idly arranging the pieces in fantastic patterns on the board. While thus engaged, so lost was he in his gloomy reflections, that he failed to notice the presence of a stranger, who must have approached very quietly, and was now seated facing him across the table. Presently he looked up, how-

ever, to find a pair of remarkable eyes gazing intently into his—a fascinating, *comprehending* gaze that seemed to establish a sudden intimacy, and to invite, or rather compel confidence. My ancestor, in telling the story afterwards, could not otherwise account for the fact that he had soon told the stranger all about his desperate position and his intention of self-destruction, and, as if in a dream, found himself listening without surprise as the other unfolded a fantastic proposal.

“ ‘You have taken my fancy in an extraordinary way, young man,’ the Unknown was saying. ‘I feel that you are cut out by nature to enjoy the good things of the world—riches, love and fame. Of these three, the first is the only one that matters. The others will come of their own accord. O! I see you think differently now, of course, but I am tempted to put you in a position to verify my statement. I can easily do so, for I have myself more money than I can find a use for—except in seeing my theories about life borne out by promising young men like yourself! My friend, you would soon have the world at your feet, though I fear you have too many romantic ideas about honour at present to make a proper subject for experiment. So I offer you an alternative—this one, be it understood, is all to *my* advantage. I should like to secure your services in an important secret mission to which I have devoted my life, and on which I employ agents in all parts of the world. It would mean a promise of strict obedience on your part—a complete surrender of your personal liberty, and, I may add, of your ideas of right and wrong, for an indefinite period. In either case an ample competency would be yours, but in case of the first alternative, I leave you entire freedom to dispose as you think best of your time and money. Which shall it be? Shall we decide the matter by a game of chess? If you win, I hand over to you the title-deeds of a very considerable estate; if you lose, you enter my service unconditionally. Is it a bargain?’

“Reckless and indifferent—perhaps he had been indulging in more brandy than was good for his judgment—my ancestor consented. He happened to fancy himself not a little as a player. The game began. The stranger, who had Black, played erratically, and soon appeared to be hard pressed. His opponent, thinking he had the game well in hand, perhaps became a little careless. At all events, after half an hour's play, the position was—as I shall show you presently. You will see that White



has a considerable advantage in the number of pieces left upon the board.

"Just then, something led him to look up, and suddenly his very blood seemed to run cold, and his hair to stir at its roots with horror at the transformed appearance of his adversary. A pair of burning eyes were gazing into his from the dark face, which now wore an expression of ferocious malignity and triumph. He had a glimpse of the long, hooked fingers, holding the Black Bishop poised above the board, and the words 'Mate in Four Moves,' seemed, not so much to be heard, as to be blazed into his consciousness amid a wild crashing chorus of demoniac laughter, mingled with shrieks of anger and despair !

—"A nightmare of disordered nerves, you will of course say, gentlemen.. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps it was all a dream. What is certain is, that when my ancestor came to himself again, a violent thunderstorm, long threatening, had suddenly broken out, and the first stroke of lightning had struck, and partly demolished, the building in which he sat. There was a reek of sulphur in the air. Of the stranger there was no sign. But on the chess-board the pieces were arranged in such a way as to present a rather unusual problem—Black to play and mate in four moves. This is the position, gentlemen. You see the pieces are arranged *in the form of a cross!*

"I may add, as a curious coincidence, that my ancestor found a letter awaiting him when he returned to his lodgings, informing him that, owing to the death of a distant relative, whose nearest of kin had perished in the war, he had fallen heir to a very considerable fortune. Another odd fact is that my grandfather, my father, and I myself seem to have been gifted with a kind of second-sight where chess is concerned. Not one of us has been naturally a strong player. If I gave my mind to the game and tried to choose my moves deliberately, you would find me a contemptible antagonist. If I allow instinct or intuition to direct me—well, you have seen the result to-night yourselves."

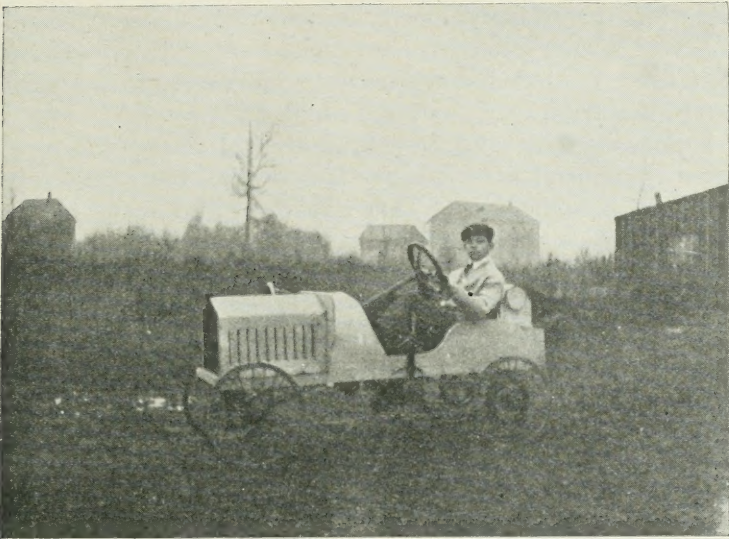
J. D. C. AND H. M. M.





### HOW I BUILT A SMALL MOTOR CAR

ONE day while looking through a magazine, I saw an advertisement of little one-cylinder motor cars, which were being sold at a reasonable price. This interested me very much, and I took the advertisement to my father and asked him if I could get one. After he had thought it over, he asked me why I didn't make one myself, as I had everything to work with. This answer set me thinking, so I started to draw plans.



The Home-made Car

The next week I was working at the body of the little machine. I made it seven feet long and eighteen inches wide, having the seat lowered to the frame, which was elevated two inches higher at the front than at the back. After the body was put together, I procured the springs from an old buggy and made them of smaller size, then bolted them in place. The front spring was placed parallel to the front axle, and the back ones parallel to the body. Wire wheels, guaranteed to hold six hundred pounds, built especially for small cars, were then purchased. These had solid rubber tires and were twenty-two inches in diameter. The hubs were also supplied with grease cups. The rear wheels had a ten-inch pulley fastened to the spokes. After putting the front wheels

on the steering knuckles, and the rear ones on the axle at the back, which does not turn, as the wheels revolve on it, the next thing was to make the engine and set it evenly in the chassis.

I worked steadily every day after school on this little machine and was soon busy on the simpler patterns of the engine, the more difficult ones being made by the head pattern-maker. When this was done I had the engine cast. The moulders must have had fortune on their side, for the first time they tried to make this difficult casting, it turned out to be very good. I made the patterns for a two-cycle engine, one which explodes every revolution, if working properly, for it is more difficult to make a four-cycle engine, since there are cams, a camshaft, valves and so on, to figure on, but in a two-cycle engine, there are no complications of this kind.

I made the crank in the crankshaft large enough to give the engine a four and three-quarter inch stroke, the cylinder being made long enough to stand that stroke. I also made the combustion chamber one-quarter of the bore of the cylinder, so as to give high compression. On testing the engine, I found it to develop three horsepower. I determined this by a brake test.

After the cylinder, base and piston, were cast, I bored out the cylinder, with an ordinary lathe supplied with an extended toolholder, making a three-inch bore as nearly as possible to the thousandth part of an inch. Then I turned off the piston so as to exactly fit the cylinder and fitted on it three piston rings. The base was then finished off.

When the bearing had been made on the connecting rod and base, I put the engine together. I also had to tap inch ports for the intake and exhaust manifolds, and also for the spark-plug, so as to be able to screw them in place. After starting the engine, I was unable to make it run smoothly. This I found to be due to the common valve carburettor. I then got a new Schebler, which was a float-feed type. Having succeeded in making it run smoothly, I attached a Bosch high tension magneto, whereas before, I had run it by battery and coil. When this was done I bolted the engine in its place.

I now made a countershaft and fitted a belt loosely from an eight-inch pulley there, to a three-inch one on the engine. The belt being loose would allow the pulley of the engine to slip on it, thus serving as a clutch, and when the belt was tightened by an idler pulley it set the car in motion. From two four-inch pulleys



on the ends of the countershaft, I fitted tightly to both back wheels a belt, making my running gear complete.

After all of this was done, I fitted a gasoline tank to the back of the seat, then I made, and attached to the dashboard, a large cowl. I also made a sheet iron hood to cover the engine. It was now ready to be painted. I painted it a battleship grey, because I thought it was a good colour for such a machine.

As soon as the paint had dried I took the little motor car out on its first trip. I had some trouble with my belts slipping, but after having them stretched out and applying some belt dressing to them, I never was troubled much in this way again. I found out that the little car would make a speed of twenty miles per hour, and it seemed to run quite smoothly for a one cylinder engine. This made me think that the year I spent working on it was well worth my pains. It is very cheaply run, as it will go all day on two gallons of gasoline and ten cents worth of Havoline oil.

EDESTRAND (Form V.)

~ If the War lasts as long  
as the Pessimist thinks. ~



"When the Boys come Marching Home"

Sketch by Lieut. Rutten

## RETRIBUTION

## A MINING STORY

## I.

THE "Lucky Strike" Saloon stood on the corner of the two short streets that made up Yasmar, a small mining town in the hills of New Ontario. Across the way stood a ramshackle general store, carrying everything in merchandise from down-quilts to fly-paper. Opposite it, in the other direction, stood a trim log shanty, the local registry office, by far the most important factor in the lives of the drifting prospectors other than the bar of the hotel.

Inside the hotel the usual crowd of loafers were congregated, some leaning over the bar, others with their heavy coats draped over them, snoring peacefully on the saw-dust of the floor. Conspicuous among the patrons was an unshaven miner, as big as a giant, who had just entered, and who presently advanced to the counter and called loudly for whiskey. At the sound of that magic word the sleeping beauties were startled into wide-awake attention and expectancy, and for once their hopes were not disappointed. The newcomer was treating "the house," and soon, with a quart or so of "squirrel" whiskey in his system and an appreciative circle of listeners around him, he became loquacious.

"Boys," he cried, "at last I have struck it! My claim working is leading me into a drift of rich-looking rock which will mean money to me. One sight of that ore and in I'll come to the registrar's."

A foolish statement to make in such surroundings, Robert Waring! An ugly light came into the eyes of two of the loafers, and a fluttering of eyelids betrayed a mutual understanding. And, the following morning, when the man set out for his location, he was cautiously followed by two men. Tracked and trackers continued their journey for about ten miles, over a rough, uneven road or bridle path, and, towards noon, the claim was reached.

While the prospector prepared his dinner, the others, after a careful scrutiny, formed a plan of action. As the victim unsuspectingly ate his beans and bacon, one of the pursuers lurched down the path, a look of pain on his face and his hand clutching his shoulder. Finally, with a groan, he crumpled up and fell.



The miner, thinking him to be injured, ran to him and was bending over him when he was stunned by a blow from the second conspirator's revolver. The two then bound him and, after examining the claim at leisure, marked it with their names, and set off to the village.

On their arrival there they made their way to the office of a "shyster" lawyer, who was known to be a go-between connecting the great trust with its disreputable tools. Giving him the particulars of the claim, its situation and so on, they departed richer by a few dollars for their evil work.

\* \* \* \* \*

## II.

The plodding plough-horses lazily drew to a halt at the sharp command of the stalwart, sunbrowned giant who held the reins. Dreams of sudden wealth had vanished. Tricked out of his claim as a result of a moment's foolish loquacity, Waring had given up prospecting and gone back to the hard, patient work of a backwoodsman farmer.

Shading his eyes with his big straw hat, he gazed across the wide stump-covered expanse of rough clearing. Suddenly he became aware of the unusual spectacle of several men crossing his boundary fence. He watched them for some minutes, and then strode off toward them to enquire their business.

He cried out cheerily to the man who seemed to be the leader of the party, asking him what they desired. That individual gruffly responded that they were laying out a new track line for the ore-trains from the mines to the smelter of the Consolidated Iridite Corporation.

"There will be no ore-tracks over my land," declared the farmer, grimly, and with an air of finality that seemed to anticipate and deny argument. "You take your gang and get on the far side of that fence or take the consequences."

He swung around and set off in the direction of his dwelling. When he returned a few minutes later the sun glinted on the barrel of a wicked-looking Winchester.

Approaching the group, he regarded them appraisingly for about thirty seconds and then spoke with a voice that seemed to measure off the seconds as the words left his mouth.

"I'll give you three minutes to clear out. Any one of you on this farm after that will have to take the consequences."

Neither his voice nor his rifle seemed conducive to argument, and without a word, shouldering their instruments and tools, the men withdrew.

\* \* \* \* \*

About an hour later, having returned to the plant of the company, the surveyor stalked into the office of the general manager, and, dropping into a chair, explained the situation to the man at the desk.

The latter's brow clouded up, and he sat for a few minutes deep in thought. At last he smiled, a cold, calculating smile, and said :

"Jim, we must have Waring's land. We are going to get it, and quick too. The divisional court opens a week from to-morrow in Yasmar. The plant is to close on Wednesday night for repairs to one of the blast furnaces. That night the power line from High Falls will be cut opposite Waring's farm. He will be held for trial at that court. Our lawyers and witnesses will do the rest. We will make him come to terms."

After this, an unusually long speech for him, he lay back in his chair and pensively sucked the cigar he had been chewing frantically during his discourse.

The engineer rose and, with a laugh, shrugged his shoulders and left the room. Things looked ill for Robert Waring.

\* \* \* \* \*

The court room of the town of Yasmar, now with a population of about five thousand, was packed and even the corridors were crowded. The case of Crown *vs.* Robert Waring was being heard. He was on trial for wilfully destroying the property of the Consolidated Iridite Company.

Witnesses came forward and swore they saw the prisoner, on the night in question, walking in the direction of the Company's pole-line. Others testified to seeing him return with the axe in his hand, and later to meeting the company's line-men looking for the break.

Dumbfounded at the evidence so convincingly arrayed against him, yet unable to prove an alibi, the man sat in the dock and gazed in amazement at the speakers.

Judgment was withheld to allow a conference between the defending counsel and the Company's lawyers. They offered, in return for the accused's land holdings in the township of Bruce,



to drop their prosecution and influence the Crown to that end. Loth as he was to surrender his farm to his opponents, his own common sense and the advice of his friends made him accept. One man could not successfully fight a mighty corporation, and there was a tempting surplus left over upon which he might build up his shattered estate and some day strike back.

Closing the deal, he left that night on the east-bound express.

### III.

It was about ten years later. Clouds of war hovered over Europe and involved the British Empire. Iridite, one of the essentials in the manufacture of armour-plate, was much in demand by the warring countries. But, since Canada was practically its only location, Britain owned and controlled the world's supplies. The Iridite Company was enjoying a wave of prosperity and that had caused Yasmar to triple its population in a year. Money was plentiful and the great company that was the source of all this wealth and activity was looked up to as a general benefactor.

Then a newspaper agitation started. Canadian iridite was escaping to the Germans. But how? It was contrary to Canadian law to export this ore, or the refined metal, except in limited quantities, and then only to foreign firms approved by the Government. Infringement of the law would lay the offender open to the charge of trading with the enemy. Nevertheless, great German submarines were crossing the Atlantic, loading up with Canadian iridite, and returning home. Somewhere there must be a leak—or had a new and secret source of the precious metal been discovered by German sympathizers across the line?

The question was hotly debated in the press throughout the country, and angry charges of criminal negligence were levelled at the Government. Here and there a scurrilous journal would boldly charge the Iridite Company's directorate with treason. But these were men of high standing and repute. All had subscribed generously to the Patriotic Fund, and some had even equipped regiments for their country's service. The Iridite Mystery grew to be the chief topic in the war news, but it remained a mystery until the solution came suddenly with startling completeness.

One July day, a tall, dark man dropped off the Imperial Limited. Going to the best hotel in the city he registered his name as Richard Warrington, of New York City.

The next day three men joined him at the hotel. They were closeted in close conference with Mr. Warrington for several hours. After the session, they left the city on the next train.

When Warrington appeared that evening in the hotel lobby, a half-suppressed smile betrayed a feeling of considerable satisfaction. He wrote a telegram, bought a cigar, and settled down for a quiet smoke.

A day passed, and the following morning two different men arrived at the hotel, and, after buying up a stock of provisions, they set off with a waggon-load of mysterious looking crates. Nothing was seen of them for several days.

Then, about ten days later the newspapers all over the Dominion startled their readers into eye-rubbing wakefulness with their morning editions. Across the top of each sheet ran glaring head-lines :

### CONSOLIDATED IRIDITE CORPORATION CHARTER CANCELLED !

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS JAILED AND AWAIT TRIAL FOR HIGH  
TREASON!

The iridite mystery was solved ! The traitors stood revealed. The men, whose ill-gotten monopoly of one of war's most vital necessities had raised them to wealth, fame, and influence, were exposed as their country's enemies. Richard Warrington was the hero of the hour. At the hotel he was found surrounded by a bevy of newspaper men who listened in wonder at the tale he told.

"Some of you will remember the case of one, Robert Waring, who was robbed of his all by the company's machinations some years ago. Well, I am Robert Waring. After I left this country I went to New York. Influential friends soon caused me to rise rapidly in the work I had chosen and at forty years of age I am regarded as an authority in metallurgy. My connections with mining people showed me the way my country was being double-crossed.

"The services of one or two friends and the co-operation of trustworthy customs-men did the rest. Hearing, by wireless, of a consignment, under a false way-bill of course, that was to be shipped, we telephoned the information to the officers.

"The train was held up at the frontier and when examined contained car after car of iridite, stamped 'Consolmetal,' the stamp of the Consolidated Iridite Corporation. You know the rest. Gentlemen, good day ! The books are balanced !"

BEATH (LOW VI.)



## A VISIT TO A MUNITIONS FACTORY

ONE of the branches of munition work is the machining of 9.2 shells. This work is being carried in only two factories in Toronto, one of which is situated in the west end of the city. Here nearly two hundred men are employed working in two ten-hour shifts.

Let us imagine ourselves paying a visit to this machine shop. Alighting from a ——— Street car we will enter the building through a picket fence stretching across a large doorway. On one side are the offices and benches where the men take their lunches ; on the other side is a wooden wall extending from the floor to the roof of the building. Armed with the proper credentials, we are allowed to pass through.

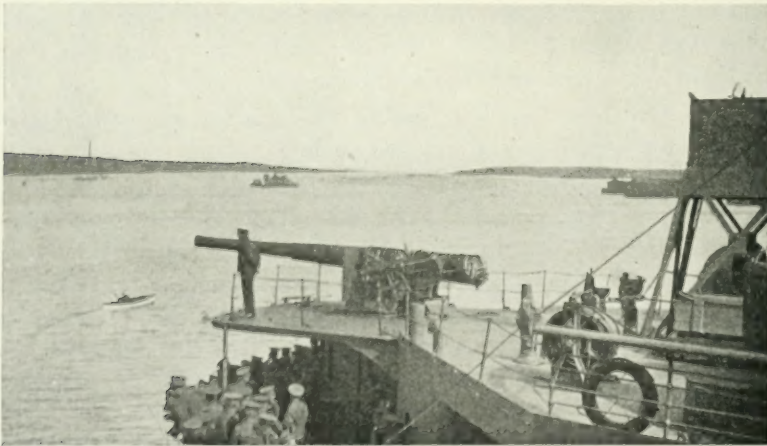
The men's day's work is made as light as possible for them. It is permissible for them to go to the restaurant provided by the company and situated in the building, and enjoy a bowl of hot soup, tea or coffee, and a fine sandwich at any hour of the day, and as often as they please, without any cost to them. The workshop is made as comfortable and cheery as possible, the building being well heated. There is a large picture presented by the Government to the munition workers hung on the wall. It depicts a workman in overalls standing in front of a brightly-lighted factory and shaking hands with a gunner who has on his right a field-piece, and underneath the inscription : "Fill up the ranks, pile up the munitions. We are both needed to work the guns." This does a lot to content the men, as it shows that the Government considers that they are doing their duty.

We will now follow a forging through the many operations which transform it into a finished shell.

The rough forging weighs in the neighbourhood of three hundred and forty pounds. This hollow mass of hardened steel is rammed into an opening in a machine as far as it will go and clamped there, the projecting end is then cut off by revolving the shell against a fine edged piece of high-speed steel. Thus after the base has been cut off, the correct height of the shell has been obtained. The next process is called tapping. This is the drilling of a hole in the nose. It is done in two operations on a self-centering machine with two overhead drills of different size. After this the shell is placed on a lathe and rough-turned to profile. Then follow three boring operations which leave the shell smooth

as glass and the base recessed. The shell then goes to a lighter lathe than the one before used and the turning is completed. It is then taken in turn to nose-and-base-millers which thread the two extremities in the inside. The shell is then examined, first by the shop and then by the Government inspectors and if satisfactory as to weight and dimensions the adapter, which is the base-plug, is securely screwed in the shell and then cemented with Pitman's cement. Next the shell is waved and grooved for the copper band which, after heating, is squeezed on the shell by hydraulic pressure amounting to twenty-five hundred pounds. The copper band is then turned and undercut, after which the shell is dipped in gasoline to remove the accumulated dirt and grease. It is then warmed, and varnish poured through the nose. After the varnish has been emptied out, the shell is baked in an oven at  $500^{\circ}$  c., which dries the varnish. The shell is then finally inspected by the Government officials and if passed, after a most rigorous examination, is filled with petrolatum. This is emptied out again, and a temporary nose-plug is screwed in, and the shell put in a heavy wooden box. Then when one hundred and twenty five of these boxes with their contents have been loaded in a box-car which has been shunted into the building, the shells are shipped to the Government collecting-stations and thence to France.

J. D. Wood (Low VI.)



Gun on H.M. Transport — — — —

Photo by Fraser Grant.



## Letters from Old Boys on Service

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[NOTE.—As before, we publish these extracts anonymously, having no sanction from their authors to do otherwise. Care will always be exercised, when such letters are kindly lent to us, to omit any private references. An exception to the rule of suppressing names is made, for obvious reasons, in the case of Donald Chase. It may be remembered that at the time of our Summer number we were still in doubt as to Lieut. Macdonnell's fate. He had been reported wounded and missing. The tale of Chase's act of self-sacrificing heroism will be a memorable page in the annals of our school.]

Prisoner of War,  
No. 476363 P.P.C.L.I.,  
Reserve Lazarett I., Julich, Rheinland.

DEAR MOTHER,—

We are allowed a letter and post card this week . . . There is little to tell about how I was wounded, but I was certainly lucky to get through as I did. When we were ordered to retire to support trenches I had lost my shrapnel helmet, but managed to pick up an old sand bag which I put around my head. This protected me a little from the earth, stones and small pieces that were flying around everywhere. The communication trenches were blown in, so we had to go back across the open. There must have been twenty or thirty that went back with me, but I doubt if five reached the trenches ; bullets were flying around us like hail. I helped one fellow off with his equipment and got him started on his feet. He was shot through the shoulder but managed to walk. I had about twenty more yards to go and I think I could have got away when Lieut. Macdonnell, my platoon officer, who was one of our Masters at St. Andrew's College, dropped in front of me. I thought first I could get him up and help him along, but he was too badly wounded, so I got out what bandages I had left and took off his tunic, cut his shirt away and started to bind up his wound, for it was bleeding pretty freely when the Germans were on us. As soon as they saw what I was doing, they went on. I managed to make them understand by signs that I wanted more bandages, and they gave me plenty of them. There was one fellow who could speak English and he got me some water and a morphine tablet for Macdonnell. He then helped me get him back to their dressing station. I hope to meet that fellow again and repay him for his kindness. We spent that night a few

miles back from the line. The next morning they found that I was crushed pretty badly, also my left ear was bleeding, so they put me in an ambulance and sent me to a hospital. I was there one day, then sent on to another where I stayed a week. The doctor there told me that he thought I would get back the hearing of my right ear in time. I do not mind it much and seldom miss it, except when there is a noise around and someone tries to speak, then I find it hard to locate the sound. From there I was sent to the Hospital I am at now and feel that I am strong enough to go to our Camp.

(Sgd.) DONALD CHASE.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LETTERS FROM AN AIRMAN

Sept. 14, 1916.

Here I am in London again and I sure am glad to get a rest again from war work. I have been over in France four months and have done about 70 hours flying over the lines and was just beginning to need a rest when my turn came. I am able now to write without fear of censor. My work over there is flying scout machines (small single-seaters) and protecting wireless photography and reconaissance machines on their trips. There are always a couple of us with each machine that goes out and it is our duty to keep the Huns off them. Tuesday I started out with a wireless and lost it in a fog and while I was looking for it, I got shelled by A.A. and was put into a spinning nose dive with the bus absolutely out of control. All I could do was to shut off my engine, put my controls in the correct position and wait. However, she came out after a 5,000' fall and I just managed to escape. When I got away I climbed back to my original height. I suddenly saw six Huns attacking the photographic bus and I made for them and managed to drive them off after a hard fight. I know for certain that I got the observers in three of the machines and I think I can claim another Hun, but am not certain, so I did not claim it officially. Well, this is all for now, more later.

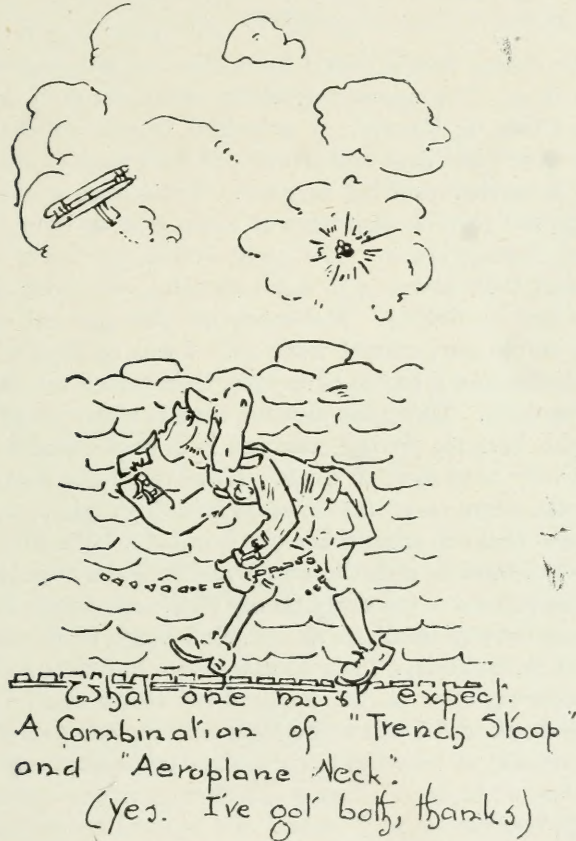
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(FROM THE SAME, LATER)

About half-past ten in the morning word came through the French that a couple of Huns were over a small town near here. There was a rush for machines, but I got in and away first. I went straight to the lines and then out to sea, climbing all the time. I



got above the first layer of clouds at 9,000' and there was still another layer at 11,000'. When I came out over the top layer I saw the Hun about 40 yards away and slightly below me. I immediately dove for him and when I was still above and behind him, and about 20 yards away, his observer opened fire carrying away my back sight and putting a large hole in my wind screen about



Sketch by Lieut. Rutter

half-an-inch from my face. Then I dove under his tail and then pulled the nose of the machine up and opened fire from 15 yards. I cut his tail off and he started to fall in a spinning nose dive. That would have finished him but I was so mad at him having nearly gotten me, I nose-dived after him and having put on a fresh tray, I gave him that also. About forty more rounds

finished him and he blew up and fell in flames into the sea. When it was all over I saw a French machine had had a box seat for the performance, so I went over near and waved to him and then down back through the clouds to my aerodrome. This part of our work is the most exciting and I will write more about it later.

\* \* \* \* \*

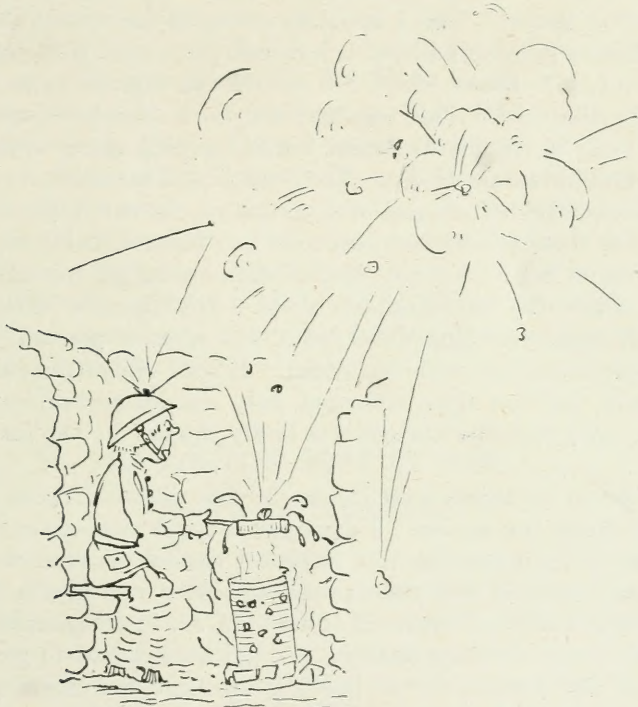
(LATER)

Please excuse pencil, but I have lost my pen and so am reduced to this. The recommendation went through and I am getting a Croix de Guerre. I promised to tell you some more about our work out here sometimes, so here goes. This part of the work is neither exciting or easy. Sometimes a squadron of bombers go out to their objective at dawn and we have to go and meet them coming home. The night before you leave a call for about 4 and then about 4.30 next morning you wish you were anywhere but in France. However, up you get and away. I remember one in particular I went on. I was up at 4.30 and had some hot coffee and a bar of chocolate, then tested my engine and away in the dark. Our most anxious time is when we are waiting for daylight, because on my machine it is impossible to land at night and very hard even in dusk. However, I got away and by daylight was down over the lines at about 11,000'. I kept on climbing and looking around for our bombers. We do not leave with them but have to pick them up when they are near the target. I was slipping along when away on my right and a little below me, I saw about twenty small specks which I knew to be shells from the Huns' A.A. batteries. Then I knew where to find our machines. I was wandering over on the lookout for Huns when I heard a Zonk-Zonk-Zonk and I knew the Hun Archies has picked me up. These fire usually in bunches of threes and come wonderfully close, as I was then at 16,000'. I soon saw our machines coming home about 6,000' below me so I turned and started home with them. When we were almost back over the lines I saw two Huns making for one who was lagging behind, so I thought, "Here's where I get busy," so I dove down and fired about fifty shots into each of them and drove them off after a stiff scrap which lasted about fifteen minutes. However, we all got back safely to our aerodromes and I, at least, was very hungry after my 2½ hours before breakfast. This early morning stuff does not happen often, so it is not so terrible when it does.



(LATER)

We are just beginning to get a taste of winter here now and it is some class. The wind has been varying between 40 and 70 miles per hour for the last week, so we have had no flying. I succeeded in getting my 3rd Hun last flip. I started out on a fleet patrol and took a stroll down the lines to see how things were going down there. The clouds were about 10,000', so I could not be seen by the A.A. gunners. Presently I saw a machine come up



Our Chef at Work

(Sketch by Lieut. Rutter)

through the clouds and as I was about 40 miles behind the German lines I knew he was not one of ours, so I dove at him. However, he saw me just before I fired and turned sharp left, so I missed him with the first burst. Then he got over my tail, but I soon got away from him there and got under his and let him have 45 rounds. I could see my tracers going down his fuselage and suddenly he went down in an absolute vertical nose dive and I heard

later that a Fokker monoplane had crashed to earth out of control down the lines from here.

I am going to be moved to the Somme for the Spring offensive.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A PRIVATE AT THE SOMME.

#### Taking Prisoners with a Jack-Knife.

I am progressing very well, indeed, in fact am suffering a great deal more from the anti-tetanus injection than from the wound, which is causing me very little inconvenience. But I had a narrow shave. That I am alive to-day is due to two things, the machine-gun ammunition I was carrying and the shell shield sent me. The shell which hit me did not explode more than ten yards from me. The ammunition—500 rounds—contained in two belts in the metal boxes, I was carrying slung over my left shoulder in two sandbags. The front box of ammunition was shot to pieces, the belt ripped and several of the cartridges exploded. But the shrapnel did not penetrate any further, being stopped by the cotton belt. A large piece of shell casing hit me in the chest just below the left shoulder blade. The shoulder strap of my Webb equipment first deflected it and when it pierced my tunic it came in contact with the shield. It bent one of the steel plates slightly, but was again deflected, only a small portion cutting my skin. My shoulder though was badly bruised by the force of the blow.

However, things were too hot at that moment for me to worry much about the wound. I managed to make the section of trench where our gun position was to be. I handed in what was left of my ammunition and then as my shoulder was pretty sore and bleeding a little, I reported to the N.C.O. in charge and started back for the dressing station. To get back I had to go through part of the German line we had just captured and on going around a bay I ran into five Germans. I was absolutely unarmed, but they were too scared to notice that, so I took the whole bunch prisoners by the simple expedient of sticking the blade of my army knife against the back of one of them and threatening to shove it in if they didn't go ahead of me. They went, and when we came to a section of the trench occupied by the Canadians I handed them over. I think it was the 18th Battalion I gave them to, but I am not sure. The fellows I handed them over to were privates, so I guess I am up against it for proof to substantiate my claim, or else I would try and get recognition from the Battalion. But



lots of fellows did a lot more than I did. I know of one case where 6 men took between 150 and 200 prisoners, so I guess I wouldn't get anything anyway.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SCOUT-WORK IN NO MAN'S LAND

Nov. 11th, 1916.

My official position is Intelligence and Scout Officer. It is very interesting work. My chief mode of travel is on my stomach, and the day's work commences at dusk. Nearly every night we have to patrol between the lines. I never knew one's imagination could be as vivid as it is out in "No Man's Land." A blade of grass looks like a Hun. On last tour my Sergeant and I went out to explore a small crater. On the way back we got at the wrong end of a machine-gun and he was killed instantly. Heaven only knows how I got away. They opened up twice on me after he was hit, and I had rather a tough job getting the body back to our own lines. In doing it, I lost my revolver, and had to go back for it the following night. It took a lot of will-power to force myself over the same ground again, and needless to say I now have a wholesome respect for machine guns.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR

(FROM A STAFF OFFICER)

An amusing incident occurred this afternoon. I heard a regular fusilade of rifle fire—almost like an attack, except for the absence of machine guns. I found that it was occasioned by both the German and our front and support lines firing at a flock of about 60 wild-geese that flew across the lines squaking loudly with fright. They kept a perfect V formation. There were no casualties I believe ! . . . I have my little Belgian pup with me here, but he has a touch of distemper. Trench life does not agree with him. He does not get enough exercise. Walking in the trenches is very difficult for him as he gets his feet caught in the "bath-mats." I lost him in a village behind the lines some days ago, but soon found him by paying the Maire to have his loss proclaimed at the various street corners by the town crier. This is done by tooting a horn which assembles the inhabitants who listen to what is read. It was also posted in Orders. The commotion was only

equalled by that cause when I asked the battalion in the front line to procure at once one rat recently killed (required by the Medical Authorities to see if they were infected). Every man available in the front line immediately set out on a hunting expedition with the result that hundreds of rats came to an untimely end. I forwarded one choice to the Division with this note, "Reference your wire A——, herewith body of one rat, please acknowledge." As I did not tell the battalions why the rat was wanted, but simply wired "one freshly killed rat required at once," it caused great amusement and conjecture.



The Letter

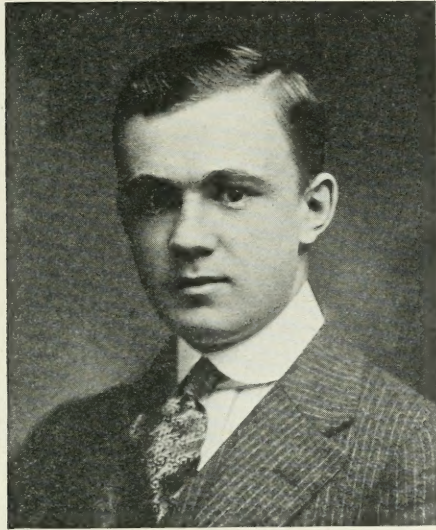
Belgium  
6/1/12  
Dear Mother  
We are having  
the cool weather now,  
and have very comfort-  
able quarters in huts.  
We have an excellent  
stove and everything  
is just fine. Our  
furniture is splendid  
and altogether we  
are certainly enjoy-  
ing ourselves. The  
Belgians are very  
kind and very  
handy. Thanks

Sketch by Lieut. Rutter



## Athletics

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CAPTAIN MOSELEY

### PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

MOSELEY ("Paul").—Centre Half. Although not an old colour, Captain of the team, where he proved to be a steady, capable man. His consistently brilliant work all during the season was largely responsible for the fine showing made by the team. Running and kicking, always a necessity in a half-back, were his strong points. This was shown in the Ridley game.

GORDON I. ("Little").—Left Half. A new boy, who proved to be the fastest runner in the league. Improved as the season wore on.

TURNBULL ("Puppo").—Right Half. Came up from last year's Seconds ; is a steady player and a sure catch.

THOMPSON ("Tommie").—Quarter. A new boy, proved a find of the season. He played a cool, steady game. Is a sure and hard tackler.

EASSON ("Beans").—Flying Wing. A graduate of last year's Seconds. Is always in his place and is a brilliant tackler ; was prominent in the Ridley game.

YUILL ("Hop").—Left Scrim. An old colour ; plays his position well.

WRIGHT ("Babe").—Centre Scrim. Another of last year's Seconds, a sure and clean tackler, though hampered by lack of weight.

DAVIES ("Pork").—Right Scrim. Also from the Seconds, is a steady and hard player.

MCLEOD ("Chuck").—Right Inside. New boy, who plays a hard and good game.

WISER ("Bud").—Left Inside. New boy ; is a strong buckler, but inclined to tackle high. Improved as the season wore on.

RENDELL ("Ren").—Right Middle. A graduate of last year's Thirds. Is an excellent buckler and tackler.

MORRISON ("Gus").—Left Middle. Came up from last year's Seconds. Plays an excellent game both in bucking and tackling.

KENT.—Left Outside. Came up from the Lower School. Proved a find. Is a good, sure tackler and will be a star for next year's team.

ROLPH ("Ernie").—Right Outside. An old colour. Kept up his reputation of last year. His absence was strongly felt in the Ridley game.

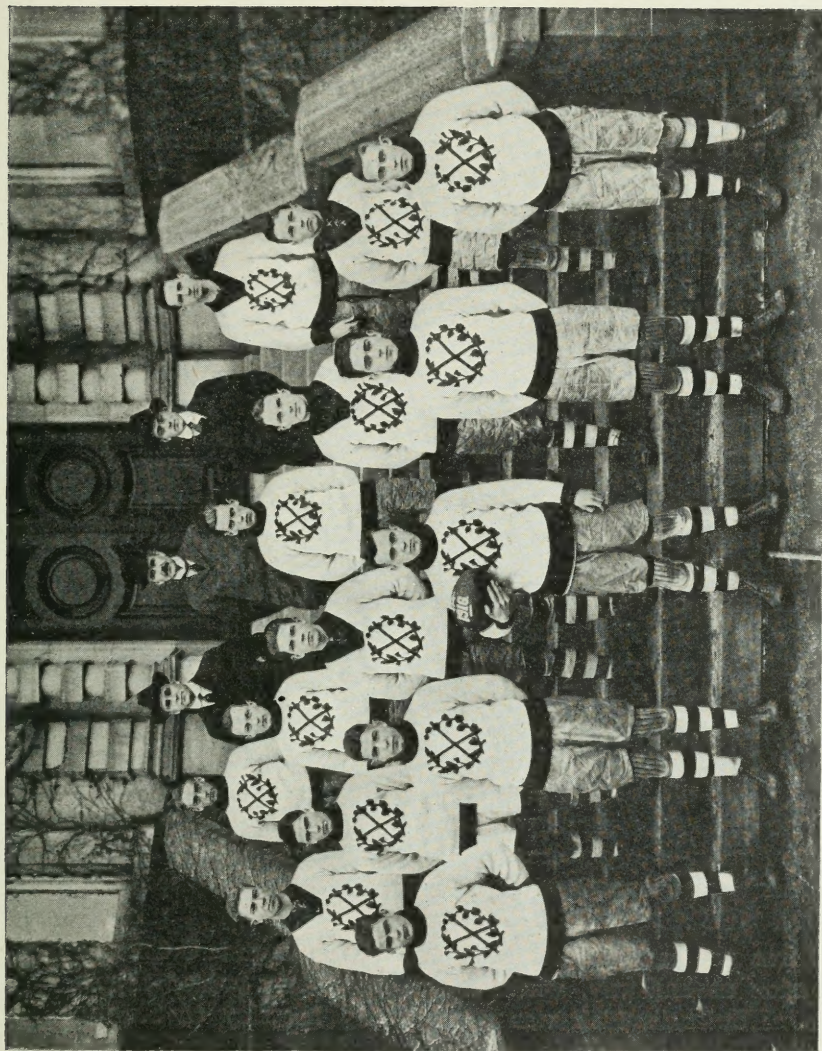
The team wishes to thank Taylor for his able management, and also Ross I. for accompanying the team to T.C.S.

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### THE U.C.C. GAME

On Saturday, October 24th, the Little Big Four Rugby season opened with Upper Canada College playing on our grounds. The weather conditions were hardly ideal, the day being cold and cloudy, promising rain at any moment. S.A.C. lost the toss and kicked off, having an almost cross field wind slightly against them.





First Rugby Team, 1916

Left to right, Front Row : J. M. Eason, H. J. Turnbull, P. Maseley (Capt.), J. Thompson, H. J. Yuill  
 Second Row : J. Gordon, H. E. Davies, P. F. Wisser, L. Kent  
 Other Rows : C. McLeod, E. G. Rolph, H. Wright, A. M. Morrison, H. Rendell

Securing the ball for interference, after about two minutes play, Moseley kicked to the dead line. (S.A.C. 1 ; U.C.C. 0.)

U.C.C. scrimmaged the ball at quarter way, but were unable to make yards and Howland kicked. S.A.C. now began to buck, using Rendell, Wiser and MacLeod II. effectively. A loose ball was secured by U.C.C., but after two downs Howland was again forced to kick. A run by Kent gained twelve yards, but by holding us for two downs U.C.C. forced Moseley to kick, a strong wind carrying the ball back greatly. Interference cost U.C.C. the ball, whilst a forward pass resulted similarly for St. Andrews. A run by Howland netted U.C.C. 15 yards, after which the period ended.

U.C.C. 0 ; S.A.C. 1.

Although fairly even, our men have had slightly the better of the play.

After two downs Howland kicked to Moseley who ran it back twenty yards, but lost the ball in being tackled. A forward pass put S.A.C. once more in possession, but on the next down interference returned it to U.C.C. Howland kicked to Moseley, who returned it to Shurly, who ran it back fifteen yards. U.C.C. were unable to gain yards and after Howland's kick Morrison broke through for a twenty-yard gain, losing the ball on a forward. On two downs U.C.C. were unable to gain, and Howland's blocked kick was recovered by Rendell, who carried it to within one yard of the U.C.C. line.

U.C.C. now held stubbornly for three downs and Howland kicked. After two downs Moseley did the same, scoring a dead line. (S.A.C. 2 ; U.C.C. 0.)

The ball was scrimmaged at quarter way and interference put St. Andrew's in possession. A succession of bucks then resulted in Wiser going over for a touch, which Moseley failed to convert. (S.A.C. 7 ; U.C.C. 0.)

After the kick-off, an exchange of punts put U.C.C. in possession at half-way, where a run by Shurly gained fifteen yards. Howland's kick was returned by Moseley to Shurly, who was held five yards out. Howland kicked and S.A.C. adopted a bucking game, Rendell and Wiser taking the ball to U.C.C.'s five-yard line, where we lost for interference. U.C.C. gained slightly on an exchange of kicks, and a run by Howland gained twenty yards. The period then ended with U.C.C. in possession at half-way.



S.A.C. 7 ; U.C.C. 0.

U.C.C.'s kick-off was returned by Moseley. A buck and an end run failed to gain yards for U.C.C. and Howland and Moseley exchanged kicks. After Howland kicked on the first down, S.A.C. lost the ball for interference. Howland failed to drop it over and Moseley kicked. Rendell blocked Howland's kick and Moseley kicked on his first down. A forward pass by U.C.C. then gave us the ball only five yards out. Moseley kicked and Shurly ran it out, losing the ball when tackled. A buck by Wisner then scored another touch, which we failed to convert. (S.A.C. 12 ; U.C.C. 0.)

U.C.C. kicked and blocked Turnbull's returns, U.C.C. securing. After holding U.C.C. for two downs, S.A.C. got off-side. Howland's drop was then blocked, S.A.C. securing. Moseley kicked on his first down and Shurly ran it back twenty yards. Howland then kicked and Moseley was held only five yards out. After losing the ball for interference, S.A.C. blocked Howland's drop and Moseley kicked, Shurly being held below half-way. An end run followed by a run by Howland, gained 25 yards for U.C.C., but interference on the next down returned the ball to St. Andrew's. Moseley kicked and Howland returned. After two downs Moseley again kicked and on the next down Watkins broke through for a twenty-yard gain. S.A.C. gained possession for interference at half-way just as the quarter ended.

S.A.C. 12 ; U.C.C. 0.

After Moseley's kick S.A.C. again gained possession for a forward pass. On the first down Moseley kicked, Shurly being held two yards out. Howland kicked and an S.A.C. off-side gave Upper Canada possession on the next down. Our side, however, secured for interference and on the next down Moseley kicked to the dead line. (S.A.C. 13 ; U.C.C. 0.)

After an exchange of kicks, Thompson blocked and secured Howland's kick. On the next down an injury to Tyrrel forced him to retire, McIntosh replacing him. Interference by U.C.C. gave St. Andrew's the ball and Moseley kicked a dead line. (S.A.C. 14 ; U.C.C. 0.)

U.C.C. scrimmaged the ball and on their third down Howland kicked. Moseley kicked on his first down, Howland running it back fifteen yards. Kicks were now exchanged, resulting in a safety touch for U.C.C.

Moseley kicked on his second down and Shurly fumbled, Rolph securing. Moseley kicked and on attempting to do the same, Howland was blocked. Moseley then forced Shurly to rouge for the final score of the game. Howland kicked on the third down and Moseley ran it back fifteen yards. Full time was then called, with S.A.C. in possession about half-way.

S.A.C. 15 ; U.C.C. 2.

The running and kicking of Moseley were undoubtedly the features of the game, whilst the tackling of Kent at outside was also noteworthy. Howland and Mitchell were best for Upper Canada, the kicking of the former being particularly good.

McLEOD I.

### THE T.C.S. GAME

On Saturday, October the 28th, Saint Andrew's played its second "Little Big Four" game against Trinity College School on the latter's grounds at Port Hope.

Line-up as follows :

T.C.S.	POSITION	S.A.C.
Dunbar (Capt.)	<i>Rover</i>	Easson
Martin	<i>Halves</i>	Moseley (Capt.)
Woodman		Gordon I.
Bradburn		Turnbull
Harper	<i>Quarter</i>	Thompson
Gossage	<i>Scrimmage</i>	Davies
Tucker		Yuill
Wagner		Wright
Claxton	<i>Inside Wings</i>	McLeod II.
Simmons		Wiser
Sutherland	<i>Middle Wings</i>	Rendell
Bull		Morrison
Roche	<i>Outside Wings</i>	Rolph
Davison II.		Kent

*Officials* : Lieut. H. Symonds, Dr. Wood

St. Andrew's winning the toss, T.C.S. kicked off, Moseley caught the ball and returned with a beautiful kick which made the T.C.S. first down on their quarter way line. Then ensued a series of bucks and trick plays and both sides lost the ball for off-side interference. A long pass from Thompson to Moseley



enabled the latter to get away for a 40-yard run, and reaching his opponent's quarter-way line, he kicked a successful field goal. (S.A.C. 3 ; T.C.S. 0.)

Within a few minutes the whistle blew for quarter time, leaving the score unaltered.

S.A.C. 3 ; T.C.S. 0.



The Trinity Game

In the second period, Bradburn gained possession of the ball by blocking an S.A.C. kick. After some good bucking, Martin kicked a field goal, tying the score. (T.C.S. 3 ; S.A.C. 3.)

For the remainder of the period, a kicking duel ensued between Martin and Moseley, but with no effect on the score.

Half-time score—T.C.S. 3 ; S.A.C. 3.

In the second half, both teams showed a grim determination to score, and shortly after play commenced, Moseley forced Woodman to rouge. (S.A.C. 4 ; T.C.S. 3.)

T.C.S. scrimmaged the ball on their quarter-way line, and Dunbar bucked for yards. St. Andrew's having secured the ball on a kick, Turnbull made a 40-yard run. Rendell bucked over for a touch on S.A.C.'s second down. This was not converted. (S.A.C. 9 ; T.C.S. 3.)

Wright fell on the ball when Woodman muffed a catch. Both teams lost ground on offsides. Near the T.C.S. quarter-way line, after failing to gain yards in two downs, Moseley

kicked another field goal, making three-quarter time score :  
S.A.C. 12 ; T.C.S. 3.

In the last quarter, the T.C.S. weight began to have its effect on our men. T.C.S. bucked to S.A.C.'s 10-yard line, where they lost the ball for offside interference. Moseley kicked on the first down, but the kick was blocked. On the T.C.S. first down Dunbar went through for a touch, which was not converted. (S.A.C. 12 ; T.C.S. 8.)

Both teams put all they had left into the play. Claxton went through the S.A.C. line for yards, but in doing so hurt his leg. When we next received the ball, T.C.S. was forced to rouse by a kick from Moseley. (S.A.C. 13 ; T.C.S. 8.)

From now on T.C.S. had the best of the play, but were unable to score. The whistle blew with the ball in the T.C.S. quarter.

Final score : S.A.C. 13 ; T.C.S. 8.



#### NOTES

The game was clean and fast throughout, no penalties being imposed.

Dunbar was probably the most useful man to T.C.S. Martin at centre half played a splendid game, his kicking and catching being all that could be desired.

For S.A.C., Moseley played a brilliant game and displayed his ability to captain a team. On the line, Morrison and Wiser played splendidly, while Easson at flying-wing showed his ability to tackle.

J. D. F. Ross.



## THE RIDLEY COLLEGE GAME

On Saturday, November 4th, Saint Andrew's College played Ridley College on the latter's grounds at St. Catharines for the Little Big Four Championship. Rain in the morning put the field in bad condition for the afternoon's game. Promptly at 2.30 Referee Gall blew his whistle. The line-up was as follows :

B.R.C.		S.A.C.	
Leonard	}.....Halves.....	Moseley (Capt.)	{
McCullough		Gordon I.	
Chauvin		Turnbull	
Irwin.....	Quarter.....	Thompson	
Goetz }	}.....Scrimmage.....	Yuill	{
Parish }		Wright	
Ingus }		Davies	
Wilson }	}.....Insides.....	Wiser	{
Smart }		Earle I.	
Gartshore }	}.....Middles.....	Morrison	{
Barr I. (Capt.) }		Rendell	
Barr II. }	}.....Outsides.....	Lees	{
Fisher }		Kent	
Hodgett.....	Flying Wing.....	Easson	

Referee—Lieut. Hugh Gall.

Umpire—Lieut. Harry Symonds.

First quarter. S.A.C. won the toss and Goetz kicked off to Moseley, who returned the ball. The play then centred around the S.A.C. 20-yard line, where Ridley lost the ball twice on fumbles. Smart then broke through the S.A.C. defences for a 50-yard run, which resulted in a touchdown, converted by Leonard.

Earle I. of St. Andrew's made yards on the S.A.C. first down and Moseley kicked to Leonard who was downed on B.R.C. quarter-way line. Gartshore made yards and Wilson made a 30-yard run. Leonard then kicked a dead-line, making the score B.R.C. 7 ; S.A.C. 0.

Barr (minor) dribbled the ball thirty yards from the S.A.C. goal, but Moseley by fast running overtook his man and secured the ball, thus preventing a score being made. The period closed with Ridley in possession of the ball on the half-way line.

B.R.C. 7 ; S.A.C. 0.

The second quarter opened with an exchange of kicks with no apparent advantage to either team. Wilson made a run of 30 yards and Leonard made an onside kick and Barr (minor) fell on the ball for a try, which was converted. (B.R.C. 13 ; S.A.C. 0.)

Play was resumed and Morrison blocked Leonard's attempt to kick and fell on the ball. Then ensued another exchange of kicks between Moseley and Leonard. Near the end of the period St. Andrew's had the ball within ten yards of Ridley goal, but lost on a fumble.

Half time score : B.R.C. 13 ; S.A.C. 0.

The third quarter opened with St. Andrew's playing a strong bucking game. On a fumble behind the line, Ridley secured S.A.C.'s ball and went over for a touch, which was converted by Leonard. (B.R.C. 19 ; S.A.C. 0.)

Within two minutes B.R.C. had the ball on the St. Andrew's 20-yard line, from where Leonard kicked a beautiful field goal, making the score : B.R.C. 22 ; S.A.C. 0.

After another exchange of kicks, Fisher dribbled a loose ball and fell on it behind the S.A.C. line. Not converted. (B.R.C. 27 ; S.A.C. 0.)

Gartshore made a fine 30-yard run, but B.R.C. lost the ball for offside interference. Wisser and Thompson were both hurt and each team lost the ball for offsides. Leonard kicked to Moseley, who ran 20 yards before being tackled. Just before the whistle blew Leonard scored a dead-line.

B.R.C. 28 ; S.A.C. 0.

In the last quarter St. Andrew's seemed determined to hold their opponents. Wisser and Morrison bucked for yards twice and then Moseley kicked to Leonard, who returned the ball and by quickly following up he secured his own ball at quarter. Once more he kicked and Moseley ran the ball back to B.R.C.'s 45-yard line. When S.A.C. next had the ball on their quarter-way line, Moseley faked a kick and went around the end for a 50-yard gain, but unfortunately was badly hurt and forced to retire.

Ridley dropped Hodgetts to even up, and Davies took Moseley's place at centre half. Davies kicked the ball into the scrimmage twice, and on the third attempt he forced B.R.C. to rouge.



For the rest of the period both teams played hard, fast rugby, but with no effect on the score. When the referee blew his whistle the ball was in the B.R.C. quarter and the S.A.C. team was playing an offensive game.

B.R.C. 28 ; S.A.C. 1.

#### NOTES

The day was not a favourable one from the players' standpoint. Rain in the morning rendered the field heavy and slippery, which placed S.A.C. at a disadvantage, as their men were much lighter than their opponents.

For Ridley, Leonard probably played the best game. His kicking and catching were conspicuous features of the game. On the line, Wilson and Gartshort played the strongest games.

It is difficult to pick stars from S.A.C.'s fourteen as each man played his best. Mention must be made of Moseley's excellent work for his team until he was forced to retire. Easson also played a wonderful game which deserved great credit. Praise is also due to Davies for the splendid way in which he took Moseley's place in the last quarter.

J. D. F. ROSS.

A. AULD.

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## SECOND TEAM

### S.A.C. II. vs. OAKWOOD

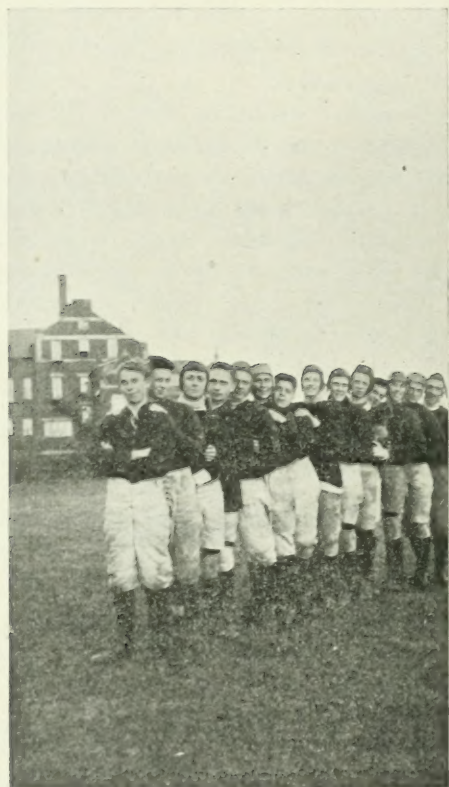
This match, our first, was played on our own grounds on Tuesday afternoon, October 15th. We won the toss and chose the southern end of the field.

Our line-up was as follows : Flying wing—Kent ; Halves—Home I., Hewitt, Rendell ; Quarter—Harris ; Scrimmage—Wood, Lightbourn, Ross II. ; Insides—Bullock, Dingman ; Middles—Syer, Calvert ; Outsides—Bowden, Larkin. Bowden and Lightbourn were replaced by Gordon I. and Stirret at half-time.

Although our opponents were a little heavier, Calvert I. was bucked over for a try after about three minutes of play. St. Andrew's did some splendid tackling, line-plunging and bucking, which gained us yards without fail. Having forced Oakwood down the field, we gained possession of their 5-yard line and tried to buck Rendell over, but lost the ball on offside inter-

ference. Hewitt, a few minutes later, kicked to their centre half and Harris rouged it.

We opened up strongly, two changes having been effected in our line-up. Hewitt made a spectacular 60-yard run for a touch, which was not converted. The ball, having changed

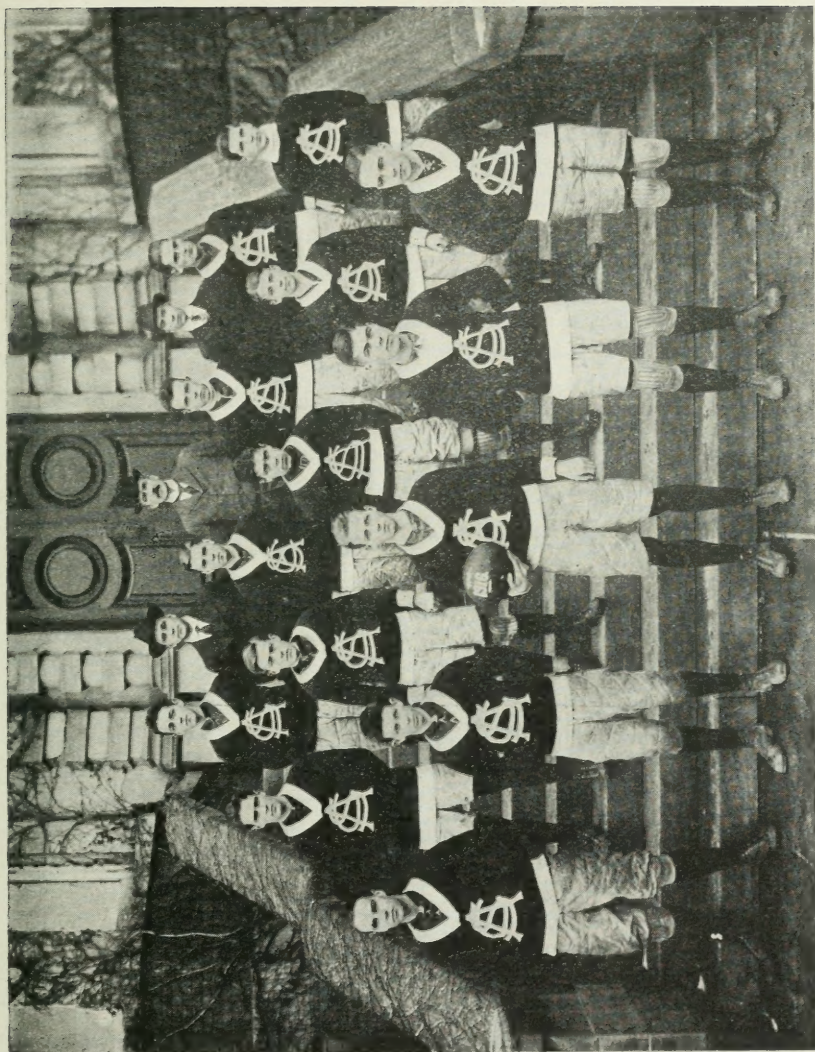


Enter the Second Ballet

hands numerous times, was put into our own on Oakwood's 30-yard line. Hewitt was forced to kick and Stirret rouged it. Some minutes later Hewitt took a pass from Stirret and went over for another touch, but was called back on account of a forward pass. Oakwood was again forced to rouge by Ross II.

Full time score : S.A.C. 13 ; Oakwood 0.





Second Rugby Team, 1916

**S.A.C. II. vs. U.T.S.**

Our second game was played on our own grounds on Tuesday, November 7th. U.T.S. won the toss and chose the northern end of the field. Within two minutes of play U.T.S. made a try, which was converted. We "came back" after this and played a much better game, but not before the middle of the second quarter did we score, when Holliday was bucked over for a try, which Wood successfully converted, thus tying the score. A few minutes later, after U.T.S. had been forced down the field by bucks and kicks, Lees kicked to U.T.S.'s right half and Harris made a safety touch.

This half we held our opponents scoreless, but were frequently called offside and our heavier line did not seem to hold. Lees put over a well-kicked drop from their 30-yard line, which made our only tally throughout this period. The bucking of Holliday and Secord, the tackling of Thorley and Larkin, and the running of Lees are worthy of mention.

Full time score : S.A.C. 11 ; U.T.S. 6.

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**S.A.C. II. vs. U.C.C. II.**

On Friday, November 10th, we played our last game, which was with U.C.C.'s second team, on their own grounds. This match was a kicking game from start to finish. Our team was made up of : Bullock (Fly. Wing) ; Calvert, Lees, McIntosh (Halves) ; Harris (Quarter, Capt.) ; Lightbourne, Thorley, Shewan (Scrim) ; Earle I., Holliday (Insides) ; Syer, Secord (Middles) ; Larkin, Wood (Outsides). Dingman, Beath and Stirret were spares.

We won the toss and chose the western end of the field. Lees received the kick-off and returned to Lindsay, who was downed at mid-field. The ball changed hands, and after bucking successfully, we gained our yards. After five minutes of play, Menendez was forced to retire on account of a sprained wrist, but soon resumed his position. Lees kicked to dead-line for our first tally. A few minutes later, Menendez ran 30 yards for a touch, which was converted.

After changing ends at quarter time, U.C.C. had the advantage of the wind, and used it to its full extent. We made no



score this period, but U.C.C. scored three dead-lines and Lees was forced to rouge once. We used bucking almost entirely, but did not make any marked gains.

Half time score : S.A.C. 1 ; U.C.C. 10.

In the second half we again had the wind and kicked incessantly. Lees managed to make two dead-lines by exceptional kicking. Our opponents were forced down the field, and Lees kicked to Tyrell, who fozzled and Earle I. fell on the ball, thus making our first try. It went unconverted.

The last quarter gave U.C.C. the wind again. Lindsay kicked a dead-line and also to Lees, who was forced to rouge. Near the end of the game Menendez made a spectacular run from half-way for a touch, which went unconverted. Wood was hurt.

Lindsay and Menendez starred for U.C.C., while Thorley and Lees were the best for S.A.C.

Full time : S.A.C. 8 ; U.C.C. 17.

GOODWIN HARRIS (Capt.).

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### THE THIRD TEAM

Though handicapped by the lack of a Fourth to practise against, the Third Team had a very successful season. The first game was with U.C.C. Thirds, on Oct. 15th. The work of Stonehouse on the half line and MacLaurin's bucking were largely responsible for a 7—6 victory.

On Saturday morning, October 28th, we played **Lake Lodge First Team** on our own grounds. The weather was ideal, and the ground was in splendid condition. The game commenced at 10.30 a.m. Lake Lodge won the toss, and St. Andrew's got the kick-off. In the first half of the game the tackling of Richardson was a feature. Pinnhey of Lake Lodge was undoubtedly the best man on the field. The half-time score was 21—0 in Lake Lodge's favour.

In the second half of the game S.A.C. seemed to wake up. The line was strengthened by Shewan, who was put on at half-time. Kerr bucked well. Dingman also played a good game on the line. The final score was Lake Lodge I. 23 ; S.A.C. III., 12. MacLeod I. captained S.A.C. III.

On Saturday, November 4th, we journeyed to Grimsby, where we played **Lake Lodge First Team**.

At half past two the teams lined up. Lake Lodge, having won the toss, took the south end of the field. The game was fast and keen throughout. Our team was captained by Stonehouse, who played quarter until he was laid out ten minutes after the second half of the game had commenced.



During the first half Calvert I. scored three points for St. Andrew's by his good kicking. Tugwell also scored a point by his kicking. Lake Lodge proved themselves to be the more aggressive of the teams during the first half of the game. Half time score was : Lake Lodge 7 ; S.A.C. 4.

After five minutes rest, the teams again lined up, Lake Lodge taking the kick-off. After playing for about ten minutes, Stonehouse was laid out. Bowden took his place at quarter, and Cross, who went down as spare, was put on the line. During this half of the game Stirret made two touch-downs, while Tugwell made another point by his kicking. Final score : S.A.C. 15 ; Lake Lodge 9.



On Monday, November 6th, we went to Oakville to play **Appleby School First Team**. Our team was ably captained by MacLeod I. The play in the first half of the game was even, but our side managed to get the best of an 11—12 score. In the second half of the game condition told and Appleby ran up a large score, beating us badly.

The best players for S.A.C. were undoubtedly Boyd and Cross. Boyd made some fine kicks and end runs. McLaurin's bucking in the first half deserves mention. Cross played a good game, getting the majority of the tackles.

The best player for Appleby was their centre half. The teams seemed to be very evenly matched as to weight, but the Appleby First were in much better condition.

The return game with Appleby was played in the rain, Nov. 10th. The score in this game being 28—2 in our favour, we were successful in the round by a two-point margin.

The following were granted colours : Pollock, MacKay, Beath, Warburton, Kerr, MacLaurin, Dingman, Campbell, Cross, McMurtry, Stirret, Home I., Ross II., Boys, Harstone, Richardson, Tugwell, Stonehouse I. (Mgr.), MacLeod I. (Captain).

R. D. M. AND N. M. M.

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### LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY SEASON

In considering the performances of the Lower School Rugby Team this year, certain exceptional circumstances—some favourable, some the reverse—must be borne in mind. On the whole, the season has been a successful one.

For the first time in many years the boys have had the advantage of experienced and systematic coaching. Mr. Church threw himself into his task with energy, and we think that, on the whole, he may be satisfied with the results. His material was of the rawest, many of the recruits never having seen a rugby ball before, and yet all the most important matches were won. This speaks volumes for the skill and energy of all concerned.

Choppin was appointed acting captain at the beginning of the season. During the early practices he ruled with a rod of iron and gave Mr. Church some valuable assistance, but various circumstances rendered it inadvisable that he should lead his troops into action. His place was taken by Nerlich, who proved an efficient field captain. The style of play adopted was not one

to give opportunities for exceptional individual brilliancy, and solid team-work was the order of the day. We think, however, that we may give the names of one or two boys as specially deserving of honourable mention.

Robertson deserves credit for the consistent excellence of his tackling. Many a play of the other side did he nip in the bud.



Hold that line, St. Andrew's !

The weak point of the side was the kicking. However, Findley played a plucky game and his lack of strength was largely counterbalanced by his skill and presence of mind.

Findley II. gave the signals with confidence and good judgment. He never lost his head, and was good at taking things in hand at critical moments when a play had broken down.

Owing to the fact that the Lower School Boys this year are very small and very young, it was found impossible to organize a second team. The nippers were taken in hand by Mr. Blomfield, who organized soccer games. During the course of the season several of the smallest boys developed considerable skill, and we regret that it was not possible to find for them foemen worthy of their steel in a school match.

The first rugby match, against Highfield at St. Andrew's on Oct. 14th, was fairly satisfactory. Some of the following-up was weak, but the tackling was generally good, and the team-play, though somewhat ragged, showed promise of better things to come.

Score : S.A.C. 21 ; Highfield 15.



For the return match at Hamilton on Oct. 23, the team was deprived of the services of its coach, and the result was chaos. This ought not to have been, and the sudden re-organization at the last minute ought not to have been attempted. The team, however, learnt the valuable lesson that the game is one necessitating self-denial, and is not for the amusement and glorification of individual players.

Score : Highfield 37 ; S.A.C. 0.

The boys pulled themselves together in great style for the next match on Oct. 25th against Upper Canada Preparatory School. The game was played on a very small ground, which suited our boys admirably, though they were playing away from home. There was only one team in it all the time. Lumbers, Nerlich and Robertson played well on the line, and Findley, helped by the ground and the wind, kicked in excellent style and dropped a brilliant goal.

Score : S.A.C. 33 ; U.C.C. 21.

The match against T.C.S. at Port Hope on Oct. 27th was a great success. The Juniors travelled in the same car as the First Upper School team, and we take to ourselves the credit for two victories in one day. We played in the morning and showed them how to do it, and, in consequence, the First Team won in the afternoon. Seriously, however, our match was a good one to watch, being well contested from start to finish. But Port Hope bucked better than we did, but were puzzled by many of our plays. Early in the game we established a lead which we never lost, and Findley and Nerlich made things certain by the way in which they held the team together and took opportunities for individual play.

Score : S.A.C. 13 ; T.C.S. 6.

Return match against U.C.C. at St. Andrew's, Oct. 27th. Our team was perhaps a little disorganized by the change in the rules. In any case they did not do themselves justice in this match, though they managed to pull off a victory. It was not a good game to watch, for on neither side was the play of a high order, and the wind was bitterly cold.

Score : S.A.C. 12 ; U.C.C. 5.

We hesitate to say much about the last match, played against the Model School on their ground. We were badly beaten and deserved it. Our chief regret is that the season ended with a defeat instead of a victory, and that we had not an opportunity of rectifying this mishap.

The following gained Colours : Nerlich I., Robertson, Findley I., Findley II., Macdougall, Lumbers, Skeaff, Macdonald I., Pearl, Davidson, Lewis, Black II., Patterson II., Nerlich II., Merry.  
A. St. J. F.

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### THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This event took place on Thursday, November the 18th. Owing to the weather, the number of competitors was smaller than usual, but the race was keenly contested. At 3.15 o'clock the runners lined up at the rear of the buildings and on the word "go" they all started off at a good pace. Gradually the line lengthened out, with Smith leading. The course was difficult, owing to snow, but Smith held his place for about three-quarters of the way. Here Shewan sprinted ahead and gained the lead, which he kept, coming in first at a very good pace. Smith was a close second and Gordon a very close third.

After the race a group of highly interested and enthusiastic supporters gathered in the hall to witness the distribution of cakes to the fortunate winners. Mrs. Macdonald very kindly performed the ceremony.

The following awards were made : 1. Gold Medal, Shewan ; 2. Silver Medal, Smith ; 3. Bronze Medal, Gordon I. ; Upper Sixth Cake, Gordon I. ; Lower Sixth Cake, Earle I. ; Fifth Form Cake, Shewan ; Fourth Form Cake, Fleming ; Third Form Cake, Smith ; Second Team Cake, Syer ; Third Team Cake, Richardson ; Upper Flat Cake, Lightbourne.  
J. D. F. Ross.

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### THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This event took place on Tuesday, Nov. 21st, and attracted an entry of twenty. All the runners finished the course and finished it at a good speed. The race must have been very interesting to those who could follow it throughout, many of the competitors showing excellent judgment in their running. Macdonald won fairly easily, in 17 minutes, but after him several boys came in together and judging was no easy matter. It was a great struggle—exciting to watch and of good promise for the future. A word of praise is due to the stewards, and a word of reproach to the few slackers who did not enter. The production,



distribution, and consumption of the cakes reflected credit on all concerned. The list of winners follows :

1. Macdonald—Headmaster's Silver Medal.
2. Earle II.—Boarders' Cake (Mrs. Furnival).
3. Robertson—Bronze Medal.
4. Home—Day Boys' Cake (Mr. Chapman).
5. Merry—Second Form Cake (Mrs. Montgomery).
6. Findley I.—Third Form Cake (Mr. Laidlaw).
7. Skeaff—First Team Cake (Mrs. Macdonald).
14. Rogers—First Form Cake (Mr. Church).

Mrs. Blomfield very thoughtfully provided an excellent cake for the stewards.

### HOCKEY PROSPECTS

Hockey prospects this year are not so favourable as last season. However, we hope to be as successful.

Old Colours of both the First and Second teams are scarce and we will have to rely on new material which, as far as we can judge, is plentiful.

If the same spirit which predominated during Rugby is carried on into Hockey, a successful season is assured.

We are again entered in the Junior O.H.A. and will in all probability be in the same group as in previous years.

Again this season we are fortunate in having the Arena for practice, which will enable us to work out before Christmas.

J. H. Y.



Mr. Furnival, M.P., addresses his constituents

## School News

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### THE CADET CORPS

THE work accomplished by the Cadet Corps is in advance of what had been done up to this time last year. The enrolment is larger than ever before, practically every boy in the Upper School being a voluntary member of the Corps.

Attention should be drawn to the appearance of the Cadets on Prize Day. They formed a guard of honour for His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire and were commended by him for their fine appearance.

We are very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Williams as instructor for the year, and with the spirited co-operation of the fellows he should make the Corps a decided success.

The Junior Cadet Corps has been organized and drills are in progress.

Officers of the Senior Cadet Corps for the year are : Capt., Taylor ; 1st Lieut., Moseley ; 2nd Lieut., Wright ; Colour-Sergt., Rolph ; Serg., Yuill. Other appointments will be made later.

JOE TAYLOR.

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### THE FOOTBALL DINNER

On Friday evening, Dec. 8th. the annual football dinner took place in the College dining room. The old boys now home from the front were asked to be present. Promptly at 6.30 o'clock the soldier guests and the two football teams descended to the dining room. The Hall and tables were very prettily decorated with flags and the College colours.

After a sumptuous repast, interspersed with songs, the speeches of the evening began. Dr. Macdonald proposed a toast to "The King" and the response was the singing of "God Save the King." The other toasts were as follows :

Proposed by

Responded to by

Taylor.....*Canada and the Empire*..... Mr. Findley

Rolph.....*The School*..... Dr. Macdonald

Ross.....*The Staff*..... Mr. Robinson

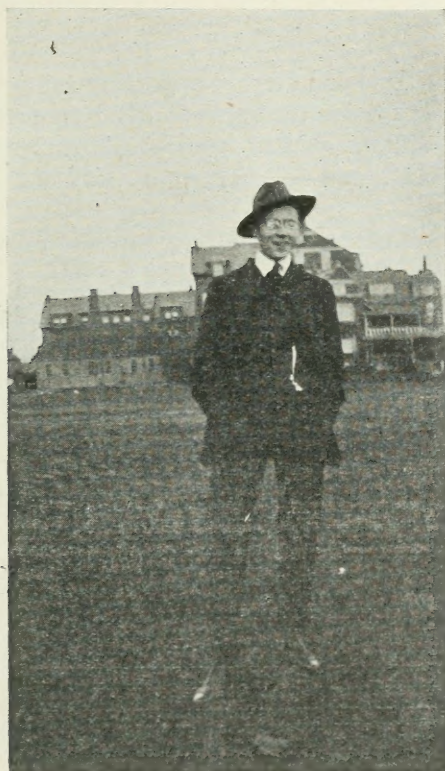


Yuill.....	<i>Athletic Association</i> .....	Mr. Chapman
Elmer Munro.....	<i>First Team</i> .....	Moseley
Turnbull.....	<i>Second Team</i> .....	Harris
Kent.....	<i>The Ladies</i> .....	Wright

At 9.30 the festivities were brought to a close by the singing of "Played St. Andrew's, Old St. Andrew's," in memory of the old boys now serving under the colours.

We are all very glad indeed to have had the old boys with us at our dinner this year, and sincerely hope they enjoyed it. I take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, on behalf of the boys, for the kindly interest they displayed in the dinner, and the work they did in connection with the decoration of the dining room.

J. D. F. Ross.



The New Prefect

### UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

Again this year the School is contributing out of the weekly pocket-money allowance to the Red Cross and other patriotic purposes. Judging by the amount already raised, the year's contribution should be well over \$500. Part of the fund has been devoted to sending Christmas gifts of socks and other comforts to each of the Old Boys on service. The thanks of the School are due to those members of the Board of Governors who have generously contributed between them \$200 for this purpose ; and also in particular to Mrs. Macdonald and the other ladies of the College, for the time and energy they gave to getting the multitudinous parcels safely despatched.

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Morrison and Easson, both of Form V., left us in the middle of the term, having enlisted in the Army Service Corps (Mechanical Transport).

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The Head-Prefect, Joe Taylor, was incapacitated for football this year by an operation for appendicitis. In general, however, the health of the School has been excellent. There were no accidents at football, and no sickness to speak of.

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Mr. Twigg left us during the term to take up a law practice in Windsor. His place has been taken by Mr. J. A. MacInnis, another Queen's University graduate.

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An annual prize has been kindly presented to the School by Mrs. James George, to be awarded for proficiency in English. It will be known as the "James George Prize."

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With the laudable object (though we "say it as shouldn't") of sending the REVIEW to the Old Boys at the Front, a concert has been arranged by some members of the Old Boys' Association, and will take place in the Assembly Hall on the evening of December the nineteenth.

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### LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. F. M. Church, who has taken the place of Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen has gone overseas with the signallers. We wish him God-speed and a safe return.



As in previous years, Mrs. Furnival and Mrs. Montgomery entertained the Lower School boarders at Hallowe'en. Everybody enjoyed himself, and the older members of the party renewed their youth. It is not true that some boys had their heads scalded when ducking for apples, but it is true that Skeaff and Merry got first bob.

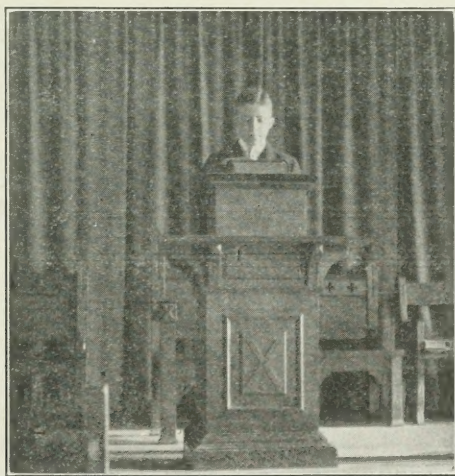
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The soccer tournament has not been quite such a success as it was last year. The entries were numerous, and at the beginning much enthusiasm was shown, but soon dwindled. Detention, cadet-corps, boxing, fencing, wrestling, etc., etc., caused many absences and an extensive use of substitutes. At the time of writing it is doubtful whether the series will be finished or not. This is a great pity. It is not fair to those who spend much time and trouble on the organization of these events that boys should enter unless they are able and willing to turn out with absolute regularity.

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LATER.—We managed to finish the soccer series after all. The six captained by Blomfield I. won after a hard struggle against Skeaff.

A. St. J. F.



His Reverence, Fa ther Gallagher

## Old Boys' News

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### BIRTHS

- TO CAPT. and MRS. H. A. COOCH, a daughter. Nov. 2nd, 1916.  
TO MAJOR and MRS. R. S. BURTON, a daughter. Nov. 27th, 1916.  
TO MR. and MRS. FRANK G. BOWDEN, a daughter, Oct. 23rd, 1916.  
TO MR. and MRS. SIDNEY B. D. LEE, a son. Sept. 15th, 1916.  
TO MR. and MRS. GORDON McCARTER, a daughter. June 4th, 1916.  
TO MR. and MRS. BRIAN B. MCCOLL, a daughter. Aug. 21st, 1916.  
TO MR. and MRS. ADAM D. SPROAT, a daughter. Nov. 17th, 1916.
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### MARRIAGES

- BOECKH, RAYMOND, to Miss Ruth Burk, of Toronto, Ont., on November 1st, 1916.  
DENOVA, GEOFFREY J., to Miss Mary Tucker, of Allanburg, Ont., on July 1st, 1916.  
DOOLITTLE, LIEUT. GORDON, to Miss Muriel Lake, of London, Eng., on June 26th, 1916.  
GRASS, ROBERT E., to Miss Gladys Hamilton, of Dewitt, New York, on June 24th, 1916.  
KELK, WILLIAM H., to Miss Janie Clendennan, of Toronto, Ont., on October 14th, 1916.  
MCCOLL, BRIAN, to Miss Quigley, of Toronto, Ont., in Autumn, 1915.  
MCKNIGHT, DOUGLAS, to Miss Bessie Holly, of Toronto, Ont., on July 5th, 1916.  
SWAN, WILFRED, to Miss Christine Esten, of Toronto, Ont., on August 26th, 1916.  
WILSON, STUART, to Miss M. Gooderham, of Toronto, Ont., in August, 1916.  
WINCHESTER, ARTHUR S., to Miss Emily Tushingham, of Toronto, Ont., on June 27th, 1916.



## OBITUARY

TREVOR S. BELL was born on Feb. 14th, 1895. He entered Form V. at St. Andrew's College on Jan. 10th, 1911, coming from St. John's School, Winnipeg. In May, 1913, he went up for his R.M.C. examination and left school in June of the same year. In the autumn of that year he joined the Winnipeg staff of the Imperial Bank of Canada, with which institution he was employed when he joined the 44th Battalion for overseas service. In June, 1916, while in England, he was transferred to the 27th Battalion and went to the front. On Sept. 14th, 1916, he was killed instantly while leading his platoon in a charge at the battle of Courcelette.

As a boy at school he was very popular with his fellows, entering eagerly into the various school activities. He played all the games and took his Cadet Corps work seriously. In 1913 he played left wing for the Second Hockey Team.

His bright, cheerful disposition, coupled with an unselfish character, made him universally popular, and his death in action will long be sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

BERNAL BENJAMIN BROWN was born in Alliston on June 21st, 1890. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, entering Form I. in the Lower School. His interest in the school life was always keen. He played football, hockey and cricket. In 1913 he made the second football team and in 1914 he won his Second Eleven Colours. He was also an enthusiastic member of the Cadet Corps. While at school he evidenced cleverness with his pencil.

His promotion proceeded with regularity until 1911, when he remained out of school for a year, returning in November, 1912, at which time he came into residence. In June, 1914, he left school to go into business. In Dec., 1915, he enlisted in the 4th University Company, then recruiting to re-inforce the Princess Patricia's, and was soon in France.

In May of the present year he was twice wounded and on September 15th information was received that he was missing. Some time later he was officially reported "killed in action." His old school friends will all deeply regret Bernal's death. He was accustomed to think of others before himself and consequently held the affection of all of us, both in school and out.

ARTHUR WILLOUGHBY CHESNUT was born in Toronto on Jan. 28th. 1890. He entered Form III. in St. Andrew's College in Jan., 1902. In 1907 he enrolled in the Faculty of Applied Science in the University of Toronto, having matriculated with Honours in Mathematics and English. His course at the University was uniformly good. On graduating in 1912 he received employment with the Foundation Company of New York and was occupying the position of resident engineer for the Company at North Transcona, when, on Oct. 30, 1915, he resigned in order to enlist in the 4th University Company. He saw considerable active service at the front with the Princess Patricias and was through the battle of Zillebeke, coming out of that engagement uninjured. On July 22d, 1916, he suffered a severe gunshot wound in the knee, while engaged in close-in fighting in the trench. For some time he was in hospital in England, after which he was sent to Shorncliffe, with the information that he was ultimately to be returned to Canada for work on munitions. He was not long at Camp before he was taken ill and sent to hospital. Pneumonia rapidly developed and he succumbed on Sept. 6th, 1916.

During his years at St. Andrew's College his lovable and unselfish character made him popular with his fellows. He eagerly entered into all the school athletic activities and was a member of the Cadet Corps. The principles which regulated his life, both as boy and man, are well illustrated in the following quotation from a letter received by his father from his "Padre," who was with him at the end:

"Your son did not leave any message for you. The only thing that he asked me to tell his father, that he was not afraid to die as he was trusting in his Saviour. The last two or three days he was continually quoting the twenty-third Psalm, and especially the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' He was a good Christian lad and towards the end his faith was very strong and our Saviour was very near to him."

FREDERICK DIVER was born in Toronto on June 28th, 1889. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1904, coming here from the Model School. He left school in June, 1906, to go into business and had obtained most commendable success, being



Vice-President of the Central Press Agency, when in November, 1915, he gave up his business to take out a commission in the 109th Battalion of Lindsay. On arrival in England, he was transferred to the 87th Battalion, and saw considerable service in France. His transfer to the trenches was unusually rapid. In a letter giving information of his movements, he wrote, "I spent one Sunday in Halifax, the second in England, the next Sunday in France and the fourth in the trenches." On October 21st, 1916, he was reported "missing," and on Nov. 15th, 1916, official word came that he had been killed in action. By his old school friends he will long be remembered with love and affection.

GEORGE WALTER NATION was born in Toronto on July 31st, 1894. In Sept., 1910, he came to St. Andrew's College from Trinity College School. He left in June, 1913, to prepare for the study of Law. While at St. Andrew's College he was uniformly popular and gave his best to all the school activities. In 1913 he played Right Wing on the Second Hockey Team, and in the autumn of 1912 captained the Second Football Team. On Oct. 1st, 1914, he took up active duty at Esquimalt Camp, and soon after enlisted as a private in the 30th Battalion. In May, 1915, he was transferred to the 7th Battalion, and in Dec., 1915, was given his commission on the field. After taking his Officer's course at Shorncliffe, he returned in April last to France. On July 25th, 1916, he was killed in action. Nation saw heavy fighting both at Givenchy and Festubert and was regarded as an unusually good officer. A letter received from the front from another Old Boy states that he had seen Nation on his way out to relieve at a post of extreme danger and that he went willingly and cheerfully to the post of duty, knowing that he was not likely to return.

ALLAN OLIVER was born in Edmonton on March 15th, 1893. He came to St. Andrew's College in November, 1905, entering the Lower School. He won his promotions with regularity and was keen in his interest in school affairs. In 1908 he played on the Second Football Team and obtained his First Football Colours in 1909. In 1908 and in 1909 he played on the First Hockey Team. He was a Prefect during the school year 1909-1910 and was a member of the Cadet Corps. Owing to illness he was out of school most of the time after Christmas. From St. Andrew's

he went to McGill University, entering there in 1911 and obtaining his Arts degree with high honours in June, 1915. While at McGill he was prominent in all student activities, taking part in football and hockey, as well as in the Literary and Debating Society. He was an Editor of the McGill Daily in 1913. The day he finished his course at McGill, Oliver went to Kingston to train as an Artillery officer and shortly afterwards went overseas with the 26th Battery.

On Friday, November 24th, 1916, a few days after his old school had received the gratifying information that he had been awarded the Military Cross, a cable message was received stating that he had been killed in action. Later, from the official records, it was learned that Oliver was one of three officers who entered the German barrage in order to obtain information. One of the three only returned. Those of us who knew him are not surprised to learn that he went about the performance of his duty under very dangerous conditions with a calm and determined spirit.

CLARENCE ELIAS ROGERS was born in Toronto on Dec. 19th, 1891. He entered the Lower School at St. Andrew's College in Sept., 1902, obtained his promotions with regularity and left in 1905 to attend school in the States. In September, 1909, he returned to St. Andrew's College and entered Form Upper VI. for Honour work. He took a keen interest in the life of the school and was always a most loyal Old Boy. In 1909 he played Left Half on the First Football Team and did much to help the team win the victories of that year.

After leaving school he took up work with Grip Ltd. He was one of the first to qualify for his Pilot's certificate at the Curtis Aviation School and obtained his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in Jan., 1915. His subsequent training took place in England, where in April, 1916, he passed highest in the flying tests. He was shortly afterwards sent to France, where he soon earned the reputation of being a daring and competent aviator. In June, 1916, he was reported "missing," and as his machine was seen to fall behind the German lines, it was hoped he was still alive, although a prisoner. However, a letter from his observer on Dec. 8th, written from Germany, brought the definite information that he had been wounded while 3,000 feet in the air, and shortly afterwards killed instantly by being shot through the head. The manner of his death was indicative of the plucky



spirit which animated him in life.\* Those of us who witnessed his determination to keep on playing a hard game after severe injury in his last school football match, are not surprised to learn that the same spirit animated him in his last great struggle.

GEOFFREY A. SNOW was born in Toronto, on Jan. 11th, 1894. He entered St. Andrew's College in Sept., 1907, coming from the Model School. His promotions at school were regular year by year. He was on the General Proficiency list in 1909 and passed his Matriculation into the Faculty of Arts in the University of Toronto in June, 1911. During the year 1911-1912 he returned to school for Honour work, and left at Easter to take up surveying. In the autumn of 1912 he went up to the University and joined the Officers' Training Corps in 1914. He obtained a commission with the 48th Highlanders and received his appointment to the 92nd Highlanders, C.E.F., shortly afterwards. In May, 1915, he went overseas with that Battalion, and two weeks after his arrival in England was transferred to the 15th Battalion. Shortly after joining his new unit he was in action. Of his conduct on this occasion one of the old masters wrote, "He was immensely cool and very brave." On Oct. 4th a cable was received stating that he had been killed in action.

While at St. Andrew's Snow did his share in promoting the various school undertakings, and like so many others who hastened to answer the call of King and Country, did good work in the Cadet Corps. A most efficient officer and an excellent companion, his loss will be much regretted by his fellow officers and old school mates.

JOHN SANDFORD TAYLOR was born on June 8th, 1893, at Bothwell, Ont. In Sept., 1908, he came to St. Andrew's College from Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and soon made a place for himself in the school life, taking a keen interest in all the sports as well as in the Cadet Corps. His good nature made him a thoroughly popular boy in the house. In June, 1910, he matriculated into the Faculty of Applied Science, in the University of Toronto, having won the Second General Proficiency Prize in the Matriculation Form. In 1914 he obtained his degree in Mining Engineering and took up work in the silver mines of the Cobalt district. During the great fire of 1911 he was severely injured and was in hospital for some time.

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\*See Old Boys' notes.

In April, 1915, he enlisted in the Borden Motor Car Battery and in due course was sent to France. On March 6th, 1916, word came of his having been accidentally wounded. From this injury he recovered and was soon back on active service at the front. In October word was received that he had been killed in action.

EDWARD ROZIER WINTER was born in St. John's, Newfoundland on Jan. 29th, 1898. He entered St. Andrew's College in Sept., 1912, going into the Middle School. "Ted," as he was known to his fellows, was particularly active in football and hockey, and always ready to play where the other fellows wanted him. In June, 1914, he left school to go into business in St. John's. In April, 1915, he enlisted as a private in the Second Newfoundland Regiment, and proceeded with his unit to England. With the Newfoundlanders he went over to France and saw severe fighting, winning his Corporal's stripes on the field. On July 1st, 1916, he was reported killed in action. The news of his death will mean sincere regret to the fellows who knew him at school, where he was always popular.

HAROLD VERSCHOYLE WRONG was born in Toronto on Dec. 1st, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1902, going into Form I., in the Lower School. He took a keen interest always in the school life and was a prominent member of the Cadet Corps. His promotions succeeded one another with regularity, and year by year he was on the Prize List. In June, 1907, he passed exceedingly well in the Junior Matriculation Examination at the University of Toronto. In January, 1908, he went to Ridley College, and won a scholarship in Classics, when he went up for his Honour Matriculation in 1909. On graduating from the University in 1913, he won the Flavell Scholarship and was an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford, when war broke out. In Dec, 1914, he obtained a commission in the 15th Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers and went to the front in November, 1915. His battalion saw much severe fighting particularly in July, and on July 27th word was received that Wrong was missing. As so many months have elapsed we are reluctantly compelled to include him in the list of those who have given their lives for the cause of Right and Country.

He was a lad of unusual attainments, winning manners and unselfish character, and his passing means a great loss to his country.



**MILITARY DISTINCTIONS RECENTLY WON.**

Lieut. "JAMIE" AULD has been awarded a second clasp to his Military Cross won in June. He was again wounded on Oct. 16th, being buried by an exploding shell. The fresh distinction he has won was doubtless for some additional act of gallantry.

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Lieut. GORDON THOMSON CASSELS, of the Horse Artillery, won the Military Cross in October. He carried out a reconnaissance very ably and brought his section into action under very difficult conditions.

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Sergt. G. A. CHASE, cousin of Donald Chase, was awarded the Military Medal last October. We regret we have no details of his gallant action.

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Flight Lieut. D. MURRAY GALBRAITH has received the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in attacking enemy aeroplanes, as well as the *Croix de Guerre* from the French.

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Lieut. SIDNEY F. FISKEN, of the Royal Artillery, obtained the Military Cross in September for carrying out a reconnaissance over ground swept by shells and machine-gun fire, and sending in valuable reports.

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Lieut. R. L. JUNKIN gained the Military Cross in November, for conspicuous gallantry. He built a strong-point by day under heavy shell fire, and in difficult circumstances. On another occasion he wired the front when the enemy was only 60 yards distant. He had done other fine work under fire.

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Captain CHARLES E. ("Chappie") KILMER won the high distinction of D.S.O. for undertaking and carrying out successfully a daring daylight raid on the German trenches last July. Kilmer was wounded on the lip of the German trench when he was leaving, after seeing to the safety of his men. He managed to crawl into a crater close by, and lay there until he was rescued in a most gallant manner several hours later. His right leg has been amputated below the knee. He is now back in Toronto, looking very well and cheerful.

Private HARRY G. LENNARD has been awarded the Military Medal in October for gallantry and efficiency at St. Eloi last April. He and four other machine gun privates were cut off from their battalion (the 20th) in a crater. The machine gun officer knew they were there, but could not get to them. Lennard and his companions kept their gun active and took a few prisoners. After four days they were put on the casualty lists as killed or captured, but after that time turned up with their prisoners, to the great surprise of their officer. Lennard is now in England on his first leave for fifteen months. He is trying for a commission.

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Lieut. W. S. McCLINTON won the Military Cross in November for gallantry during the early Somme fighting. He led his men throughout a particularly severe attack. Out of eighteen officers of his battalion (the 18th) who went into the attack, only four, including himself, were able to answer the roll-call at the finish. McClinton had just completed his third year in Medicine when the war broke out. He went with the 1st Contingent to Valcartier.

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The late Lieut. ALLEN OLIVER's distinction has been already referred to in the obituary notices.

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Lieut. HUGH H. SYKES, gazetted for the Military Cross, held a trench-section against a bombing attack with great energy and determination. Afterwards he led forward his platoon gallantly and captured an enemy trench. He was severely wounded.

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Lieut. J. H. ("Joe") WILSON won his Military Cross for exceptional courage and determination in staying in his trench at the Somme front for 24 hours, after he had been seriously wounded in the shoulder.

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With regard to the distinction won at St. Eloi by Lieut. E. R. ALLEN, of the Royal Engineers, Lieut. J. C. Auld wrote in a letter dated June, 1916 :

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He was in charge of the mining and blowing of the craters, which from an engineering point of view was very successful. Going across with the infantry to seize the craters he led the company he happened to be with, when all their officers had become casualties, and spent 48 hours between two craters without rations, although he had no connection with that end of the affair. Several other incidents, too long to relate, have made his a name to conjure with among the 3rd British Division, with whom he was working.



## NOTES

We are glad to hear that Lieut. Allan Ker has made so good a recovery from his severe wound. Though he has lost an eye, it was feared at first that the injury was even more serious.

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Major Taylor, Lieut. Tudball, and Lieut. J. M. Macdonnell were all well when last heard from. Capt. Knighton has been in France some time, after being long retained in England training drafts. Lieut. Hugh Macdonell, a prisoner at Hamrover, writes that he is well treated.

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It was very pleasant to hear the joyful news that Private D. B. Chase and Lieut. Harry Devlin, who had been reported as killed, in June and September, respectively, had turned up alive, though wounded, as prisoners in Germany. Devlin was hit when on the German parapet. A heroic attempt was made to recover his body, dead or alive. "The day after the raid," writes Lieut. A. B. Lindsay, five N.C.O.'s crossed N. Man's Land, covered by an intense barrage, but all they found was a cap and revolver. The General said that in all his experience he had never seen such a brave thing as the five crossing over two hundred yards to open country in daylight and searching the enemy wire and parapet before returning. All have been awarded the Military Medal."

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Since the last REVIEW went to press, we received further particulars of the death of Lieut. Maurice Malone last June. Captain Acland, of Malone's company, writes :

It was in the action at Zillebeke on the third of June that he fell, shot through the heart by a machine-gun bullet. He had been doing invaluable work all morning. . . . The Germans had effected a break in the line at this point. We, who were in reserve, were suddenly called up, and after a long night march made an advance in broad daylight under heavy shell and machine-gun fire, which enabled us to take up a position which secured most of the lost ground and denied the enemy the advantages he had so nearly secured. It was at the farthest point of our advance, about half-past seven in the morning, that "Mike" was struck down. He had been behaving most gallantly. Except for the manner in which he brought his men up to reinforce my line we should not have been able to advance as we did. . . . We buried him with full military honours, the whole battalion attending. . . . We considered it an honour to be allowed to pay a last mark of respect to his memory.

Details of the heroic way in which Flight Lieut. Clarence Rogers met his death, are given in a letter written from prison in Germany by Sergt. H. Taylor, who was his observer. It appears that Rogers was wounded in the back and the legs in a fight with a Fokker near Loos, but "stuck to it like the man we all knew him to be" until shot through the head. The observer with wonderful nerve, finding that the engine had stopped, though also wounded, climbed over to the pilot's place, sat on the dead man's lap, and endeavoured to bring the machine back to our lines, but had to land just inside the German trenches.

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Lieut. "Monty" Montgomery, our old head-prefect, writes of the satisfaction with which he has re-donned the kilts, after being engaged in hospital work. "It feels like the old St. Andrew's Cadet Corps once more. Thanks to the training received there, I at least know how to put on my clothes." Gordon Spohn, Hugh Johnston, and "Dud" Ross have also left the hospital work for the Artillery, Infantry and Navy respectively.

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Private Errol Munn, now home wounded on extended leave, had a more eventful and trying experience than many an old campaigner. He was through the six months' Gallipoli campaign; was down with dysentery, jaundice, and had his feet frozen, but never gave in, and was among the last to leave Suvla Bay. He was subsequently moved to the trenches in France and had been leading a charmed life up to the time of his wound. Out of 250 men in his company, only seven of the original men left the Dardanelles.

Lionel Munn was sent to France in May. He says the last drive was worth enlisting for. Both boys speak with just pride of the part Newfoundland has been playing in the war.

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Of the many strange meetings, under such unlooked-for circumstances, which are now occurring among our Old Boys, an interesting example is furnished by Lieut. Elmer Munro, now home wounded. "You will be somewhat surprised no doubt," he writes, "as I was myself, when I tell you that a Major Grant came to us the other day, and it was none other than Mr. Grant,



known in the old school on Yonge St. as "Choppy." He remembered me and could even tell my initials. I was in the 2nd Form at the time he was there. It was a most agreeable surprise to me, and I was very glad indeed to see him again."

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As far back as the present Editor's memory extends, all our old Head Prefects are serving with the colors (poor Bollard was cut off before the chance could come to him)—Jack Hope, Don McGillivray, Paisley, "Monty," Travis, Cantley, Ed. Whitaker. Their present units will be found in the Honour Roll.

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Lieut. G. W. Grant, of the R.A.M.C., has received high distinction in graduating with honours in Medicine and Surgery at Edinburgh University. Out of 26 candidates from all parts of the Empire, only two received honours. Lieut. Grant hopes to return to France as soon as he is fit again. He had been down with typhoid fever. His brother Eric is in the 13th Battalion in France.

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Lieut. J. P. Skidmore, who returned wounded last year, has been appointed Brigade Musketry Instructor with the rank of Captain.

In addition to those already mentioned, Lieuts. D. G. McIntosh, W. K. Macnee, and A. B. Moffat, returned on leave from the Front, have visited the School this term.

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Edward M. Wrong, Fellow of Magdalene College, whose brilliant career at Oxford has been noted in former numbers of the REVIEW, has been appointed Vice-Principal of the School of Technology, Manchester.

## Exchanges

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The following are the exchanges received up to the present :

- Argosy*—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.S.  
*Acta Victoriana*—Victoria College, Toronto, Can.  
*Acadia Athenæum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.  
*Blue and White*—Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.  
*Columbian*—Shanghai American School, Shanghai, China.  
*El Sussurro*—Monterey Union High School, Monterey, Cal.  
*Ocksheperida*—Sheridan High School, Sheridan, Wy.  
*Red and White*—Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.  
*Scotch Collegian*—Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia.  
*St. Margaret's Chronicle*—St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Can.  
*The Windmill*—The Manlius Schools, N.Y.  
*The Searchlight*—High School, West Newton, P.A.  
*The Schoolman*—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.  
*The Windsorian*—King's College, Windsor, N.S.  
*The Black and Red*—University School, Victoria, B.C.  
*The Albanian*—St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.  
*The Record*—Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.  
*The Ashburian*—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Can.

B. W. EMMERSON.

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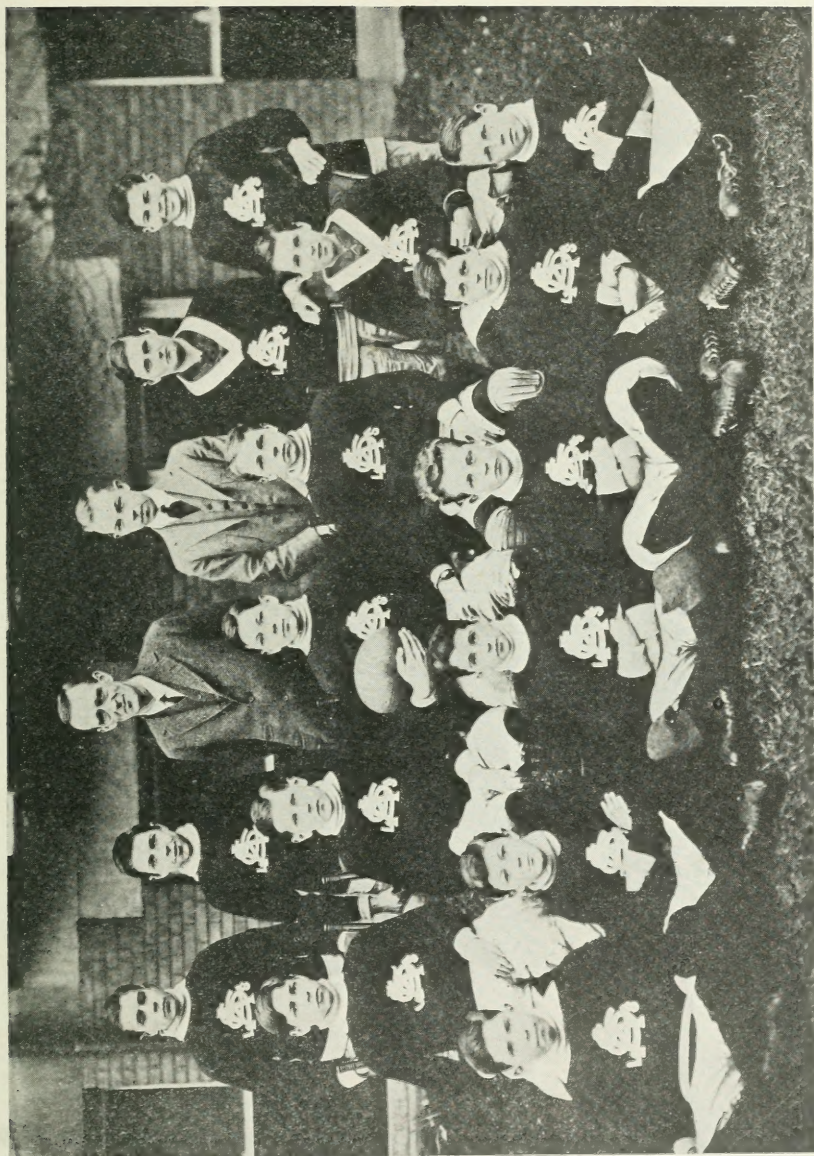
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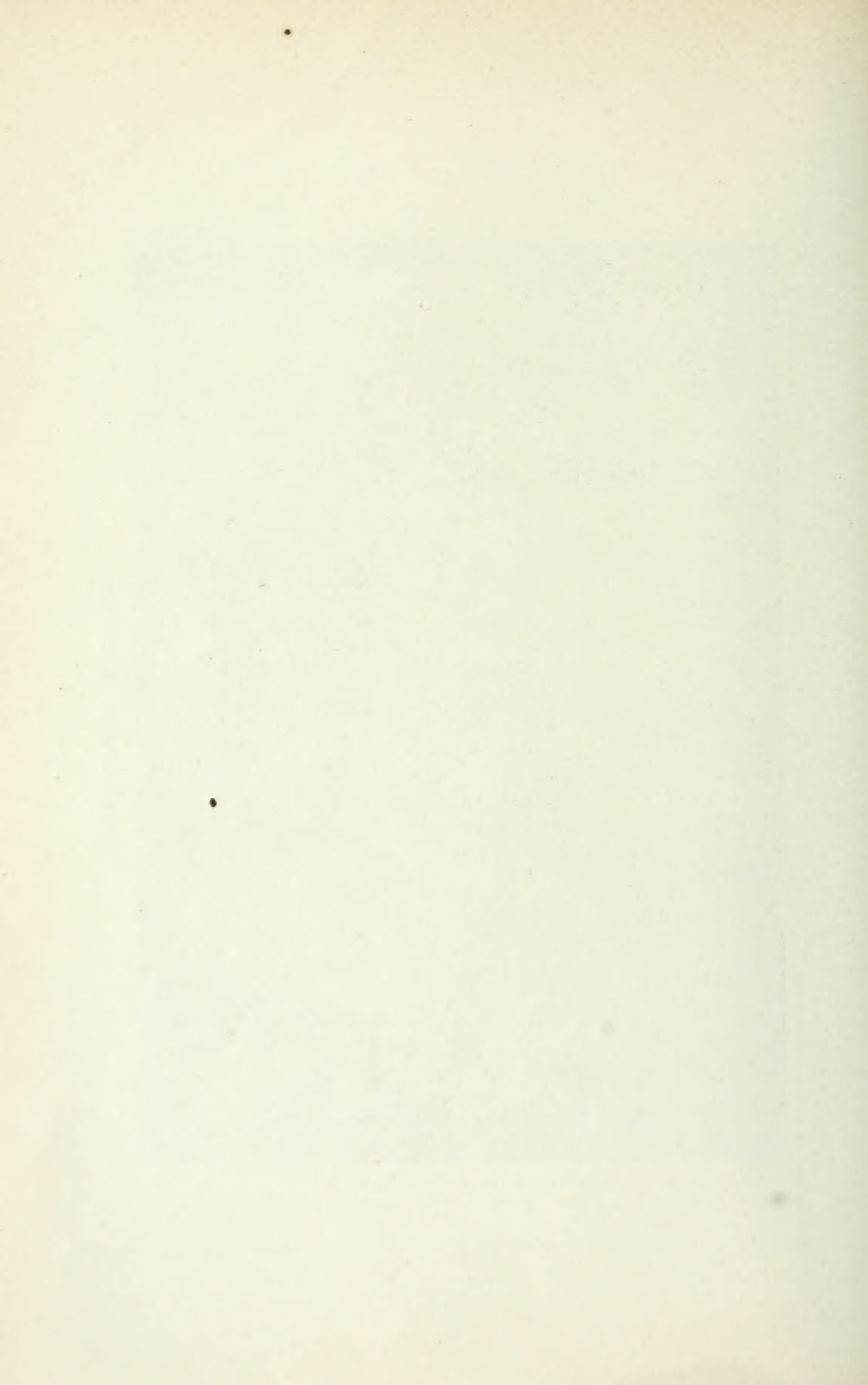
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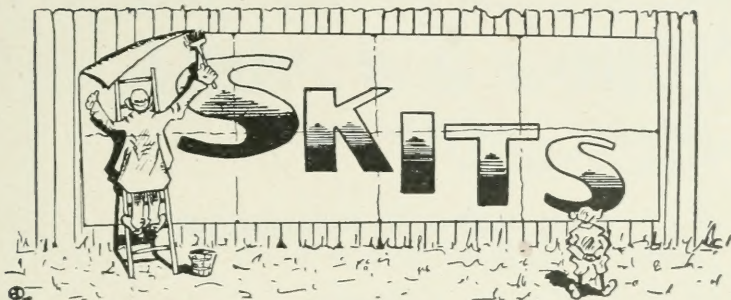




LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM







Kaiser : "What, more men ! What happened to the 25,000 men you had last week ?"

Clown Prince : "Argonne," papa.

Morrison : "What is a backbone ?"

Emmerson : "A string of about twenty-five bones. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

Stirret (reading a letter) : "Gee ! These letters from home are just like a prayer."

Mr. Findlay : "To-morrow we take the Life of Browning."

Lightbourne : "What shall we bring, sir, knives or pistols ?"

A jolly old chemist named Rough,  
While mixing a compound stuff,  
Dropped a match in a vial,  
And after a while,  
They discovered—his tooth, and a cuff.—*Ex.*

Brutus : "What ho(e) Cæsar !"

Cæsar : "Gillette, old top."

Tommy : "Oh, mother, look at that man ! He's only got one arm."

Mother : "Hush ! he'll hear you."

Tommy : "Why, doesn't he know it ?"

Thompson (in geometry) : "I know the problem, but I can't express it."

Voice from the rear : "Send it by freight."

Warburton : "I want a hair cut."

Barber : "Which one :?"

Syer (in library) : "I smell cabbage burning."

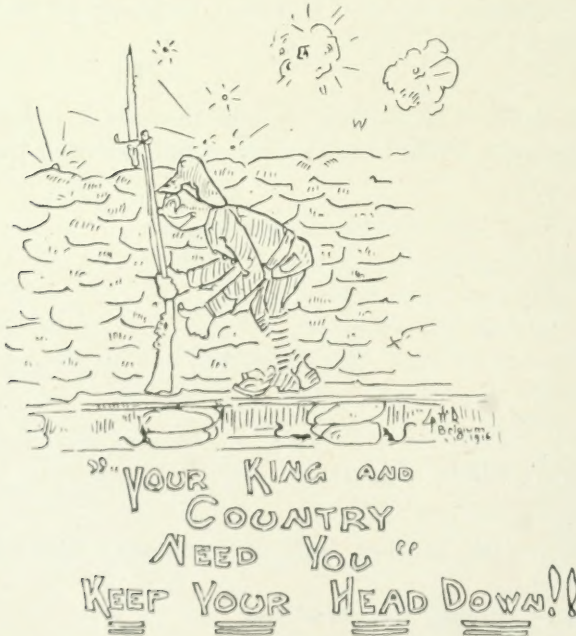
Larkin : "Your head's too near the fire."

Stirrat (seeing tea-leaves in his cup) : "Gosh guys ! Look at the sea-weed."

Master in Sixth Form—"You're a fine student. Here I've taught you everything I know, and you don't know anything."

Jones : "And how many jewels are there in your watch ?"

Smith : "Ah, none; I took them all out a while ago. I hate any kind of display."—*Ex.*



Sketch by Lieut. Rutter



# St. Andrew's College

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Boy (during History): "Abraham Lincoln was shot in the middle of his administration."

Dr. Macdonald (seeing Davies "all-in" after the U.C.C. game): "It looks like a slump in pork."

Emmerson, to maid bringing in sausages: "Take out Fido and bring in Jip."

---

Mary ate a little lamb,  
 For she was such a glutton,  
 She wouldn't wait until the lamb,  
 Had grown up into mutton.

Little kid, watching Rugby practice and seeing S.A.C. on a sweater: "Salvation Army Corps, eh, mister?"

The following letter was received by a schoolmaster from an indignant mother, who felt that her boy was being overworked: "My son writes me that he has to study too hard. He says that he has to translate 50 hexameters of Latin a day. I looked up hexameter and find that it is a poetic verse of 6 feet. Now, that means 300 feet, or 100 yards, of poetry for my poor son to translate daily. I think that about half a hexameter, or 36 inches, of this Latin plenty for a boy of his age."

"Who is this Gargantua just coming in?"

"That's Fatleigh, who is always bragging about being a self-made man."

"Gee whiz! He looks more as if he was built by a construction company."

Warden: "Have you ever been in a European jail?"

Prisoner: "No! My motto has been 'See America first.'"

Lower School Boy (when asked to join the Junior Cadet Corps)  
 "Say, Joe, put me down for the Flying Corps."

Edestrand: "I think you've cut my hair before."

Barber (taking a good look): "Nope; I've only been here a year."



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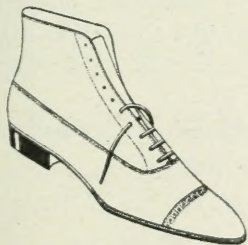
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Sketch by Lieut. Rutter

McLeod : "What would you do with a voice like mine ?"  
Gordon : "Go in the movies."

Messrs. Harris, Halliday and Shewan have gone into the Turkish Bath business. The company is capitalized on what soap it can secure in the weekly clean-up along the flat. No fee is charged for a thorough scrubbing ; the customer, however, must arrive fully gagged and bound if he desires to receive a full treatment.

WANTED—a lawn-mower. Must be thoroughly seasoned and serviceable for hair-cutting. Apply to Thompson.



(Sketch by Lieut. Rutter)



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Doug Ross (in his sleep) :  
 "What a funny bird a frog are,  
 He ain't got no tail at all (almost hardly)  
 When he run he yump  
 And when he yump he sit down  
 Where he ain't got no tail at all (almost, hardly).

While boating on the bay one night,  
 I saw the ocean's arm,  
 Steal gently round a neck of land,  
 To keep its shoulder warm.  
 This made me jealous as could be,  
 It really made me sore,  
 And so I paddled toward the land,  
 And closely hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

Master (to Stirret, who has made a bad mistake): Where is your gramma(r) ?"

Stirret : "Why ! home with my grandpa, of course."

Mary had a little lamb,  
 It's fleece was white as snow,  
 She took it to Pittsburg—  
 And now look at the darn thing!

#### MRS. THOMPSON'S MUSICALS.

Mrs. Cutplug Thompson's musicale, given to introduce to our public Dis Count Lorient, the famous Fandango artist, was held in her garage on the 1st prox. A bodyguard of Leaside Mudguards welcomed him on his arrival. Those who supported the Count in giving the recital were : The Duke of Petrolea, who furnished some soft lullabies with his base drum ; Sir Tubwell Munn, Knight of the Bath and famous Arctic explorer, who gave many selections of Eskimo ragtime and a few lifelike imitations of Northern dog barks ; Prof. Criss Cross, the man whose feet made "size ten" famous, and who waded through to the platform and added lustre to his name by alternately gargling bananas and hash in the same key. The guests did not remain for the eats, as they were to be tendered a formal dinner by the Ashman's Union at Bowles' an hour later.



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Brown : I have nothing but praise for the new minister.

Smith : So I noticed when the plate came around.—*Ex.*

Lower School Kid (seeing Dr. Macdonald's red robes on Prize Day) : "Gee ! He's patriotic, eh ? Look at the flags he's wrapped up in."

Thompson : "What's a sausage ?"

McLeod : "A Hamburg steak in tights."

"Say, waiter," said the travelling man, "what kind of a chicken do you call this ?"

"That's a Plymouth Rock, I believe," replied the waiter.

"Well, I am glad it has some claim to historical mention," said the man ; "I thought it was just an ordinary cobblestone."

—*Ex.*

Yuill : "Say, did you ever see a horse with pneumonia ?"

Rolph : "Sure, I had it myself once."

She : "Haven't I seen you somewhere, sometime ?"

Rendell : "Quite likely. I was there then."

"Non paratus" dixit new-boy,

Cum a sad et doleful look.

"Omne rectum," respondit master

Scribit detention in his book.—*Ex.*

"My," said little Alfred, as he looked up from his book, "this sailor must have been some acrobat !"

"Why, dear ?" asked his mother.

"Because," he replied, "it says in the book, 'Having lit his pipe he sat down on his chest.'"

Mr. Robinson (translating) : "Cæsar in locum inferiorem concidit—Cæsar fell into a shell hole."

Wood (after hearing a long account of Spartan discipline) : "Please, sir, did the Spartans have to get leave-cards when they went out ?"



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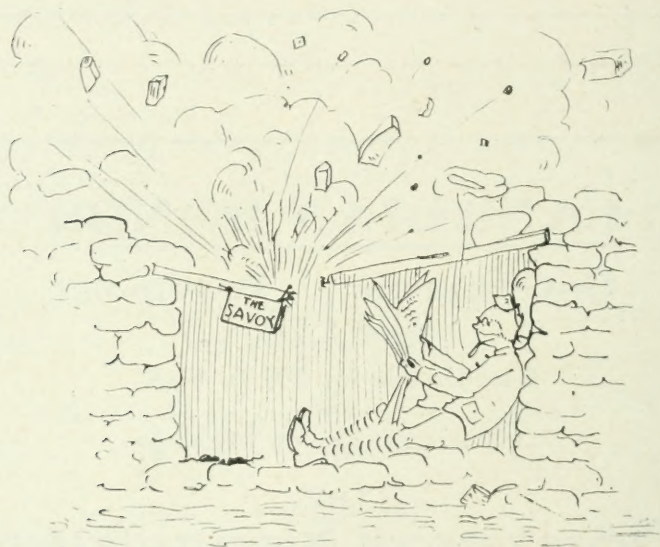
A. : Where is the automobile mentioned in the bible ?

B. : Dunno.

A. : When it said, "Elijah went up on high."

"Well, father, now that I've finished my college course, I've decided to enter the battle of life."

"Shucks ! You're too young yet to be thinking of getting married."



Solid (?) Comfort

(Sketch by Lieut. Rutter)

Dingman : "Oh, Bud ! Will you lend me my tie-pin for this afternoon ?

Bud Wiser (who has had it three weeks) : All right, but be sure and fetch it back when you're finished."

Paul (waking up) : "Say, what's that noise outside ?"

Harlan : "It's the day breaking."

Little Bella : "Please, do drink your tea. I am awfully anxious to see you drink."

The man : "What makes you anxious, dear ?"

Little Bella : "Oh, ma said you drank like a fish."



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Mr. D. : "Can you tell me what steam is ?"

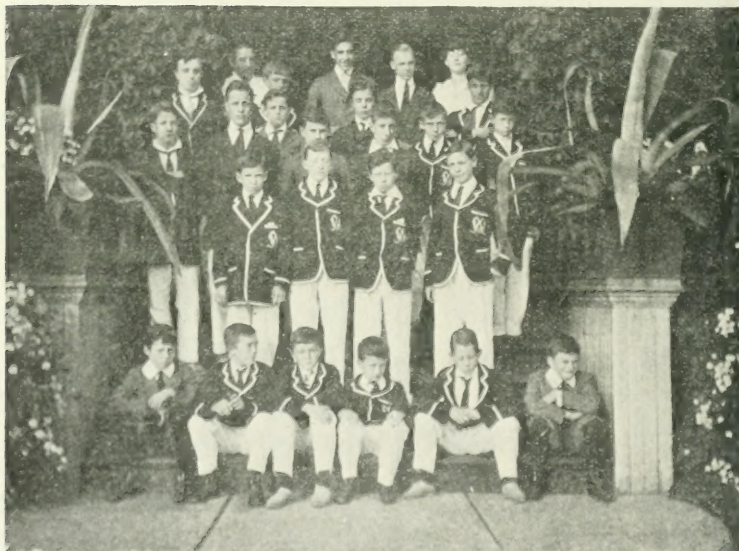
Thompson : "Sure, it's water gone crazy with the heat."

The areas of two circles are to each other as the squares of any two homologous sides.

Mr. Laidlaw : "Can you tell what Henry VIII.'s condition was at the end of his reign ?"

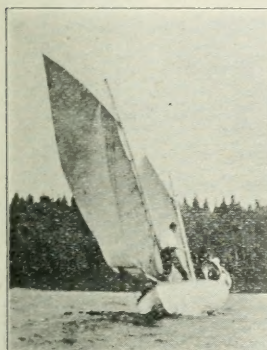
3rd Former : "Dead."

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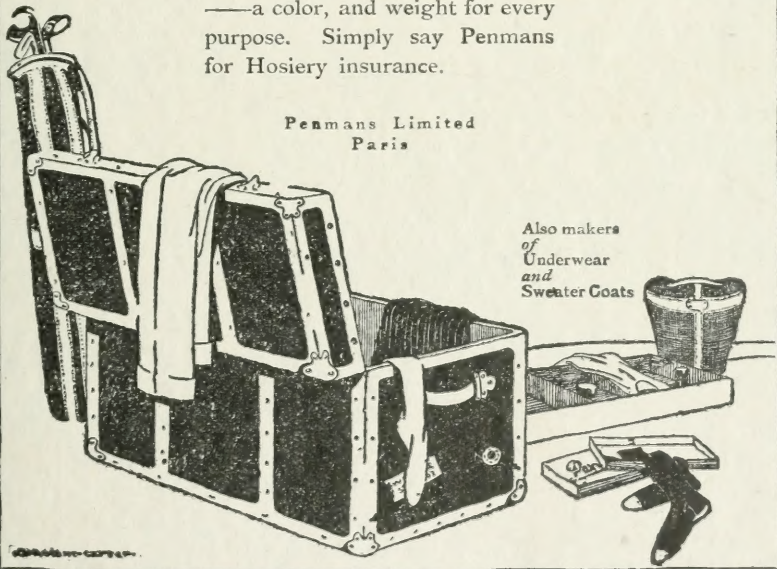


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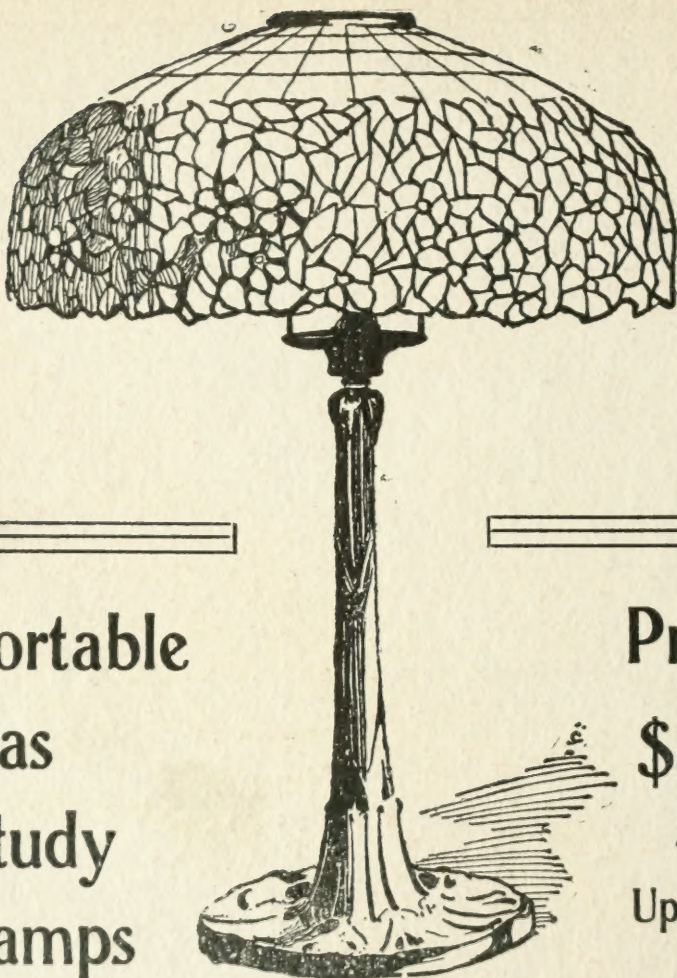
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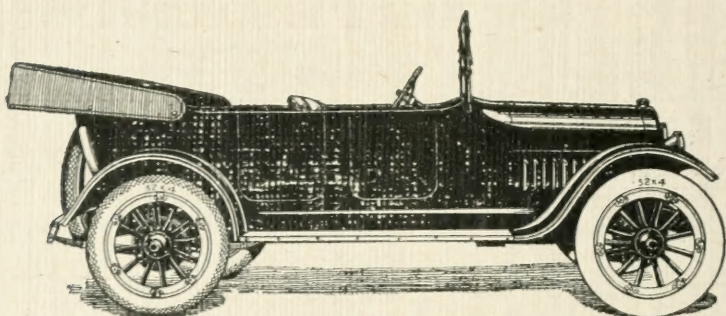


**The  
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**Easter**  
1917

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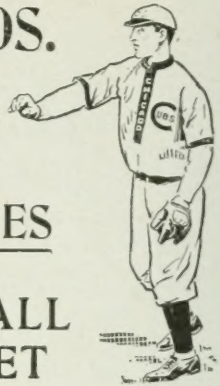
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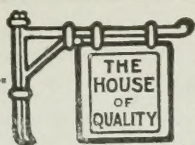
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1917

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER





# Easter, 1917

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# St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1917

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## Editorial

IN presenting the Easter number of the REVIEW, the editors are somewhat painfully conscious of the enlarged circle of readers who in these "spacious times" will scan its modest pages. Into what strange and unfamiliar surroundings will the Crimson and White of our wrapper bring memories and tidings of the old School! How will the chronicle of our humdrum doings appeal to the "glorious company" of our Old Boys who—in the trenches, in the air and on the sea—are busily engaged in making history? Judging from the immense number of appreciative letters received, we are hopeful, however, that the funds which have been raised to send the School magazine to our Andreians overseas will not be spent in vain, and that although we have this time no remarkable tale to record of victories on the ice, or indeed of noteworthy happenings of any kind, they will judge us kindly and hear with pleasure the assurance that "all's well" with the School, and that we are at least proud of *them* and of the great tradition they are making for us.

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WE are very glad to publish the article contributed by Dr. Dickson, President of the National Library for the Blind. A better provision for the necessities and for the training of the blind promises, in this country, to be one of the good results brought about by the war. As our present boys know, this is a work in which Mrs. Macdonald has been taking a very active interest, and two or three of our number are devoting part of their spare time to the study of Braille writing. We hope that Dr. Dickson's article will have the effect of inducing others to help also.

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THANKS to the inspiration of Lieut. Rutter's sketches in our Christmas number, we have verified the existence in the School of a certain amount of artistic talent, distinctly worthy of encouragement, and this we hope will be more in evidence in future issues. Contributors to this department should remember that drawings should be done in India ink or "china" pencil on *white* paper or cardboard.

**HONOUR ROLL—(Additions)**

The following names have been added to the Honour List since THE REVIEW last went to press. Some of those mentioned have been serving since the early days of the war, but the necessary information concerning them has but lately come into the possession of the School.

NAME.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Anderson, R. F.			Ottawa.	1906-1908
Balfour, W. E.	Gunner.	2nd Res. Battery, C.F.A.	Regina.	1912-1914
Cocking, A. H.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Vancouver.	1911-1912
Collins, F. H.			Peterboro.	1903-1904
Crawford, H. A. C.			Winnipeg.	1906-1907
Crowe, J. A.			Winnipeg.	1905-1909
Cunningham, L. E.		13th Royal Highlanders.	Parry Sound.	1901-
Ferguson, W. W.	Major.	228th Battalion.	North Bay.	1902-1905
Ferguson, W. R.	Pte.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Brandon.	1911-1912
Firstbrook, N. R.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto.	1911-1916
Firth-Eagland, W.		Motor Cycle Corps.	Toronto.	1909-1911
Grier, C. B.	Lieut.	Headquarters Staff, Folkestone.	Montreal.	1904-1905
Hale, Thos.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion.	Pembroke.	1905-1907
Harris, L. S.		Musketry Instructor.	Toronto.	1899-
Hastings, C. E.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C. Inspect. Branch.	Toronto.	1908-1909
Hughes, B. H.		"C" Co., Can. Engineers.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Hutcheson, B. W.	Capt.		Huntsville.	1911-1912
Langton, W. T.	Pte.	Mech. Transport.	Toronto.	1911-1912
Lowndes, E. B.	Pte.	University Overseas Co.	Toronto.	1909-1915
Massey, A. B.	Corp.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Masson, R. G.			Ottawa.	1909-1910
Matthews, R. A.	Capt.	C.A.M.C. 3rd Canadian Ambulance.	Toronto.	1902-1903
Parsons, J. D.	Lieut.	Canadian Military School, Galt.		1911-1913
		Crowborough.		
Raney, P. H.		Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Risteen, C. F.		Royal Flying Corps.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
Smith, K. B. F.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto.	1911-1916
Templeton, E. W.	Lieut.	178th Battalion.	Vancouver.	1910-
Thompson, F. H.		Yukon Infantry Co.	Dawson City.	1910-1912
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	Officers Training Corps.	Oakville.	1912-1914
Watson, H. E.		Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1915-1916



Additions to the **casualty list** since the publication of the Christmas REVIEW.

## KILLED.

BEECROFT, H. T. . . . . Lieutenant . . . Killed in action on September 7th, 1916.  
 CUNNINGHAM, L. E. . . . . Killed in action on June 13th, 1916.  
 NELSON, G. V. . . . . Major . . . . . Killed in action on March 5th, 1917.

## WOUNDED.

HERTZBERG, C. S. L. . . . . Lieutenant . . . January 21st, 1917.  
 GRIER, C. B. . . . . Lieutenant . . . Shell Shock, May, 1916.  
 LOCKHART, J. W. . . . . Lieutenant . . . March 6th, 1917.  
 MACPHERSON, C. S. . . . . Lieutenant . . . Dangerously ill, March 8th, 1917.  
 MONTGOMERY, L. C. . . . . Lieutenant . . . December 20th, 1916.  
 MUNRO, W. M. . . . . Lieutenant . . . March, 1917.  
 ROLPH, F. G. . . . . Lieutenant . . . January 24th, 1917.

The following **Honours** have been awarded since the publication of the Christmas REVIEW.

## D. S. C.

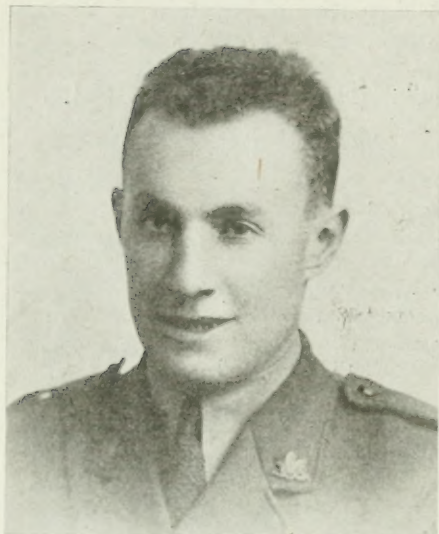
GALBRAITH, MURRAY . . . Sub. Lieut. . . Bar to D.S.C., January, 1917.

## MILITARY CROSS.

COATSWORTH, C. P. . . . . Lieutenant . . . January 2nd, 1917.  
 FRASER, D. T. . . . . Captain . . . . . January 1st, 1917.  
 HERTZBERG, C. S. L. . . . . Lieutenant . . . January 11th, 1917.  
 LOWES, A. T. . . . . Lieutenant . . . December 21st, 1916.



LIEUT. A. P. HAYWOOD  
 Royal Flying Corps  
 S.A.C. 1903-1904



CAPT. E. G. HANLAN  
97th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1908



MAJOR R. J. GILL  
156th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1907



SUB.-LIEUT. D. R. C. WRIGHT  
R. N. A. S.  
S.A.C. 1906-1909



LIEUT. C. E. B. CORBOULD  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1905-1908





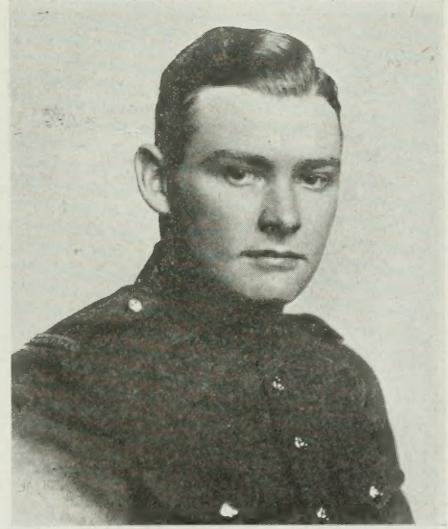
CAPT. C. U. HAYWOOD  
198th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1907



LIEUT. E. A. BURNS  
20th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1903-1908



LIEUT. T. S. BELL  
27th Winnipeg Battalion  
S.A.C. 1911-1913  
Killed in action Sept. 15th, 1916



PTE. F. H. THOMPSON,  
Yukon Infantry Co.,  
S.A.C. 1910-1912



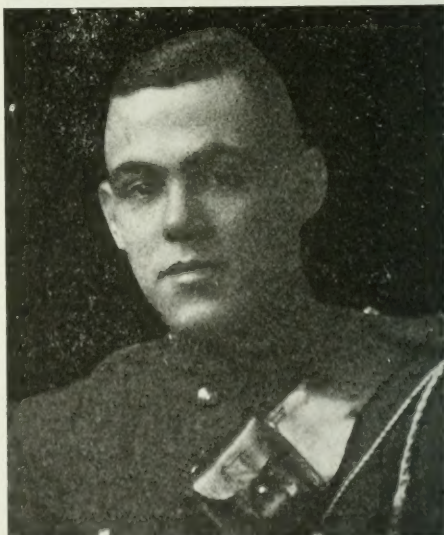
LIEUT. C. B. GRIER  
Headquarter's Staff, Folkestone  
S.A.C. 1904-1905



LIEUT. H. A. JOHNSTON  
13th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1908-1912



MAJOR B. M. CLERK  
11th Can. Machine Gun Co.,  
S.A.C. 1903-1904



GUNNER J. E. McMICHAEL  
79th Battery  
S.A.C. 1909-1914



## A LETTER FROM THE HEADMASTER

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE,  
Easter, 1917.

*To the Old Boys Serving :*

MY DEAR BOYS,—Once again I take pen in hand to write you an open letter. I am more directly prompted to do so because of the very large number of letters which it has been my privilege to receive from Old Boys since the publication of the Christmas REVIEW. More than one hundred and fifty of you have favoured me with communications during the last three months\*. It becomes necessary to avail myself of the opportunity presented by the publication of the Easter number of the REVIEW, if I am to acknowledge receipt of these most welcome evidences of your faith in our continued interest in you. To you who have written, therefore, I would first make my acknowledgments. To have heard directly from so many of the brave lads who are fighting our battles, is a rare and highly valued privilege. I need hardly assure you that these evidences of your affection for and interest in the old school, and in those of us whose duty and privilege it is to maintain her prestige, are in themselves a magnificent reward for anything that has been accomplished. From the bottom of my heart I thank you.

And yet, as I write, it is but natural that there should be in my mind all the Old Boys who this day are in khaki. The full list, so far as we can complete it, is daily before my notice, and I am glad to say that as I frequently read your names, the memory of the school days of each is fresh in my mind. Some of you it has been my good fortune to know more or less intimately since the old relationship of boy and Headmaster ran its allotted course. What many of you gave up in order to serve I know. Inasmuch, however, as you serve, you have taken up the better thing.

I wish I could make you understand how vital is the real interest taken in each one of you, by all of us at the school. Even in the new boys, who but know your names, there is a most commendable feeling of possession—you are *ours*. For at St. Andrew's you, too, have worked and played, you, too, have experienced boyish disappointments and joys. The struggles on the field, the contests in the gymnasium, the efforts of the Cadet Corps, the work in class, the very noise on the flats,—all are full of the

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\*For detailed acknowledgments see page 82.

traditions to which you contributed in the days that have gone before. There will always be something of your spirit in the school, and we are glad to have it so. With pride we read of the honours which have come to so many of you. With very real concern and anxiety we learn of the wounded and sick. With deep sorrow we fly the flag at half-mast for the fallen. Whatever may be your experiences and rewards, of this one thing we are confident—you will not be found wanting. In the casualty list published on another page of this number, you will find the names of old school companions. We do well, as we read such lists, to remind ourselves, that a life is not short if it be well lived. Faith in our God and our own instincts of true manhood lead us to ask "who would exchange the short life nobly lived at the post of duty, for the longer one of ease and selfishness?" And yet we sorrow, and wish the sacrifice had not been necessary.

You will be glad to know that the school continues to strive, with some measure of success, to be worthy of you. Her spirit continues to be excellent. The staff maintains its high standing and the Forms are working consistently. The hockey season was quite successful, in view of the lightness of the team. The Cadet Corps is larger than ever, and we look forward to a good cricket season. Everybody is endeavouring to maintain a standard worthy of the Old Boys.

Your names are often on our lips and the memory of you in our hearts. St. Andrew's of to-day has very real affection for her fighting Old Boys and very deep interest in all their doings. Her blood is in their veins, and as they fight and suffer, even so is she conscious of the strife and burden. May these words come to you with no uncertain sound, for they verily voice the feelings of all of us in your old school. In the flesh we must remain at our post of duty. In the spirit we have gone out with you. Again it is the earnest prayer of your old Headmaster that the God of your fathers will spread His hand upon you for a covering.

Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.



## WHAT CAN A BOY DO TO HELP THE BLIND?

BY CHARLES R. DICKSON, M.D., HON. PRESIDENT, CANADIAN  
FREE LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND.

**T**HE grim, relentless schoolmaster, War, is teaching us many a stern lesson to-day, and if we are apt pupils the sad toll of lives, maimed limbs, sightless eyes and other impaired faculties will not have been paid in vain. For War is teaching in no mistaken terms how truly great are Selflessness, Service and Sacrifice in building a national character and moulding national opinion. Nothing truly great has ever been achieved without sacrifice, or ever will be.

And so to those who have so freely and willingly sacrificed their lives that we at home may be free and live in comfort, let us raise monuments and memorials, lest we forget the lesson. Next to life itself, perhaps the most priceless gift our soldiers have yielded up freely and willingly, is that of sight. How may we most fittingly commemorate this great sacrifice? Most fortunately for Canada only 37 Canadian soldiers have been totally blinded in this war, but the end is not yet, and we can hardly expect to escape so lightly in view of what the other countries have suffered in this respect. But even this comparatively low figure has awakened us to the fact that Canada has no institution capable of training 37 persons who have become blinded in adult life, and fitting them to take their places once more as useful citizens, and that it is behind every other portion of the British Empire in the care of the blind in general, and a knowledge of their needs.

We all feel that we would like to do something for these blind heroes who are being so splendidly trained in the Motherland, and who are returning to us so bright and cheerful and so full of courage and hope for the future, but our Government, which is so wisely having them trained abroad instead of bringing them home untrained, is earnestly planning for their future welfare in addition to what it is already doing for their comfort, so that we cannot do much for our blinded soldiers save in the way of providing for their entertainment in various ways. Again, in an address before the Royal Canadian Institute, one of our returned blinded soldiers, Mr. Edwin A. Baker, formerly a lieutenant in the Engineers, and who lost his sight through a sniper's bullet

the day after he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre of France and the British Military Cross—Mr. Baker, at the close of his address said that the public must remember that our soldiers returned as civilians, and that whatever was done for them must also be done for the whole civilian blind of Canada, and that they asked for no special treatment simply because they had done their duty.

Let us ponder well this manly patriotic speech. Mr. Baker has been looking into the matter of the welfare of the blind of Canada, and is rather surprised at what he has already found out. He is now a member of the Board of Management of our Library for the Blind, and another member is Mr. Alexander G. Viets, formerly a lance-corporal in the famous P.P.C.L.I., who was the first blinded Canadian soldier to pass through St. Dunstan's Hostel in London, England, where the blinded soldiers and sailors of the Empire are being so admirably trained.

What more fitting memorial of this sacrifice of sight in defence of the Empire can we accord than the betterment of the conditions of the civilian blind of Canada, and what monument could be more beneficent and more enduring?

The Canadian Free Library for the Blind has been in existence for about ten years; yet so quietly has it been carrying on its truly magnificent work among the blind in every Province of the Dominion that very few, save the blind themselves, have ever heard of it. It is national in its scope, and there can be no question as to what it has done for our blind in the past. It has just moved into new quarters of its own in Queen's Park, having outgrown its former housing in a branch of the Public Library at West Toronto. This move will necessitate a very greatly increased expenditure of its meagre funds, and it must have ample support if it is to maintain and extend its activity. In what better manner can you help the blind of our Dominion than by helping this Library to minister to their needs? You can persuade your friends to contribute liberally to its support; you can organize little entertainments on its behalf during your vacation, and you can interest all you meet in its wants. Books are a great boon to the blind, who are so much shut in and deprived of so many sources of information, relaxation and entertainment, available to their sighted friends, and the Library supplies the blind with reading matter of every variety, including text books in embossed or raised type, which the blind read by touch, the blind



boy's eye being his finger. There is no charge made for the loan of these books and the Dominion Government carries them by parcel post free from the Library to the reader and back, or even from reader to reader ; in which respect Canada is in advance of the rest of the Empire, where there is usually a charge for membership in the Libraries for the Blind, and a reduced postal charge for carriage. So, in one respect at least, Canada leads the Empire. You can help it to lead in many another—will you ?

But the Library does not content itself with furnishing the blind with reading matter, important as this function is. It also supplies the blind with the special writing paper and writing apparatus of various types, and at figures which permit it no profit on the sale, as the blind as a rule are unable to earn the wages of their more favoured brothers and sisters who possess full sight. The writing is done not by a pen or pencil, but by means of a stylus, which looks very much like a bradawl, with which they raise the paper in small dots to form the various characters of the alphabet. The paper is held in a metal frame with rows of narrow slots cut out and with little notches in the edges of each slot. These notches are the guides in which the stylus rests while it presses up the useful dot, and there are little hollows on the opposite side of the frame corresponding with these notches into which hollows the paper is pressed. These also prevent the stylus from puncturing the paper. These frames are called slates ; there are small sizes for carrying in the pocket, and there are larger ones called desk slates to be placed on an ordinary table when in use. Then there are other devices termed "writers," which are operated very much as a typewriter but with only six keys and a shift key, for the sixty-three characters in the Braille alphabet are formed by a combination of six dots arranged in three rows of two dots each. Each dot has its own number, and they are numbered from the top, commencing at the left-hand dot in the top row, which is called dot number 1 ; the other dot on the top row is dot number 2, and so on. Thus, reading from top to bottom we have three dots placed one directly below the other and known as dots number 1, 3 and 5, and to the right of these are dots 2, 4 and 6. In using these "writers" we form our words from left to right, but in the slates we form not only our words but even the characters which compose them from right to left as the dots must be pressed up one by one from the reverse side of the paper, and when it is turned over for reading purposes the dots and words read

from left to right. In writing, all the dots forming a Braille character are made simultaneously. Both writers and slates may be used for ordinary Braille correspondence, but in making Braille books the slates are preferred, from which it may be inferred that Braille bookmaking is a slow and tedious process, yet in Great Britain many ladies give their services in transcribing these books, and so very materially lessen the cost of production. Braille books require considerably more pages than ordinary printing because fewer words can be placed upon a page ; thus, the Bible in Braille takes 37 large volumes.

The Library also supplies games of various kinds for the blind such as chess, dominoes, etc. It also furnishes ordinary typewriters for the blind, as the blind make excellent and accurate typists.

The Library trains sighted persons to act as home instructors in reading and writing for blind people who have not already learned. It also endeavors to obtain employment for the blind and expects shortly to be in a position to teach the blind some useful vocations such as stenography, typing, private switchboard operating, etc. It likewise furnishes information and advice on matters relative to the welfare of the blind.

Some of the pupils of St. Andrew's College, undeterred by the difficulties, or perhaps stimulated by the laudable desire to overcome them, have expressed a wish to do transcribing in Braille. Let me give them a suggestion from Mr. Edwin A. Baker—let the masters select a number of passages from writers of note or from celebrated speeches, and let the boys transcribe these ; have them corrected by someone familiar with Braille ; have these quotations made up in sheaves and sent to the blind. Send the first crop to Mr. Baker at the Operating Department of the Hydro-Electric Head Office on University Avenue. It will give him great pleasure.

Braille gets its old name from Louis Braille, a gifted Frenchman, as so many of his race are, he having devised this best of systems of embossed characters, which is wellnigh universal in its employment by the various nations.

There is another manner in which boys may help their blind comrades, and this is by taking them for walks or drives during their vacation. Blind boys enjoy even picnics and concerts—they are very human. Just try the experiment and see which is most pleased, you or the other boy. Sometimes the blind like



to go to church. Try taking one there or to Sunday School. The blind love fresh air, sunshine and exercise. Tell them all you see and notice how much more observant it makes you. Let the blind boy take your arm when walking ; tell him when you reach a step up or a step down. In other things treat him as an ordinary everyday boy and go home happy and glad that you have sight and power and the will to bring happiness to others less fortunate.

## ILLUSTRATION OF THE BRAILLE ALPHABET

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
	but	can	do	every	from	go	have		just
⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠
⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠
⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠	⠠



"The Winter of Our Discontent"

## HIS SACRIFICE

WELL, DAD," said a voice, as the door opened into the den of Donald Cameron, an old gentleman of seventy-eight, who was sitting in his arm chair in front of the glowing wood fire which cast a ruddy hue over everything in the room. "How about that story you promised us to-night? Jack has been trying to find out all day why you wouldn't let him take that gun in your room out to the farm this morning."

"All right, Bob," said Donald Cameron. "Call Jack and Douglas and get my pipe from the mantel."

Soon all were seated around the grate fire and the old man began :

"I had been in this country for three years and had built a barn and a house. I had also cleared a space large enough to grow a fairly good crop. The log cabin took me the longest to build, as I had to make it comfortable for your mother who was to come out as soon as I got things straightened out. The cabin was about thirty-two feet long by fifteen wide. The logs were notched at each end and fitted together, then nailed with wooden nails. The roof was also made of logs with the cracks in between filled with a mixture of moss and clay, then sod was packed on top of that, making it proof against all kinds of weather. The cracks in the sides were filled with clay only. When it dried it was as hard as brick. The inside was made more homelike the year before your mother came out. I had built three rooms in the cabin and in the main room I had built a large stone fireplace. The floor was made of cedar logs covered over with mud and clay, which dried hard, and was then covered with bearskins. This made it like a Turkish carpet. That fall your mother came out and had been out in this country a month when the winter set in.

"It was your mother's first winter in this country and everything was strange to her.

"We were sitting around the table one night after supper when she said, 'Donald, I heard a baby cry.' So we listened and sure enough the cry was repeated. She ran to the door and opened it. There she found a small bundle. Your mother took it in her arms and carried it in. I closed the door and got some warm blankets. By that time she had unwrapped the bundle and found it to be a little Indian baby boy. She begged me to let her keep him. So I said she could, until some one came and claimed him.



"Years passed and the baby grew up to be a fine young lad. No one came to claim him, so we decided to keep him with us. Your mother called him Joe. She taught him to read and write. When he was young he heard me call your mother Flo, and from that time on he called her nothing else, and he called me Dad.

"In the summer time he used to come out into the fields with me and help with whatever work he could do, or sometimes he would stay in the cabin and help your mother with her work.

"When you two were about able to walk, Joe was a young man about nineteen. That fall I had sent him to the fort for our winter provisions, as I thought it necessary to get them in early. The fort was a good day's journey from the cabin, so we did not expect Joe home that night.

"During the night a few inches of snow had fallen and everything was frozen up. I had gone to the barn to do some repairing to it for the winter that was to set in, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. I ran to the door of the barn and saw Joe approaching at full gallop. He stopped at the house, threw himself from his horse and was about to enter, when he saw me standing in the doorway of the barn. He came running up to me all out of breath. 'Dad,' he said, 'the Cree are coming from the south. Louis the halfbreed, brought the news to the fort last night. Get the things packed in the schooner while I hitch the horse. You and Flo and the babies take one and I'll take the other and try and lead the Indians off in the other direction while you make for the fort.'

"Flo and I packed all the necessary things in the schooner while Joe hitched the horses. Then he left us, but soon came running back to say that the Indians were about eight miles off.

"'Dad,' he said, 'they want plunder. When they see my schooner they'll make after it, then you start for the fort. I'll take the roundabout way. Goodby, Dad,' he said as he took my hand, 'I'll meet you at the fort to-night.' He kissed your mother and you two and set off in the other schooner.

"The Indians caught sight of him, and expecting to get plunder from the schooner, started after him. Soon he disappeared over the hills with the Indians in full pursuit.

"We reached the fort that night and found that Joe had not arrived, so I informed some of the men what Joe had done, and we organized a search party. We figured out just where he ought

to be and set out to help him. We travelled all night by moonlight. One of the men happened to notice a red light away off in the distance so we set off at a gallop over the snow-covered ground in that direction. As we drew near we could make out the burning skeleton of a prairie schooner and dark objects lying close by. These proved to be dead Indians.

"There on the ground in the pale moonlight lay the blood-spattered body of Joe, while all around were signs that told of the terrible fight that had taken place. I approached, and kneeling beside what seemed to be the lifeless form of Joe, said in a whisper, 'Joe !' He opened his eyes and said in a gasping voice, 'Is Flo safe ?' I said, 'Yes.' He closed his eyes and passed away.

"We carried him to the fort and buried him next day in the little graveyard outside of the fort.

"The shock was so much to your mother that she took sick and in a few weeks died. I sent you two to your mother's sister in England where she looked after you until you were through Public School, then I sent for you to finish your education in this country.

"That rifle in my room belonged to Joe."

As the old man finished his story the tears rolled down his cheeks. They all sat in silence looking into the fireplace at the dying embers of the fire.

"Well, boys," said the old man as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Let's away to bed as Jack and Douglas have to catch the early train to College in the morning."

L. D. SHEWAN (Form V.).

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## MY FIRST VISIT TO CAMP KAGAWONG

**A** MEEK ! AMACK !——" with several more expressions equally meaningless to me at that moment, rang through the Union Station, until the name which I had repeated so often during the recent weeks, "Kagawong, Kagawong," reached my ears. With wild enthusiasm I joined in the chorus, "Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurroo !" These were the boys of Camp Kagawong, and though still unseen to me, from that moment for which I had waited so long, I was one of them.

Extending back from this happy moment were many weeks of vague dreams and endless preparations. After it was decided I should go to "Camp," mother had secured a small brown booklet which told of swimming, canoeing, sailing, archery and so many things that I wanted so much to do. But she seemed more concerned about a list of articles on the back page, which read as follows : 2 pairs of blankets, oilskin coat and hat, 2 pairs of running shoes,—and dozens of other things I would need. These had all been procured and neatly packed in my trunk. The baggage had been collected on Monday afternoon and here I was on Tuesday morning, June 27th, entering the Union Station after what seemed the slowest ride of my life on a Toronto street car. My dream was about to come true.

Walking was much too slow, so, deserting mother, I "doubled" down to join the merry throng, whose yells I had heard above. Here I saw a car marked "Private," with a group of boys standing on the rear platform, while others ran joyously about shaking hands with their pals, whom they had not seen for many months. But they were all strangers to me, and for a moment I felt alone. Presently mother came along and pulled me over to introduce me to a large man in a grey suit with a big friendly smile beaming all over his face. This was Mr. Chapman. From that moment I was a part of Camp Kagawong, for, calling the boys around him, in his usual friendly manner, he introduced me to the "bunch."

"Toot! toot!" and away the train sped toward "camp." Having a car to ourselves, the fifty of us became well acquainted by the time we had reached Lindsay. Here we boarded "the boat," the Wacouta, with which we became so familiar afterwards. Between baggage and boys she had about the biggest cargo of her history, which made me rather timid at first, to say the least. Winding through what seemed to be an extremely crooked course,

we crossed Sturgeon Lake and entered the locks at Fenelon Falls. Of course everybody got off to see this new wonder. Away across Cameron Lake—then more locks at Rosedale, and out into Lake Balsam we steamed. Soon the "old boys" sighted "camp," at which we landed in a few minutes. This was to be my abode for the next eight weeks.

From the moment I landed at "camp," I liked it. Facing the dock was a large bungalow with its delightful grove of cedars and poplars surrounding it. Nestling close to the trees on each side of the bungalow were the sleeping tents, to one of which I was assigned in the Intermediate section. Opposite us were the Seniors, while behind them, a little apart, resided the "Inks." "Behind and beyond" lay the thick woods, the haunt of many a mysterious treasure.

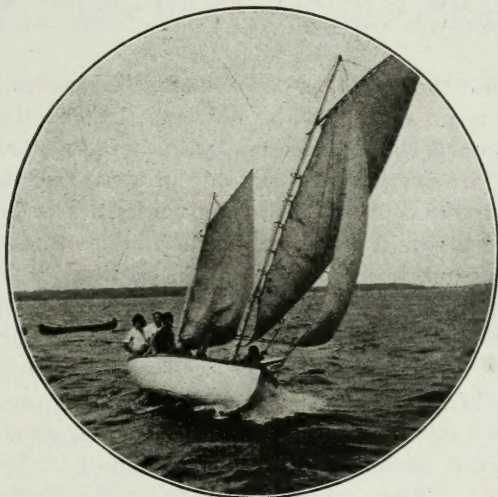
The next day we settled into the regular programme of "camp," to which I soon adjusted myself. Of course I could not swim, and was denied the privilege of canoeing, until I secured my crest. I practised daily with water-wings, splashing, struggling, choking, attempting to do as I was told, but I didn't seem to possess any fishlike qualities. Soon others swam "up to the stub on the bank," so not to be outdone, I determined to succeed. During the third week I reached it, but my stroke was anything but graceful. I received the coveted crest, however, and from that time camp life became pleasanter, as I was ready to begin canoeing and lifesaving. The "old boys" allowed me to go out sailing with them, while the captain of the "Hop" elevated me to "chief bailer." At shooting and archery the targets seemed too small for me at first and nothing but a splash in the lake was my



On a Camping Trip: Waiting for Breakfast



score. Whether by accident or skill, eventually I began to find the target and now feel I might make a sniper—some day.



Off for a Cruise

Hot as the weather was we were able to pull off a couple of cruises. Eight canoes, bearing three fishers each, set out across the lake, up the river, across the portages, to Mountain Lake, where for two days good fishing was found with our guide, Mr. Menzie. Most of my big fish turned out to be weeds, but a few were attracted to my spoon,—and some I landed. If I had another chance I think I know how to land more now.

The usual fun of camp came my way : pillow-fights, "snipe-hunts," treasure-hunts, shows on Saturday night, camp-fire songs, Tip the Bucket, etc. Nor did I escape the "paddle" after lights out, when I forgot the rule that "a boy must not be seen or heard" after nine-thirty.

My eight weeks passed far too quickly for me. I was having much too good a time with my new friends to think of getting into a collar and good clothes to come back to the hot city, and worst of all to school. To make it easy, however, the others came along just for company. We had to part, of course, but we've planned to meet at Kagawong in 1917, and you bet we will. Then I'll be an "old boy," and I'm going to win some medals or know the reason why, and so it will soon be again, "Kagawong ! Kagawong ! Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurroo !"

AN "INTERMEDIATE."

### "SOME" ANNOTATOR

"The Dollar Bill Treasury of American and English Verse" by Professor Schwatzenpiffel, M.A., Ph.D., D. Litt., D.C.L., L.L.D., D.D. New York: Dymé & Nicholl. Price: With notes—one dollar; without notes—one cent.

**T**RULY did the Preacher observe that "of making many books there is no end." This, however, has no deterring effect whatever upon certain professors, who, being somewhat short of living poets, are everlastingly digging up dead ones in order to re-collect, re-edit, and re-publish their works. The latest instance of this, which I would commend to the notice of an indulgent and long-suffering public, is a compilation entitled "The Dollar Bill Treasury of American and English Verse." It is an anthology of classical verse intended for the use of the lower forms of schools and colleges. The author is the well-known Professor Schwatzenpiffel, of Chicago, whose learned treatise on "handcuffs" created such a stir in the literary world not long ago. This Dollar Bill Treasury is absolutely the finest thing of its kind which has ever appeared. The author says so himself. To quote from the Preface: "Other editors and collectors have laboured worthily in this field of literary endeavour, but even the most superficial acquaintance with this book will suffice to convince our readers that we have surpassed them all."

As it would be impossible for me to give the writer any greater praise than he has given himself, I will leave it at that. This wonderful work can be purchased, as the title suggests, for the perfectly ridiculous sum of one dollar. The paper must have cost a good part of a dollar—especially in these days of scarcity. To have offered the book for anything less than that would have been like paying you to take it away.

Having called the attention of the public to this monument of research, all that remains for me to do now is to give an illustration of the masterly manner in which the author handles his material. I will take as an example Poem Number 179, page 367, entitled "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

#### TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR (1103)

Twinkle (1104), twinkle (1105), little (1106), star (1107),  
How I wonder what you are (1108),  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond (1109) in the sky (1110).



## NOTES (for the use of teachers)

1103. It will be noticed that this poem is included among the Epics, because it is a poem of *action*. The star has got to "twinkle," and twinkling is an action. Take this opportunity of explaining to the class the difference between lyric, epic, didactic, and elegiac poetry, and give examples of each kind—if there are any.

Point out the metre. Explain clearly what is meant by metre, or, ten to one, they will run away with the idea that you mean the gas-meter. Point out that this verse contains four sevens. See if they know that four sevens make twenty-eight. By this means you are not only teaching them poetry but strengthening their arithmetic also. *Rule*—Take every opportunity of making everybody revise everything.

1104. *Twinkle*. Only fixed stars "twinkle." Therefore the child must have had some knowledge of astronomy. Give a lesson on the stars explaining the difference between fixed stars and planets. Supply class with a complete list of all the stars arranged in alphabetical order. (See Appendix 19, page 1176), and have it committed to memory.

1105. *Twinkle*. Note the repetition of the word *twinkle*, which is significant, and see note 1104.

1106. *Little*. Was the star really little? Not necessarily. It might have been a big star a long way off. Explain the laws of perspective, and conduct a few practical experiments to illustrate them. For example, get a large balloon, and go up in it. On returning to earth—if you ever do return, and are in a condition to continue your lesson, ask the class whether you looked as big when you were out of sight as you do in the class-room. If not, why not? (You need not ask them if you look as big as you feel. You couldn't!)

1107. *Star*. See note 1104 and Appendix 19. No agreement has yet been reached by the critics as to which star is meant. For the controversy upon this thorny question see Appendix 43. Explain the phrases "music-hall star" and "to see stars." Point out that the child had undergone some form of punishment (probably a whipping) or he

would not have seen stars at all. Elucidate the subtle connection between "Stars" and "Stripes."

1108. *How I wonder what you are.* Note the stupidity of the child. He first tells us that it is a star, and then proceeds to wonder what it is ! Such stupidity can only be explained on one ground. The child was a lunatic.

1109. *Diamond.* Chemical formula C. Allotropic modifications plumbago (or graphite) and common charcoal. Found at Kimberley (see Appendix 52 for History of the Second Boer War). Draw a map of Africa, putting in Kimberley ; then draw a map of Kimberley, putting in diamonds. For use of diamonds see Encyclopedia Britannica (Letter D). Give note on engagement rings. What is the use of them ? For diamonds in cards see Appendix 87. Also see Charles VI. of France in Biographia Gallica, and Hallam's History of the Middle Ages. Explain the phrase "diamond cut diamond," and give note on the "glazier's diamond."

1110. Having concluded the notes, have every word parsed and every sentence analyzed. Then make every member of the class paraphrase the passage. Some such form as this might be insisted on :

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule oblique,  
Fain would I fathom thine ether's specific."

Finally, if there is still any beauty left in the original poem, proceed to squeeze it out of it by some other means.

E. C. B.



**NOT SUCH AN ASS AS HE LOOKED**

**A**S the above title would in all probability be misleading, it might be well to explain that the ass in question is in this case not of the human variety, but a young, well-fed and extremely contrary donkey, Vice Versa by name, owned by one Mrs. Rastus, of Grenada, Mississippi.

If you were to ask a Canadian as to the whereabouts of Grenada, ten to one he would scratch his head, look swiftly at you, and—continue to scratch. But ask a man from Tennessee if he has ever heard of Grenada, and he will gaze upon you with the air of one who has been deeply insulted, for has he not lost many dollars at the famous racecourse of the largest horse-town in the Big-River State?

He will then begin to answer your question in a very hearty if not quite enlightening manner, and will explain to you explicitly just what he thinks of the city, its inhabitants, racecourses in general, and, above all, the perverseness of racehorses. However, to continue my story—

The aforementioned Vice Versa, when not employed in drawing the little wagon in which Mammy Rastus collected her washing, was wont to "twile away the tejum," as they say in the South, by gorging thistles intermingled with a few of the choicest shirts from Mammy Rastus's clothesline.

Vice Versa had but one other mission to perform in life.

Once a year at the Spring Meet, the first race was open, and, in evidence of the enthusiasm with which the Southerners greeted the beginning of the season, the stakes were very large, the winner getting a \$5,000 prize.

Now it was the custom at this race to enter, for the benefit of the onlookers, a donkey, who always provided great amusement for the spectators. For this purpose, once a year Vice Versa was hired from Mrs. Rastus and never failed to create entertainment by his crazy antics before the grand stand. Of course Vice Versa never ran, but he was entered with all due ceremony even as to the racing-fee.

On the particular occasion of our story, Vice Versa, in his eagerness to appease the inner man (or donkey) had ravenously consumed for his morning meal two shirts printed in fast dye and

stiff with abundant starch, and about half a bushel of a medicinal herb commonly known as smart weed. This combination of breakfast foods had an effect that will be long remembered in the racing annals of Grenada, Miss.

The great gong clanged to announce the opening race, and a great cheer went up as first the favourite and last of all innocent-looking Vice Versa cantered out to the course. The jockeys lined up, the barrier was raised, and away they went to a flying start. Now the little donkey began his mischief. Picking out the favourite, he gave him a nip on the haunch as he swept past. The racer whinnied, broke in his stride, jumped, and his jockey landed in the grand stand.

His chosen enemy out of the way, Vice Versa proceeded still further in his defiance of tradition. He set off after the leader at a brisk canter. Of course this was not on the programme and his jockey tried to run him in.

Now, if there was one thing which Vice Versa would not stand for, it was to be held in when he wanted to go. So, taking the bit between his teeth, he set off at a surprising rate, and overtaking the laggards, he steadily crept upon the leading horses. The effects of his peculiar morning meal were now beginning to tell.



The three-quarter flag swept past the astonished jockey, but the donkey had yet his highest trump to play. Coming abreast



of the leader, he neighed, bared his teeth, and charged. His adversary, a nervous brute, immediately jumped the fence, and took a short cut home !

The donkey now had the field behind him, so, shooting his ears forward (probably to shade his eyes), he trotted across the line, winner by twenty-five feet ; and not waiting for the applause or the \$5,000, he calmly hurled his jockey with unerring aim into the State Governor's box, and started for home, there to indulge, as he told himself, in a few tasty thistles, and, if he were lucky, a newly washed shirt or two.

D. I. GRANT (Low VI.).

## ON HUMANS

A LECTURE RECENTLY DELIVERED AT THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE  
KENNEL CLUB—BY "MIKE"

THE chairman, Juno, having introduced the speaker in a few well-chosen words, the lecture proceeded as follows :—

To an observant Airedale, life at St. Andrew's College affords many opportunities for the study of human nature. The *entente* which has prevailed for so many centuries between the canine and the human species, is one that bids fair to continue. (Some growling.) It is to be desired, however, in the interests of our race, that the alliance should be turned to greater advantage by us ; so that not only may the great end and object of existence—grub—be successfully attained, but also that our superior mental and



moral qualities—our *Kultur*, as the Dachshunds say—may not be corrupted by contact with what, in spite of many undoubted *physical* advantages, must be regarded as a "lesser breed." (Applause.)

An unkind accident of Nature, indeed, has bestowed upon this slow-footed, small-mouthed creature, man, an undoubted advantage in the possession of *hands*—a handicap which goes far



to recompense him for a feeble pair of jaws, and an almost rudimentary sense of smell. We marvel indeed at the helplessness of a race which, amid a world of enemies, has to judge by deceitful *appearances*, instead of by the infallible test of *scent*. Their power of discrimination, their sense of proportion, are thus hopelessly at fault. How absurd it sounds, for example, when, to express the attractiveness of a locality you will hear them say: "What a beautiful view!"—which with them takes the place of: "There is a fine smell here." (Much laughter.)

However, thanks to the nature of their upper extremities, humans have obtained what may be called a strategic position as regards the control of Grub. By this means they gain access to the interior of Houses—those marvellous treasures of nature, stocked beyond belief with endless stores of eatables and other comforts, as well as, alas! with numerous instruments of torture such as chains, collars, washtubs and pianos, sadly familiar to you all. (Prolonged howling.)

Thanks to the same advantage, they have contrived to enforce upon our kind a bodily subjection, so galling to a dog of spirit—a subjection to which eloquent protest is vainly raised, I well know, by more than one among this gathering. (At this reference, the feelings of Rags were so affected, and expressed in such unparliamentary language, that the chairman was compelled to exert her authority. When comparative silence was restored, the lecture proceeded.)

The control of grub, I say, thus unfairly vested in the race of bipeds, has resulted in an alliance which, I grieve to observe, often leads to the appearance, and even the feeling, of servitude on our part. It is to warn my younger friends against an exaggeration of this feeling that I venture to address this intelligent audience. (Great tail-wagging.)

As you are all aware, it is my privilege, or my fate, to share the roof of a human who belongs to the variety called *Headmaster*. Unlike the inferior but allied race of *Masters*, headmasters are not gregarious, but prefer to live in comparative seclusion. This particular headmaster is an individual of no little authority in the world of mankind, and appears to be top-dog (as we would say) of the Kennel, or College, of St. Andrew's. You will understand the low opinion I have come to entertain of man's intelligence when I mention that this human, though possessed of somewhat imposing physique, lives in a condition of abject submission

to the women-folk of his household, and in particular to one called Cook. This person is allowed to reign supreme in the choicest rooms in the house—the kitchen and pantry—and though she could at any moment be overpowered, and the larder sacked of its stores of eatables, such an attempt has never, within my knowledge, been made by this so-called headmaster, who meekly submits to accepting what is doled out to him in limited quantities at certain fixed hours—an arrangement to which I myself am often obliged to accommodate myself, though not to the extent fondly imagined by my self-styled “mistress.” (Laughter.)

Now, I put it to you, my friends, can you imagine such a state of things being tolerated in *our* world? Can you conceive the possibility of an Airedale, or even a Fox-terrier, submitting to the ignominy of subjection, say, to a Dachshund or a Pom? (No, no! and yowls of derision.)

Similar signs of unaccountable feebleness of spirit meet us at every turn. Thus the young of the species—as can be observed here at any time—yield a tame submission to the commands of their frequently insignificant-looking, so-called “masters”. True, a close approach to canine standards of intelligence, in the matter of grub especially, frequently arouses sympathetic hopes as to the possibilities of the human Boy. Other wholesome effects of our presence and example may here be noted. Often, when passing the place called the Assembly Hall, I have been moved to sympathetic response by the kennel-like sounds proceeding from its interior. Again, I need not remind you of the unconscious tribute paid to us by St. Andrew's boys when they give that very creditable imitation of barking, known as College yells. But as for their ideas of sport! It is indeed lamentable to observe the misguided zeal with which these husky youths, for hours at a time, will worry and maul one another for the possession of an *empty* leather bag—a thing of little interest to either taste or smell, as I have repeatedly verified. Often it has aroused my wonder, that the boy who secures possession of the coveted object has it in his power to escape with his booty into the surrounding country, and so decide the contest. But this obvious proceeding never seems to occur to one of them, and though I have myself frequently volunteered, by personal example, to suggest such a course, my efforts, far from meeting with appreciation, have been received with contumely. (Shame!)



Equally tragic has been the failure of my efforts to arouse in my "master" the dormant instinct of the chase. At an earlier period of my career, often, when passing near a herd of cattle or sheep—knowing that the flesh of these animals is as much appreciated by man as it is with us—(great applause)—I would endeavour, by giving him a lead, to awaken some dim sense of his opportunities. But here I must draw a veil over the results which attended my well-meant efforts. They are of too painful a character. (Here the lecturer was visibly affected, and was for some minutes unable to proceed. Resuming, he said :)

Among the many futile and meaningless activities of this strange race, I may refer to the absurd and offensive practice known as smoking. The object of this pursuit seems to be the destruction (doubtless owing to its offensive smell) of a substance called tobacco, or, more descriptively, the Weed. Instead, however, of simply throwing this weed into the fire, or burying it, or eating it, or otherwise disposing of it once for all, as the least intelligent of *our* kind would do in short order, it is consumed solemnly in minute quantities at a time, this labour forming, in fact, the chief activity of masters. Boys, we must acknowledge, are strongly averse to it ; the few who endeavour to curry favour with the masters by smoking being driven by their fellows to remote and desolate places to conceal their shame. Some, victims to a foolish sense of duty, but unable to tolerate the obnoxious fumes, mitigate the horror of the ordeal and conceal their sufferings by the friendly help of darkness, and an open window. (Sensation.)

Another point of superiority which distinguishes the boy from his degenerate elders and calls for special sympathy from us, is the fidelity which, in spite of persecution from his masters, he clings to the use of Dog-Latin,—a language which appears to have



been at one time prevalent among mankind. Nor is it without significance that the young of the British species love to describe themselves as "Boys of the Bulldog Breed." But here again we Airedales stand aghast at the pig-headed stupidity shown in their selection of such a bow-legged, undershot, snub-nosed, stunted, short-winded, crooked-tail variety of our race as——

(At this point, loud protest was raised by a small Boston Bull which had found its way into the audience. The meeting rose as one dog to eject the intruder, chairman and lecturer joining the chase. Owing to the necessity of going to press, our reporter's notes have been unfortunately left uncompleted.—Ed.)



Horny-handed Sons of Toil



## THE GERMAN MEASLES

TO even mention the beastly things gives me a cold shiver down the spinal cord. The very thought brings back to me, with appalling realism, the darkened room, the myriads of pesky spots, the everlasting odour and taste of —

But the measles weren't the whole tragedy, for the last time I had them I quite enjoyed myself. The real trouble was all the fun I was going to miss. On Tuesday morning, January 29, when I was peacefully sitting in the sun, I discovered some spots on my hand, which, for the time being, caused me considerable concern. I thought of measles, and at the same moment thought of a skating party the next Friday!

As the morning wore on the spots became more numerous, and when the boy behind me told me that my neck was covered I decided that it was time to know the Worst. I disclosed my fears to the gentleman who gave me this interesting news and he remarked, feelingly, "You lucky dog." "You can have them," said I, but there was no use purposely giving "them" to him, so I told the master in charge. He looked exceedingly shocked, but sent me on my way rejoicing to the Medical Examiner.

The latter started pulling me and pushing me about. Then, he butted me on the chest with the side of his head and said impressively, "You certainly have *something*. Come along and see the nurse." So, although a nurse was no novelty to me, I went "along to see the nurse," who told me I was taking either measles or scarlet fever. I told her that I had already had measles three times and she said she guessed it was scarlet fever.

After giving me this comforting bit of information she told me to pack off home as fast as possible. As I was not quite sure just what method of locomotion "packing off" was I was tempted to say, "Suppose I walk," but the awful truth that I would have to miss the Latin period dawned upon me and the idea so disconcerted me that I refrained.

On the way home I thoroughly convinced myself that by the same time next week I would be dead, and I remember vaguely wondering whether or not it would be in the Easter REVIEW, so one can well judge the melancholy nature of my thoughts. Upon arriving home I went straight to bed, or rather as straight as possible under the circumstances, as the terrible disease, whatever it was, was beginning to take effect on me. However, as soon as I

was in bed and thoroughly warm there was no doubt about what I had, for the spots fairly fell over themselves coming out.

I was in bed only four days with the things and the day I got up the quarantine sign was put up. The doctor said I could go out if I wished and in a few days I went, and consequently had the whole neighbourhood guessing as to who was ill.

One day someone from the College telephoned and asked me when I would be back. I thoughtlessly said, "In a few days." Later the same day one of the College officials telephoned and said that on no condition whatever was I to go back till I had passed the medical examination.

I tell you it made me feel fine to know I had the whole School scared of me. It always has been one of the great ambitions of my life. I was very glad, however, to be able to go around again with everyone describing circles around me to get out of the way. I may add that the fellow who wanted the measles was one of the few in the form who didn't take them.

PRINGLE (Form III.).



Any Day in February



## NOBODY

Who is it that our inkwells steals,  
Is late to Prep. and late to meals,  
And when he's punished angry feels ?  
Nobody !

Who throws the paper on the floor,  
Behind him never shuts the door,  
Has no respect for rule or law ?  
Nobody !

Who talks when lights have been turned out,  
And when he thinks no one's about,  
At midnight will both sing and shout ?  
Nobody !

Who never puts his things away,  
And loses something every day,  
Is fined, and has a cent to pay ?  
Nobody !

But who is it who has a zest  
For work, and tries to beat the rest,  
To do his duty tries his best ?  
Why—Everybody !

—E. C. B., in the *St. Andrew's College Gazette*.

## THE BIRTHDAY\*

*Correspondence addressed to Master E. Bumbleigh,  
Mr. Killick's House, Grandwich School*

No. I.

MESSRS. BUMBLEIGH & SITWELL, LTD.,

220B CORNHILL,

Telegrams : "BUMPSIT, LONDON."

November 6, 19—.

MY DEAR EGBERT,—Your mother informs me that to-morrow, the 7th inst., is your fifteenth birthday. I therefore take this opportunity of combining my customary greetings with a few observations on your half-term report, which has just reached me. It is a most deplorable document. With the exception of your health (which is described as "excellent"), and your violin-playing (which I note is "most energetic"), I can find no cause for congratulation or even satisfaction in your record for the past half-term. Indeed, were it not for the existence of the deep-seated conspiracy (of which you have so frequently and so earnestly warned me) among the masters at your school, to deprive you of your just marks and so prevent you from taking your rightful place at the head of the form, I should almost suspect you of idling.

I enclose ten shillings as a birthday gift. If you could contrive during the next half-term to overcome the unfortunate prejudice with which the Grandwich staff appears to be inspired against you, I might see my way to doing something rather more handsome at Christmas.—Your affectionate father,

JOHN HENRY BUMBLEIGH.

(Reply.)

November 7.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Thanks awfully for the ten bob. Yes, it is most deplorable as you say about my report. I feel it very much. It is a rum thing that I should have come out bottom, for I have been working fearfully hard lately. I expect a mistake has been made in adding up the marks. You see, they are all sent in to the form-master at half-term, and he, being a classical

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\*From "The Lighter Side of School Life", by Ian Hay, Author of "The First Hundred Thousand," etc.



man, naturally can't do mathematics a bit, so he adds up the marks all anyhow, and practically anybody comes out top. It is very dishartening. I think it would be better if I went on the Modern Side next term. The masters there are just as ignerant and unfair as on the classical, but not being classical men they do know something about adding up marks. So if I went I might get justice done me. I must now stop, as I have several hours more prep. to do, and I want to go and ask Mr. Killick for leave to work on after bed-time.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.)

No. II.

THE LIMES, WALLOW-IN-THE-WEALD,  
SURREY, *Monday*.

MY DEAREST BOY,—Very many happy returns of your birthday. The others (*Genealogical Tree omitted here*) . . . send their best love.

I fear your father is not quite pleased with your half-term report. It seems a pity you cannot get higher up in your form, but I am sure you *try*, my boy. I don't think Father makes quite enough allowance for your *health*. With your weak digestion, long hours of sedentary work must be very trying at times. Ask the matron . . . (*one page omitted*). I enclose ten shillings, and will send you the almond cake and potted lobster you ask for.—Your affectionate mother,

MARTHA BUMPLEIGH.

(*Reply*.)

*November 7.*

DEAR MUM,—Thanks ever so much for the ten bob, also the lobster and cake, which are *AI*. Yes, the pater wrote to me about my report—rather a harsh letter, I thought. Still, we must make allowances for him. When he was young education was a very simple matter. Now it is the limit. My digestion is all right, thanks, but my head aches terribly towards the end of a long day of seven or eight hours' work. Don't mention this to the pater, as it might worry him. I shall work on to the end, but if the strain gets too much it might be a sound plan for me to go on the Modern Side next term. You might mention this casually to the pater. I must stop now, as the prayer-bell is ringing.—Your affec. son,

E. BUMPLEIGH.)

## No. III.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE,  
OAKSHOTT SCHOOL, BUCKS, *Monday.*

DEAR EGGSTER,—Well, old sport, how goes it? Just remembered it is your birthday, so send you *9d.* in stamps—all I have but *2d.* How is your mangy school? Wait till our XV plays you on the 18th! What ho!—Your affec. brother,

J. BUMPLEIGH.

Just had a letter from the pater about my half-term report. He seems in a fairly rotten state.

(*Reply.*

*November 7.*

DEAR MOPPY,—Thanks awfully for the *9d.* I am about broke, owing to my half-term report coinsiding with my birthday. Putrid luck, I call it. Still, Aunt Deborah hasn't weighed in yet. All right, send along your bandy-legged XV, and we will return them to you knock-kneed. I must stop now, as we are going to rag a man's study for wearing a dickey.—Your affec. brother,

E. BUMPLEIGH.)



Comedy



## No. IV.

THE LABURNUMS, SURBITON,  
Monday, Nov. 6.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Another year has gone by, and once more I am reminded that my little godson is growing up to man's estate. Your fifteenth birthday ! And I remember when you were only—(*Here Master Egbert skips three sheets and comes to the last page of the letter*) . . I am sending you a birthday present—something of greater value than usual. It is a handsome and costly edition of *Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia*, recently published. The author has actually signed his name upon the fly-leaf for you. Think of that ! The illustrations are by an Associate of the Royal Academy. I hope you are well, and pursuing your studies diligently.—Your affectionate aunt,

DEBORAH SITWELL.



Tragedy

(*Reply.*

*November 7.*

DEAR AUNT DEBORAH,—Thank you very much for so kindly remembering my birthday. The book has just arrived, and I shall always look upon it as one of my most valued possessions. I will read it constantly—whenever I have time, in fact ; but really after being in school hard at work for ten or twelve hours a day, one is more inclined for bed than books, even one on such an absorbing subject as this. I am much interested in Missionary Endeavours, and help them in every way I can. We are having a sermon on the subject next Sunday. There is to be a collection, and I intend to make a special effort.—Your affec. nephew,

E. BUMPLEIGH.)

Extract from the Catalogue of the Killickite House Library,  
Grandwich School :

*"Forty Years of Missionary Endeavour in Eastern Polynesia.*  
Presented by E. Bumbleigh, Nov. 8."



## Athletics

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CAPTAIN YUILL

### PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

YUILL ("Hop"), L. Defence—Only old colour on the team. Captained his team well and was always equal to an emergency. Plays a strong offensive game, and also backchecks well.

RENDELL ("Ren"), R. Defence—A steady player on the defensive. Played well in all the games.

MCINTOSH ("Sandy"), Rover—Lacked weight but always plays his position and backchecks in good style.

GORDON I. ("Gordie"), R. Wing—A fast skater and a good stickhandler. Has a hard shot and uses it.

MOSELEY ("Paul"), Centre—Plays his position well. Came up from last year's Seconds.

THOMPSON ("Johnnie"), L. Wing—A good offensive player. He works in well with the other forwards.

HARSTONE ("Bobbie"), Goal—Plays a steady game. He was conspicuous in the second Upper Canada game.

The thanks of the team are due Rolph I. (Ernie) for the manner in which he looked after the team off the ice.

J. H. Y. AND J. D. F. R.

### S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

On Monday, January 15th, St. Andrew's College played their first Junior O.H.A. hockey match at the Arena against University School.

The teams were as follows :

U.T.S.	Position	S.A.C.
McPherson.....	Goal.....	Ross II.
Boulter (capt.).....	Defence.....	Yuill (capt.)
White.....	Defence.....	Rendell
Gunn.....	R. wing.....	Gordon
McLeod.....	L. wing.....	Gallagher
Aggett.....	Centre.....	Moseley
Jeffries.....	Rover.....	McIntosh

Referee—Waghorne.

University Schools won the toss and chose the north end of the rink. Within two minutes after play had commenced Jeffries scored the first goal. Play now became very fast. Boulter was penalized for tripping. McLeod secured a goal for University Schools after a beautiful rush from behind his own net. Half a minute later McIntosh, by clever stick-handling, scored a point for St. Andrew's.

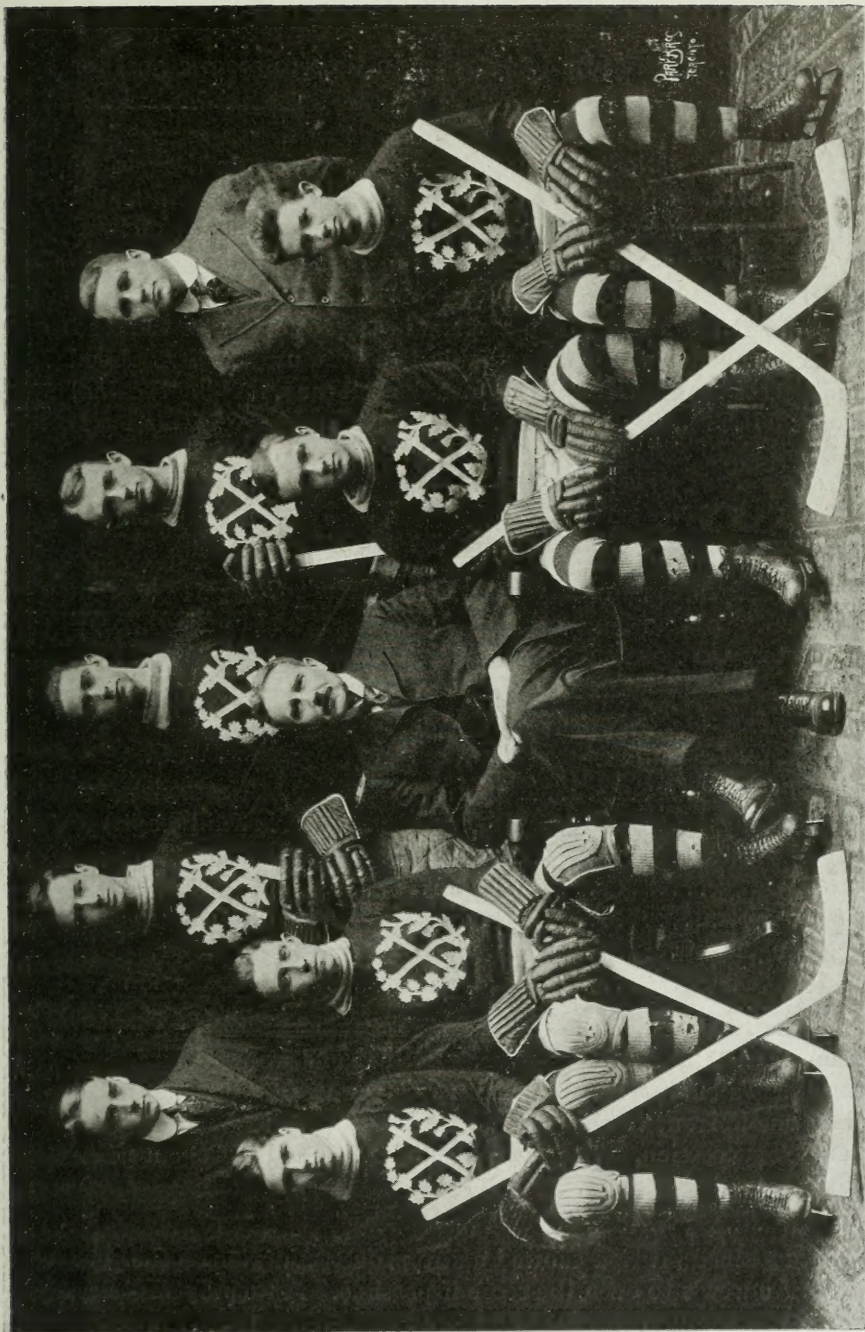
After five minutes of strenuous play University School secured another goal to which Moseley quickly retaliated by scoring on a pass from Gordon.

The last score of the period was made by Boulter. This was followed by five minutes of even play.

U.T.S., 4 ; S.A.C., 2.

Very shortly after the second period had commenced, Jeffries scored a goal for University Schools. This was closely followed by another point for U.T.S., made by McLeod. Then ended a series of rushes by both teams, the puck changing hands with great rapidity. One of these rushes resulted in a score for University Schools by Aggett. Gordon now scored a goal on one of his famous long shots. McLeod was given a two-minute penalty





The First Hockey Team, 1917  
 Top Row: E. G. Rolph (Mgr.), H. Rendell, J. Thompson, R. Harstone, Mr. Chapman  
 Bottom Row: G. Gordon, J. H. Yuill (Capt.), Dr. Macdonald, P. Moseley, A. McIntosh

for tripping. He returned to the ice in time to score a goal for U.T.S. before the bell rang.

U.T.S., 8 ; S.A.C., 3.

The third period revealed a lack of condition on the part of St. Andrew's. After five minutes of play, Moseley scored a goal on a passing front of the U.T.S. goal. This was quickly followed by a score by Gordon.

U.T.S., 8 ; S.A.C., 5.

St. Andrew's now made a splendid try to overcome the lead of their opponents but were unable to score any goals. McLeod and Aggett both scored goals before the bell rang, making the final score : U.T.S., 10 ; S.A.C., 5.

J. D. F. Ross.

### S.A.C. vs. DE LA SALLE

On Thursday, January 18th, St. Andrew's College first team met the team from De La Salle at the Arena. A large number of supporters were present on each side to cheer on their respective teams.

Line-up :

<i>De La Salle.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>S.A.C.</i>
Ryan.....	Goal.....	Harstone
Springs.....	Defence.....	Yuill (capt.)
Lynch.....	Defence.....	Rendell
Lowry.....	Centre.....	Moseley
Travers.....	Rover.....	McIntosh
Ingoldsby.....	R. wing.....	Gordon
McCurry.....	L. wing.....	Thompson

The first half of the opening period failed to disclose which team was the better of the two. Both teams worked hard, but Ingoldsby's efforts were the first to be rewarded when he fooled Harstone in front of the goal. McCurry and Lowry scored goals in quick succession. The remainder of the period was spent without any further scoring.

D.L.S., 3 ; S.A.C., 0.

The second period showed a strong determination on the part of St. Andrew's to even the score if possible. A rush by Moseley ended successfully, making the score : D.L.S., 3 ; S.A.C., 1.



The luck of S.A.C. did not continue after Ingoldsby had scored a goal, for before the close of the period, Lowry had one and Travers two more goals to La Salle's credit.

D.L.S., 7 ; S.A.C., 1.

In the third period the De La Salle weight began to tell on the lighter Saint Andrew's men. Harstone showed his ability to keep goal by allowing only two of many shots to get past him. St. Andrew's fought hard to the end, but with no effect on the score.

Final score : De La Salle, 9 ; St. Andrew's, 1.

J. D. F. Ross.

### S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

On Monday, January 22nd, at four o'clock, the first team met the team from Upper Canada College at the Arena Gardens. The teams lined up as follows :

<i>U.C.C.</i>		<i>S.A.C.</i>
Hardaker.....	Goal.....	Harstone
Taylor.....	L. defence.....	Rendell
Howland.....	R. defence.....	Yuill
Gledhill.....	L. wing.....	Thompson
Todd.....	R. wing.....	Gordon
Walker.....	Rover.....	McIntosh
Tyrrel.....	Centre.....	Gordon I.

#### FIRST PERIOD.

Promptly at four o'clock Referee Waghorne rang his bell and the game was called. U.C.C. having won the toss, chose the south end of the rink and from the commencement play was strenuous. Both teams displayed splendid combination and in spectacular rushes the forwards carried the puck from end to end of the rink. For S.A.C., Gordon and Moseley were prominent, the former sending in several fast shots which Hardaker cleared well. Walker on a lone rush shot from outside our defence and Harstone saved cleverly. For U.C.C., the combination of Tyrrel, Gledhill and Todd was good, and Taylor on the defence was working hard. They were, however, unable to penetrate Yuill and Rendell on the defence. After a few minutes' more evenly con-

tested hockey, Howland broke away on a lone rush, penetrated the defence, and beat Harstone with a fast shot knee-high.

U.C.C., 1 ; S.A.C., 0.

After the face-off, the S.A.C. forwards, by their strenuous efforts, forced the play and in a scrimmage before the U.C.C. goal, Gordon pushed the puck past Hardaker for the tying point. U.C.C., 1 ; S.A.C., 1. The period ended soon after with no further score.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

The hockey displayed from the opening of this period was of the fastest variety, each team exerting itself to the utmost. McIntosh at rover was extremely fast and in spite of his light weight one of the most useful men on the ice. Walker and Todd carried the puck past the S.A.C. defence, but Harstone stopped the latter's shot. A half-minute later a combination by Gledhill and Walker resulted in a score. After the face-off, Thompson and Yuill were instrumental in forcing the play for S.A.C., and only the coolness of Hardaker in goal prevented our scoring. Some minutes later Howland, on a lone rush, shot from outside the defence and beat Harstone for the final tally of the period. During this period the play was very even but a weakness in shooting was apparent on the part of the S.A.C. forwards.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

In the final period the S.A.C. men directed every energy towards overcoming the lead. Moseley and McIntosh opened the period with a piece of fast combination which resulted in the latter scoring, unfortunately on a forward. Thompson and Moseley then took the puck down the ice and in a scrimmage in front of the U.C.C. goal, Gordon scored. U.C.C., 3 ; S.A.C., 2. S.A.C. continued to press for the remainder of the game, Thompson, by reason of his close back-checking and clever skating, being especially prominent. Shot after shot was rained in upon Hardaker, but his splendid work in goal prevented any further scoring.

Full time score : U.C.C., 3 ; S.A.C., 2.

It was undoubtedly the best contested game played between the two colleges in years and the hockey was of excellent grade. For the Upper Canada team, Taylor and Walker were possibly the most useful men. For St. Andrew's every man played his



place and to select an individual star is impossible. Yuill, however, should be given special credit for playing a hard, consistent game.

N. M. MacL.

### DE LA SALLE vs. ST. ANDREW'S

On Wednesday afternoon, January 24th, the team representing St. Andrew's College met the De la Salle septette in their return game. Both teams presented a change in their line-ups from the last game. Beath played on the defence while Yuill moved up to the forward line for St. Andrew's, while Walsh was De La Salle's new forward.

The teams were as follows :

<i>De La Salle.</i>	<i>St. Andrew's.</i>
Ryan.....	Goal.....Harstone
Spring.....	Defence.....Beath
Lynch.....	Defence.....Rendell
Ingoldsby.....	Rover.....McIntosh
Lowery.....	Centre.....Gordon
Walsh.....	Wing.....Yuill
McCurry.....	Wing.....Thompson

Referee—Fred Waghorne, Sr.

#### FIRST PERIOD.

From the face-off St. Andrew's pressed hard, but after about four minutes of play, McCurry of De La Salle tallied on a long shot from the side for the initial goal of the period. Gordon then made a lone rush, which almost resulted in a score, Ryan of De La Salle clearing cleverly. Both teams now began to settle down to good hockey, with De La Salle using their weight to advantage. From a scrimmage in front of the St. Andrew's net, Lowry beat Harstone for the second goal of the period. Soon after one of our opponents' forwards was forced to retire with a loose skate, MacIntosh going off to even up. A few minutes later the period ended with St. Andrew's still pressing hard. Score : De La Salle, 2 ; St. Andrew's, 0.

During this period St. Andrew's had a great deal of the play, but were inclined to be a little weak in shooting.

## SECOND PERIOD.

At the opening of the second period seven-man hockey was resumed. For the first few minutes, the play was quite even, but De La Salle soon broke, and on a long shot from the side, Lowery lodged the puck in the corner of the net. This was followed up a half a minute later by another well aimed shot from outside our defence, resulting in a score by Lowery. After about six minutes, in which Gordon and Thompson played good hockey, McCurry managed to slip the puck past Harstone on a low shot. The period ended : De La Salle, 5 ; St. Andrew's, 0.



Fun at the New School Grounds

De La Salle appeared to have a slight margin over St. Andrew's during this period. However, at back-checking St. Andrew's were good.

## THIRD PERIOD.

The last period opened with our team pressing hard, several times missing the goal by a few inches. De La Salle secured the puck, circled the defence and scored.

St. Andrew's began to weaken now and it was only the good work of Harstone that prevented many scores. After a number of end-to-end rushes, Lowery again penetrated the defence and



managed to beat Harstone with a hard shot, making the final count of the game : De La Salle, 7 ; St. Andrew's, 0.

For St. Andrew's it is hard to choose the stars, but the playing of Yuill, Gordon, and MacIntosh is worthy of mention, while for De La Salle, Lowery and Ingoldsby showed up well.

C. TURNBULL.

### U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

The return game with U.C.C. was played Friday, January 26th. The result of the first game promised a closely contested match and the supporters of both teams were out in force. The teams lined up as follows :

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
Harstone.....	Goal.....	Hardaker
Rendell.....	R. defence.....	Wright
Beath.....	L. defence.....	Taylor
Thompson.....	L. wing.....	Gledhill
Yuill.....	R. wing.....	Todd
Gordon.....	Centre.....	Tyrrel
McIntosh.....	Rover.....	Walker

Referee—Waghorne.

#### FIRST PERIOD.

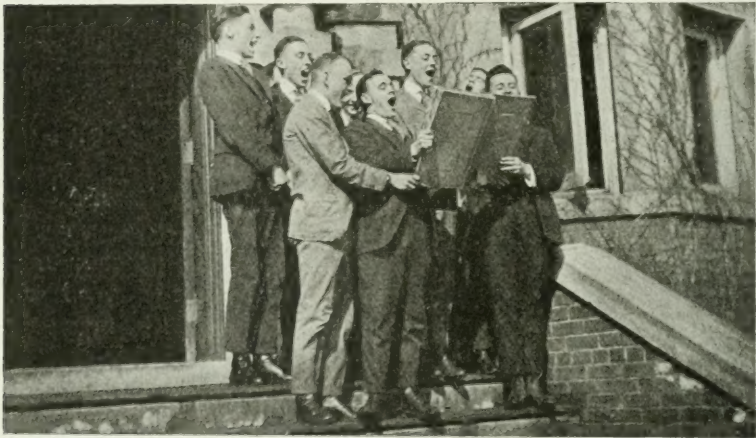
The period opened with a fast rush by Gordon, Hardaker handling his shot well. Rendell drew a penalty in the first two minutes of the game and the U.C.C. men put forth every effort to score. The good work of our forward line, however, particularly Yuill, kept our men on the offensive. A quarter-minute later, still playing one man short, Gordon took the puck down the ice and beat Hardaker on a fast shot knee-high. S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 0.

After the face-off the U.C.C. men renewed their efforts and the hockey that followed was of the fastest variety. The whole S.A.C. forward line played splendidly and displayed a superior combination to their opponents. Good back-checking by S.A.C., resulted in several lone rushes and Harstone saved well on numerous occasions. The same keen pace was maintained to the end of the period, neither side scoring. The play in this period was

distinctly in favour of St. Andrew's. The forward line had shown splendid combination and the U.C.C. men were unable to penetrate our defence.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

The same strenuous play which had featured the first period prevailed during the second. At first U.C.C. pressed hard, Walker, Gledhill and Tyrrel playing well together, and Taylor breaking away for several spectacular rushes. During this period the back-checking of Thompson and Yuill and the work of the defence was particularly good. Gordon went through the U.C.C.



"With Saintly Shout and Solemn Jubilee"  
(Upper VI. Celebrating their (near) Victory over the All-Stars)

defence and with only Hardaker to beat, fell. A minute later Thompson carried the puck up the ice and in the resultant scrimmage Gordon batted it in. (S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 0). On the resumption of play, Harstone was given a few busy moments. After saving cleverly on a shot from Walker, he broke up a scrimmage in front of his goal. U.C.C. were still pressing when the period ended. (S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 0).

This period had been somewhat more even. For S.A.C., Thompson, Yuill and Gordon were most prominent, while Walker, Gledhill and Tyrrel played good hockey for U.C.C.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

The final period was marked by the determined efforts of both teams. Yuill and Beath featured with individual rushes



and Tyrrel penetrated our defence, but shot wild. Several minor penalties resulting from the fastness of the play now cleared the ice somewhat, two being absent from each team. Tyrrel on a lone rush sent a hard shot at Harstone, who saved well. Taylor sent in another which also failed to score. Gordon then again broke away and scored the final tally of the game. S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 0.

The whole S.A.C. team played well and each man played his position. Possibly, however, Yuill and Thompson should be mentioned for their good work on the wings, and McIntosh, though the lightest man on the ice, was very fast. Walker was the best man for Upper Canada with Gledhill at left wing and Hardaker in goal also being exceptionally good.

N. M. MacL.

### U.T.S. vs. S.A.C.

St. Andrew's College met University Schools in the return match at the Arena on Tuesday, January 30th. A large crowd was in attendance and the rooting reminded one of former days.

Line-up :

<i>U.T.S.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>S.A.C.</i>
Sullivan.....	Goal.....	Harstone
Munroe.....	Defence.....	Beath
Boulter (capt.).....	Defence.....	Rendell
Aggett.....	Centre.....	Gordon
Jeffries.....	Rover.....	McIntosh
Gunn.....	R. wing.....	Yuill (capt.)
McLeod.....	L. wing.....	Thompson

Jeffries scored for University Schools on a shot that hardly left the ice, but which somehow bounded over Harstone's stick.

Jeffries and McLeod next scored in quick succession, thereby adding two points to U.T.S. score. Munroe sent Gordon into the boards and was given a two-minute penalty, while McIntosh was given the same sentence for tripping McLeod.

Agget sent the puck past Harstone in a scramble in front of his goal, making the score for the first period : U.T.S., 4 ; S.A.C., 0.

In the second period the teams appeared very evenly matched. A long shot from the wing by Gordon fooled Sullivan. This was

the only score made in the second period. St. Andrew's had the better of the play and the bell rang with St. Andrew's forwards bombarding the U.T.S. goal. U.T.S., 4 ; S.A.C., 1.

Jeffries opened the third period by scoring a goal for U.T.S. Munroe followed his example, and, after a fine rush from behind his own net, placed the puck in the corner of the St. Andrew's net. The rest of the period revealed no change in the score.

U.T.S., 6 ; S.A.C., 1.

#### NOTES.

The game was clean, fast and interesting to watch. Yuill and McIntosh played splendid games, and their success was partly due to their strenuous back-checking.

For U.T.S., Aggett and Munroe were the most useful men on the ice.

J. D. F. Ross.

### ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE AT TRINITY C.S.

The following lined up to play at Port Hope on Saturday, February 10, 1917 :

The teams :

S.A.C.		T.C.S.
McLeod II.....	Goal.....	Davison
Beath.....	Right defence.....	Roche
Yuill.....	Left defence.....	Lindsay
McIntosh.....	Rover.....	Harper
Moseley.....	Centre.....	Gossage
Gordon.....	R. wing.....	Sutherland
Thompson.....	L. wing.....	Woodman
Referee—Rowden.		

St. Andrew's won the toss and took the east end of the rink. The first period started with a rush and S.A.C.'s first goal was scored by Moseley on a pass from Gordon. This was repeated a few minutes later. Thompson made an individual rush resulting in a goal. Later Yuill got a goal from a mix-up in front of the goal. At first the keen ice puzzled our men, but they soon grew accustomed to it and the scoring became more frequent. Moseley scored two goals in quick succession, ending the first period : S.A.C., 6 ; T.C.S., 0.



At the beginning of the second period the Trinity team exerted themselves to the utmost. Lindsay made a good rush but McLeod cleared. Roche now took the puck the length of the rink and scored T.C.S.'s first goal. This seemed to awaken our team, with the result that many shots were sent at the T.C.S. goal, one from centre ice finding the net. Harper scored on a pass from Woodman, who a little later took the puck from one end to the other and scored with a good shot from the side. This was repeated a few minutes later and it looked as though T.C.S. were going to catch up. However, throughout the whole game the result was never in doubt. The next counter for St. Andrew's was by Thompson on a pass from Yuill. A few minutes later Moseley scored S.A.C.'s ninth goal. The last point in the game was scored by a good shot from Gordon, and after a few moments of loose play time was called with the score : S.A.C., 10 ; T.C.S. 4.

For St. Andrew's, Moseley secured most goals and the whole team did well, while for T.C.S., Woodman was undoubtedly the best man.

E. G. ROLPH.

### T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

The return game between Trinity College School and St. Andrew's took place on Saturday, February 17th, at the Arena. The spectators were rather few in numbers, but those who did attend lustily cheered their respective teams.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>T.C.S.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>S.A.C.</i>
Davison.....	Goal.....	McLeod II.
Lindsay.....	Defence.....	Beath
Roche (capt.).....	Defence.....	Yuill (capt.)
Sutherland.....	R. wing.....	Gordon
Woodman.....	L. wing.....	Thompson
Harper.....	Centre.....	Moseley
Gossage.....	Rover.....	McIntosh

Referee—Waghorne.

St. Andrew's won the toss and chose the north end of the rink. Play commenced with a series of bombardments on both goals. but the goalkeepers warded off many shots until Moseley

fooled Davison and scored St. Andrew's initial point. Gordon was given a one-minute penalty for tripping but the Trinity men were unable to take advantage of his absence.

Moseley scored two more goals in quick succession. The period ended with the score unchanged :

S.A.C., 3 ; T.C.S., 0.

In the second period Gordon secured the puck from the face-off, and, after a spectacular rush, made a goal for St. Andrew's. This was quickly followed by a score by Moseley. Trinity now directed some shots against the S.A.C. goal, but McLeod seemed impregnable.



Members of the Fifth Division resting after the Capture of an Enemy Strong Point

On a pass in front of the T.C.S. goal, Moseley scored another point for S.A.C. Before the period had ended, Gordon scored a goal on a long shot from the wing, making the score :

S.A.C., 7 ; T.C.S., 0.

Shortly after the commencement of the third period, Gordon scored for St. Andrew's. Then Woodman scored Trinity's only point after a splendid exhibition of stickhandling.

Thompson, Gordon and McIntosh all scored points for S.A.C., and the game ended with the score :

S.A.C., 12 ; T.C.S., 1.

J. D.F. Ross.



## SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

On Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 20th, we met the **Second team from U.C.C.**, on our own ice. It was played at the Arena, and consisted of three 15-minute periods, marked by single rushes on both sides.

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>U.C.C.</i>
MacLeod II.....	Goal..... Gillespie(capt.)
Davies.....	L. defence..... Mitchell
Rolph I.....	R. defence..... Beatty
Gallagher I.....	Rover..... MacIntosh
Stonehouse.....	Centre..... Ballentyne
Syer.....	L. wing..... Wright
Smith I.....	R. wing..... Ross

The game opened with a rush and was marked by individual play and a good deal of back-checking. Neither team scored this period. MacLeod II. time and time again made spectacular stops and saved many a goal for St. Andrew's.

The second period was the fastest of the game. St. Andrew's played much better combination. After one minute of play, Syer and Smith carried the rubber up the ice. Syer registered St. Andrew's first tally in a scramble in front of the net. Seven minutes later Davies took the puck up and shot from outside the defence. Gillespie missed, thus making S.A.C.'s second score. S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 0.

The third period began very listlessly. Only after eleven minutes of play was there any score made. Wright shot from outside the defence and it rolled in.

Wright was hurt but he continued the game. For the last four minutes U.C.C. made a final effort to retrieve themselves, but the bell put a stop to their efforts.

Final score : S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 1.

Beatty and MacIntosh starred for U.C.C., while MacLeod's work in goal and Gallagher's rushing and backchecking were the best for S.A.C.

Harry Watson handled the game to the satisfaction of all.

The **return game** was played at the Arena, on Upper Canada's ice, on Feb. 27th. U.C.C.'s line-up was unchanged, while Rolph

replaced Gallagher at Rover. Beath was back on the defence with Davies. Gallagher played centre ice with the same wings as in the previous game.

After two minutes of play MacIntosh carried the puck up the ice and scored for U.C.C..

The period was characterized by lone rushes. MacLeod, as usual, was the best man on the ice. (S.A.C., 0 ; U.C.C., 1.)

In the second period MacIntosh scored again after ten minutes of play. Beatty was laid out, but continued. (S.A.C., 0 ; U.C.C., 2.)

The third period started off with a rush. Ross secured from a scramble and shot into an open goal.

Final score : S.A.C., 0 ; U.C.C., 3.

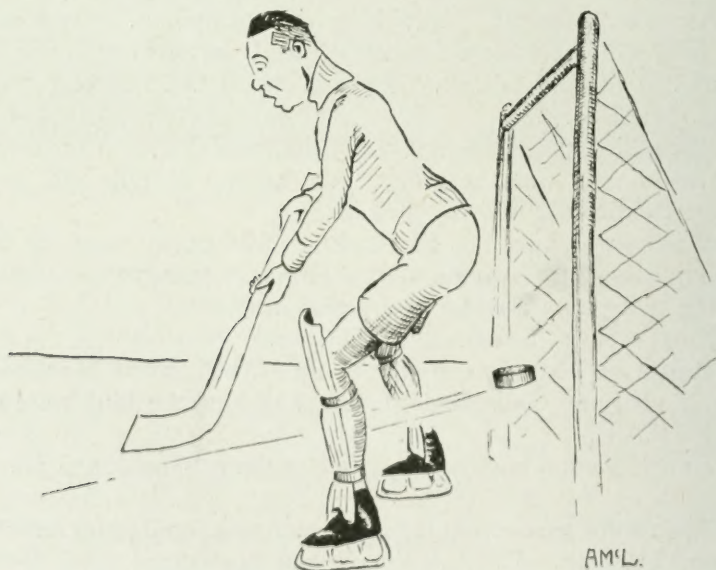
Boulter handled the game satisfactorily.

#### NOTES.

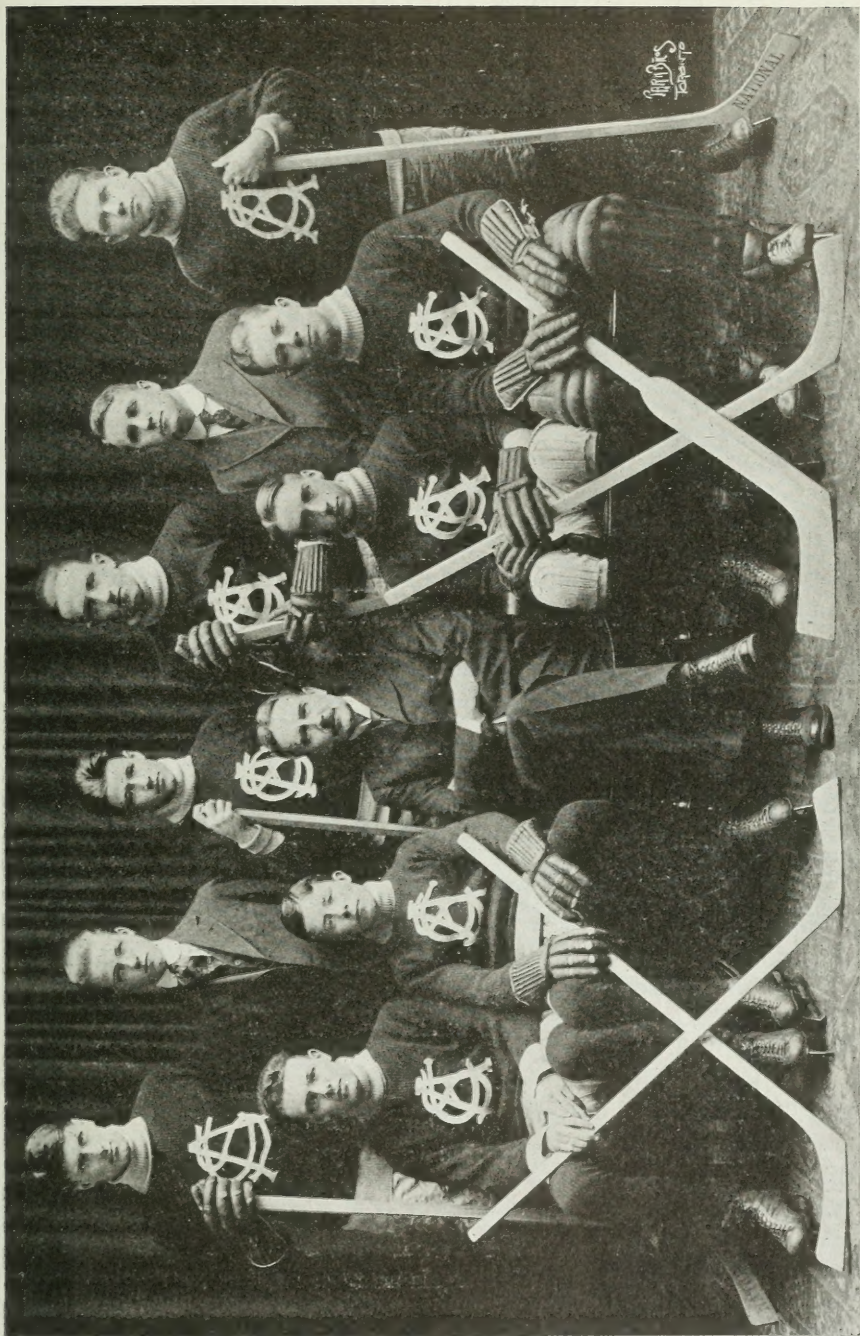
Gallagher played fine hockey and captained his team well all the season.

"Chuck" MacLeod turned out to be the find of the season and played a splendid game in the nets.

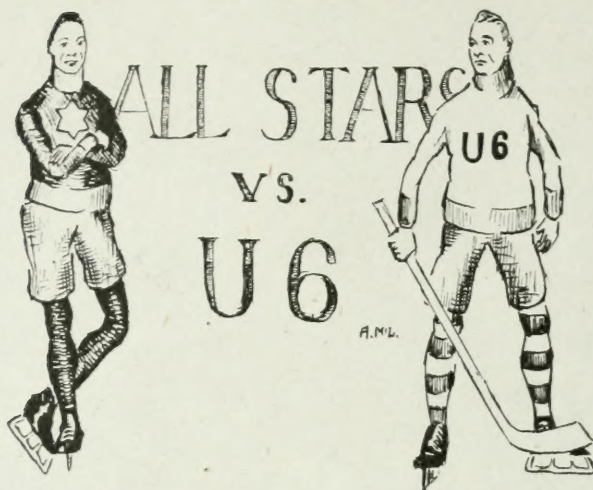
GOODWIN HARRIS (Manager).







St. Andrew's College Second Hockey Team, 1917



Advertisements of every description announced the contest between the All-Stars and the Upper Sixth and everything was in readiness for the great encounter. At the fateful hour a goodly number of rooters were on hand at the Mutual Street slaughter-house, prepared to see the worst. The betting was four shoelaces to a soup sandwich on the winner, but many thought the other side would pull out ahead. Two twenty-five minute periods were played.

The battle-line was as follows :

<i>Upper Sixth.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>All-Stars.</i>
"Sieve" Harstone.....	Goal.....	"Leak" McLeod
"Hesays" Yuill.....	L. Field.....	"Lottapep" Rendell
"Sink" Rolph.....	R. Field.....	"Typhoon" Beath
"Drygin" Gordon.....	Shortstop.....	"Rolluroun" MacIntosh
"Bignoise" Moseley....	Corporal.....	"Caddy" Gallagher
"Quelque" Ross.....	Skip.....	"Notany" Wiser
"Ivapain" Thompson..	First base...	"Boardem" Home

#### FIRST PERIOD.

The attention of everyone was drawn when "Notany" Wiser stepped on the ice, the groaning and wheezing of his skates sounded like our bugle band on a wet day. Sufficient lard and grease having been applied, the game was commenced.

"Bignoise" Moseley got away quickly and hewed and hacked a passage clear to the enemy's goal, but his shot was only low enough to clear out a few sections of the skylight, and "Leak" McLeod, the All-Star goal-tender, was enabled to dodge it success-



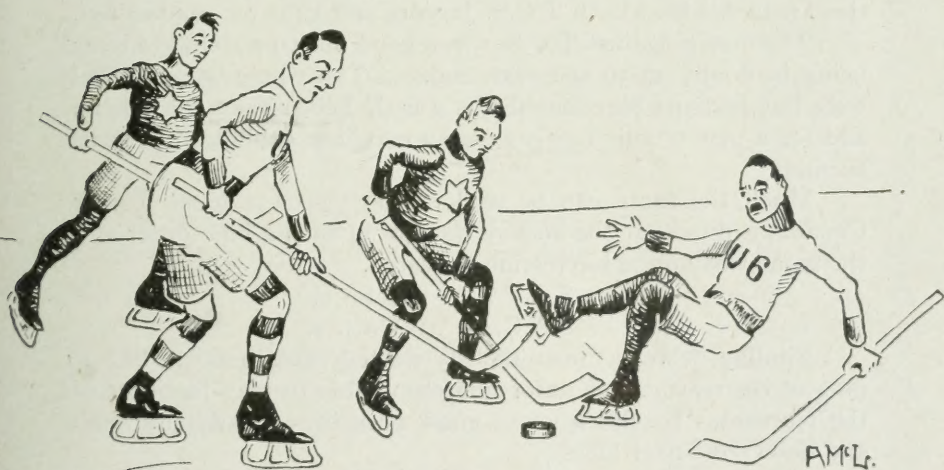
fully. Beath now bucked the line and after tripping the time-keeper and upsetting two rows of chairs was able to get his bearings at centre ice, but his efforts came to naught when "Drygin" Gordon caromed his shillelah from the ice to Beath's head and brought forth a roar of thunder and a shower of stars.

"Ivapain" Thompson now delayed the game for a time with a hot-box in his right skate. In the intermission the players sat around at centre ice and knitted. "Iva's" hot-box having subsided, the contest was resumed with renewed vigour and a few groans. "Hesays" Yuill now demonstrated his prowess by anchoring a shot in the opposing goal. Undismayed, the All-Stars made a mighty onslaught on "Sieve" Harstone, who lived up to his name, for it was only a few seconds before the puck leaked through "Sieve" for the "Star's" first tally.

Two more goals were made by each team before the gong, and then an adjournment was called to turn the heel on a sock that "Quelque" Ross was knitting.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

Excitement waxed furious at the commencement of the second period. "Lottapep" Rendell rushed from his own goal and banged one past the "Leak" which went clear through the net and knocked the clock down. The goal judge would not allow the goal, however, as he said he could not see the puck from the lunch counter. "Boardem" Home made his presence known at this critical moment and said he thought the goal-judge was a big huzzy, to which the judge replied (his voice quavering with emotion and ginger ale) that Home was most ungentlemanly.



Fears that the speaker would scream ended the argument and the contest was resumed.

"Sink" Rolph combined with Gordon in a neat play and placed the puck in such a position that "Leak" McLeod was enabled to dodge it easily. The game continued midst lusty applause from the enthused spectators and many a player dusted the ice in an unladylike manner. "Rolluroun" McIntosh was benched for cutting the corners too quickly and thereby drenching the scoreboard with a cloud of snow. Numerous penalties followed and when all were penalized except the goal tenders, the game was called for lack of material. All players embraced the referee and repaired to the dressing room. JOE TAYLOR.

The hockey team has had, on the whole, a very successful season. We have not had as many matches as might be expected in such a severe winter. This was owing, in the first place, to the German measles which upset our arrangements several times, and in the second place to the fact that it is not at all easy to find opponents who are willing to impose an age limit and to enforce the limitation. Experience has, however, proved that the playing of boys of more than fifteen years is seldom desirable in lower school games, and that the imposition of the age limit avoids all unseemly disputes as to eligibility.

### LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY

Our first match was on an open-air rink against Aura Lee Juniors. We were badly beaten, mainly by weight and speed. The conditions were all in favour of our opponents.

The most satisfactory fact of the season is that, playing at the Arena, we beat both T.C.S. Juniors and Upper Canada Prep.

The match against T.C.S. was a good one to watch, the issue being in doubt up to the very end. The whole team played well, but perhaps Macdonald was a little better than the others, and for a new recruit Lewis gave an excellent exhibition of goal-keeping.

Much the same can be said of the match against Upper Canada, except that the hockey was not of such a high order and the game was not so interesting to watch.

Scores: S.A.C., 1. T.C.S., 0.

S.A.C., 3. U.C.C., 2.

Findlay, who was unanimously elected captain at the beginning of the season, was unfortunately unable to play in either of the matches. He did a lot of good work in the early practices and deserved better luck.

Colours were gained by: Skeaff, Findlay II., Macdonald, Carrick, Lewis, Nerlich I., and Lumbers.



## School News

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### CRICKET PROSPECTS

Our prospects for a good eleven are very bright indeed. Seven old colours are on hand, while one or two of the new boys have played on school teams before; reinforced by those who are left of last year's Seconds, they should go to form a strong team. Both of last year's bowlers are with us, but a new wicket-keeper must be found among the material. Unfortunately we have been unable to secure a professional to instruct us in the finer points of the game, but hope to find one before the season commences.

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### UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

**W**E have been quite free of any serious illness during the term. True, the German measles have visited us and caused no little interruption to the course of both studies and games. Let us be thankful, however, that in conjunction with the word "measles," the adjective *German*, for once, does not stand for "frightfulness."

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Under the presidency of Mr. MacInnis the Literary Society has had a successful series of meetings. Debates took place on such momentous questions as : "The Day-boy's Life vs. the Boarder's," and "Conscription," and a Peace Conference was held at which representatives of the various belligerents stated their minimum terms. These will be communicated, on request, to the Chancelleries of Europe. The oratory and reading contests are postponed until next term.

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The wrestling and boxing competitions are taking place as we go to press, so we are unable to publish the names of the winners in this issue.

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In addition to the special subscription, to which reference is made below, a very praiseworthy and well carried-out scheme, in which Pollock was the moving spirit, has resulted in the collection

of \$28.50 for the Old Boys' Review Fund. This was the production of the *Gazette*,<sup>1</sup> a typewritten publication of ten pages of stories, articles in prose and verse, and jokes. The expenses of bringing out the little magazine were borne by Pollock (editor), Munn and Black I., and the work of production was carried out (thanks to Miss Brooke's help) with great energy and success. It was sold at fifteen cents a copy and the proceeds form a very welcome addition to the Fund, which the REVIEW acknowledges with gratitude and appreciation.

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#### THE THREE HUNDRED DOLLAR CAMPAIGN TO HELP THE OLD BOYS' REVIEW FUND

Not content with the contributions which the boys are raising from their pocket money to help the Red Cross, some of our leading spirits, headed by the Head Prefect, conceived the idea, during the past month, of starting a campaign to raise \$300 in four weeks to aid in defraying the expense of sending the REVIEW to the Old Boys on service. A clock-dial, to indicate progress, was mounted in the hall and the legend, "Watch us grow," was soon seen to be well justified, as the hand moved steadily round towards the desired figure. As we go to press, the entire amount has been raised in three weeks' time (with upwards of \$25 to spare, due to the enterprise of Pollock and his associates, referred to above). The editors most gratefully acknowledge the assistance thus given by the boys and their friends, and hope that the present REVIEW will be deemed worthy of their generosity. Appended are the names of contributors to the fund :—

D. Munn, Esq. ; Mrs. J. J. McLaughlin ; F. A. Rolph, Esq. ; J. S. Skeaff, Esq. ; J. J. Carrick, Esq., M.P. ; E. T. Malone, Esq., K.C. ; A. R. Pringle, Esq. ; A. C. McLeod, Esq. ; E. M. Fleming, Esq. ; Dr. John F. Ross ; Colonel Thos. Cantley ; J. W. Flavelle, Esq., LL.D. ; R. R. Lockhart, Esq. ; R. Laidlaw, Esq. ; W. A. Findlay, Esq. ; G. H. Kilmer, Esq., K.C. ; Lt.-Colonel J. Taylor ; Mrs. T. J. Clark ; Angus Morrison, Esq. ; J. Mont. Lowndes, Esq. ; A. F. Rutter, Esq. ; Thos. Findley, Esq. ; A. W. Applegath, Esq. ; Arthur Hewitt, Esq. ; Judge Coatsworth ; Dr. W. H. Wright ; A. R. Auld, Esq. ; E. Chapman, Esq. ; T. H. Bullock, Esq. ; J. E. Ganong, Esq. ; J. D. Detweiler, Esq. ; A.



Whitehead, Esq. ; R. A. Galbraith, Esq. ; Mrs. J. R. MacIntosh ; Bruce McMurtry, Esq. ; L. Harstone, Esq. ; W. Gibson Cassels, Esq. ; C. S. Cossitt, Esq. ; W. H. Whitaker, Esq. ; Mrs. James Johnston ; Mrs. R. W. Gordon ; the Hon. Frank Cochrane ; C. E. Edmonds, Esq. ; H. C. Yuill, Esq. ; Mrs. D. H. McDougal ; W. H. MacNee, Esq. ; Edward Saunders, Esq. ; R. W. Montgomery, Esq. ; T. M. Turnbull, Esq. ; Estate of the late R. A. Grant ; Mrs. J. B. Frases ; J. T. Emmerson, Esq. ; W. A. Munn, Esq. ; Miss A. Wood ; P. J. Robinson, Esq. ; Mrs. Willoughby ; Upper Sixth Form, Room Twenty-four, Harold E. Davies, C. M. Macpherson, G. A. Beer, R. Pollock, C. E. Lewis, J. H. Meikle, W. V. Boyd, J. D. McCarter, D. I. Grant, R. Y. Secord, Douglas Wood, Lower School Pound and Proceeds from the *Gazette*.

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## LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

**I**F the saying, "Happy is the country that has no history," be true, the Lower School must be put down this term as one of the happiest places in the world. And indeed we have pursued the even tenor of our way in a frame of mind which affords more happiness than falls to the lot of most people in the days in which we live.

However, the insistent demands of the Editor of the REVIEW compel me to put pen to paper and inform all whom it may concern that we are very well, thank you.

An epidemic of German measles in a very mild form has provided a rest cure for those who have needed a short respite from the strenuous life, but has vanished before the beginning of examinations. A study of the detention book seems to tell us that the tempers of both masters and boys have not been much affected by continuous close contact during a long term, but we are nevertheless looking forward to the Easter vacation with exceptional eagerness. Our numbers are steadily increasing, and our standard of work is steadily improving.

The bad condition of the playing fields and the consequent impossibility of obtaining the usual amount of fresh air has brought on an epidemic of marbles. The complaint spread with alarming

rapidity but is now subsiding and will probably have vanished before Easter.

The Lower School night at the Literary Society revealed unexpected stores of musical, oratorical, and dramatic talent among the Juniors.

A. St. J. F.



Un Philosophe sous les Toits



## Old Boys' News

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

[NOTE.—As will be seen, the following extracts are mostly of a different character from those which we have published hitherto. Such an immense number of letters have come to the Headmaster and others that it is impossible to print more than a few typical passages here and there. The present School will be glad to have so much evidence of appreciation of their Christmas gifts, and the Editors of the REVIEW are much encouraged by the numerous expressions of approval and gratitude for the School magazine.]

(From an Airman.)—I received you very welcome parcel with socks and cigarettes, and am sending you back the card as a small memento. I had it in my cigarette case in the side-pocket of my coat one day when I was having a scrap with six Huns, and I got a bullet through my clothes and partly through the cigarette case, and it went through the card, so thought you might like to have it as a small memento. I have my old S.A.C. football sweater here, and it has a few bullet holes in it that did not come there from Rugby. It is wonderful how many fellows here recognize it when they spot it on me. All the Old Boys I have met have the old S.A.C. fighting spirit the same as they had on the football field or on the hockey rink.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was very nice to feel that one had not been forgotten by his schoolmates, as any S.A.C. boy is to me, even though it is six years since I was under your care. The parcel of socks was received in perfect condition. Woollen goods of such a description are very acceptable for winter work in the North Sea, as they certainly get plenty of "wind and wave" up here, but it's all in a day's work.

As usual I was a close follower of the Rugby season. It's a funny thing, although perhaps funny is not the right word, how school loyalty sticks to one. I had that game on my mind all through patrol that day. School loyalty is a standard for all other loyalty.

\* \* \* \* \*

In every conceivable place we meet Old Boys and on more than one occasion have I joined in "Fight the Good Fight" for old time's sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

One meets Old Boys from St. Andrew's wherever he goes. I was greatly pleased to get the last copy of the REVIEW, and to see such a splendid Roll of Honour.

\* \* \* \* \*

The REVIEW arrived O.K. a week or so ago and it certainly was very interesting. It looks to me as though the war hasn't hurt the school much when it can turn out such teams that are able to make victories for old S.A.C., as recorded in the REVIEW.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a line to tell you how much I appreciated the Christmas present from the boys, and also the REVIEW. I enjoyed reading it much better than when I was attending the College myself.

I was certainly glad to get a parcel and copy of the REVIEW from S.A.C. and feel that you remembered me. I have met a lot of old S.A.C. boys over here. One runs into them everywhere. There are six of us with this reserve battalion, waiting an opportunity to get over to France,—Geo. Leishman, "Hank" Kent, Billie Munro, Ned Hanlan, Wilf Swan and myself. Every once in a while we gather together in a room and talk about S.A.C. fellows. Occasionally we give a Hoot! Mon! Hoot! to stir things up. Billie Munro left yesterday for the 92nd. Said he wouldn't be happy until he got into kilts again.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am constantly thinking of the old school and frequently come across some of my "used to be classmates," now "Comrades in Arms."

\* \* \* \* \*

I want to thank you for the Christmas number of the REVIEW which has just reached me. It feels mighty good to be remembered by the boys at home, and the thought that we are not forgotten by the old school, helps to make this life worth while. I bump into College Old Boys most every part of the line and reunions or dinners held here are beyond count.

\* \* \* \* \*

It sure is a treat to be bumping into the Old Boys all over the country, and when two do get together, there is generally more scandal and gossip exchanged than the Sunshine Circle could ever think of.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was very much pleased to-day to receive the parcel and REVIEW which were sent to me. It was very interesting to me to read of the doings of the Old Boys whom I used to know.

There is no doubt whatever that St. Andrew's College has done its part in contributing to the Canadian Overseas Forces.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is Andy's spirit budding out and with "Andy's spirit back of us we're sure to win the day."

\* \* \* \* \*

I am continually being reminded of S.A.C., seeing so many familiar faces out here, then I look forward to the REVIEW, which is sent out to me and is always so interesting.

In a few days I expect to go on leave to Blighty. Having been out here for ten months, I can assure you I will have a good time.

I read with great sorrow the names of so many of the Old Boys who have made the supreme sacrifice. On the other hand I feel proud of having been associated with such fellows in my school days.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would like to give you a description of our work, but that of course is impossible. The motto of the good old Crimson and White brought back pleasant memories and I think the meaning has taken on a sterner aspect for most of us in these strenuous times.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is very good, indeed, to be remembered by the old school, and it is often to me a very gratifying thought to be able to realize that I yet have the honour of belonging, in some way, to St. Andrew's College, and it will be one of my



greatest pleasures, when we all get home, to visit the school and hope that some of the old faces will be there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Received the Christmas parcel from the boys of the College and thought I would like to send my best wishes to them. The parcel arrived when I was in the hospital. Fritz sent a bullet through my left shoulder. Arrived at the convalescent home a few days ago, but will soon be returning to the front to get my own revenge back from the Boche.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is indeed very encouraging to know that while one is here "doing his best," the good Old Boys of S.A.C. are thinking of how they can make us cheerful on such a day as Christmas. It is a day when one's thoughts naturally turn, more so than any other, to all those we hold dear at home, and it is these thoughtful gifts that makes one feel you are not alone in the world. I have come in contact with so many of the Old Boys here, that you would imagine you were in some training camp at Niagara, or elsewhere, and at all times when our friend "Fritz"



(By Findley)

HUN : Mercy ! Mercy !

JACK CANUCK (understanding him to say "Merci, merci,"): "Don't mention it, old chap !

will allow us, the topic of conversation goes back to the old days at College, and all we did do, and did not do.

\* \* \* \* \*

The St. Andrew's REVIEWS have been very highly appreciated by me and, with great pride, I have shown them to the members of our mess.

\* \* \* \* \*

It helps a whole lot in this game to be remembered by those at home.

\* \* \* \* \*

It grieved me very much, indeed, to read of the many splendid fellows who were at College with me, who have been either killed or wounded out here, especially "Mike" Malone and "Geordie" Campbell, two finer chaps I never hope to meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just finished reading the Christmas number of the REVIEW, so thought I would write and let you know what I thought of it. I enjoyed it immensely and it certainly makes an excellent Christmas gift for the Old Boys at the front, as it gives one an idea where the rest of the S.A.C. boys are and enables us to hunt a few of them up now and again.

The other day I had a touch of influenza and when the M.O. came in to see me, I was reading the REVIEW. He seemed quite surprised and said he was an Old St. Andrew's Boy himself, leaving the College in 1903.

Had the privilege of visiting the British Grand Fleet in the North Sea and watching them at target practise. I wish I was a journalist and then I could write you an account of my trip up there. It is marvellous, the efficiency they have in the Navy along all lines, as seamanship, gunnery, etc. I happened to be billeted to the H.M.S. "Canada," and being a Canadian boy they could not do enough for me. A finer lot of officers you could not meet. For two days I was on the H.M.S. "Marlborough," the battleship which was torpedoed during the Jutland fight, but managed to get back home under her own steam, due to good handling.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is real Christmas weather we are having now. Everything is frozen up and the ground white with frost. It's suitable weather for working, but not for my line of business. It's almost impossible to do any patrolling. We spend our days in trying to find out what the Boche is doing. It is very interesting and at times somewhat exciting.

To-morrow we go back to rest, and no one is sorry. It means a haircut, bath, and a few more touches of civilization. I realize now what luxury we lived in at St. Andrew's. A bath every morning! It doesn't seem possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the meantime, let me enroll myself as one more soldier who is proud and happy to have cheered (if not fought) for "Andy" in the days before the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "watch dog" game that we play in the Channel is cold and monotonous with only an occasional bit of excitement.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have met so many S.A.C. men in France, from time to time. The College seems to have been a great breeding ground for the Army, and without exception they are all upholding the old standards ground in at St. Andrew's, of constant endeavour and fair play.



We have a great bunch of Old Boys in France, haven't we? Murray Galbraith is doing fine work and it is easy to imagine him going straight for any number of German aeroplanes. "I have some traditions to live up to," is what strikes me on reading the REVIEW.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunday afternoon, and the first time it's really felt like Sunday for many moons, the reason being that we are out of the line for a rest.

The Battalion has its billets in a small mining town and I think they are, without doubt, the best we've ever been in. The homes are very comfortable and they keep their places clean, which is a whole lot more than can be said of some places we've been in.

The men are enjoying the rest as much as the officers. Parades are over by four o'clock and they have the rest of the day to themselves. Each afternoon there are football games, boxing bouts and tug-of-war, from away back here.

This morning there was a brigade church parade. The padre, Capt. Kilpatrick, had charge of the service part of it. He has another service this afternoon and one again this evening. He is the prize padre of the whole division and is very much in demand.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was glad to receive the REVIEW yesterday and spent the whole afternoon in careful study of its contents. I was surprised, as well as pleased, to find how much there was of interest to the Old Boys. We have two Ridley, three T.C.S., two U.C.C., and three from College still left with us in the mess, and they were all glad to get some Prep. school news.

\* \* \* \* \*

The friends in Canada have sent me several parcels and I have been very fortunate in being remembered, but there is one parcel that stands the highest in my estimation and that is the one from the old school, and I know that all the Old Boys will agree with me.

When I was a wee codger in the Lower School, I can well remember the financial difficulties we were all in and the fact that the present boys deprived themselves in order to make things brighter for the overseas Old Boys, will long stay in my memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

The First Division is very optimistic regarding peace, and if one were to believe all that is heard, Fritz is due to return to civil life in about three months' time. A Division that just came out of the Somme to relieve us does not seem so optimistic, however.

Socks are articles which are always useful as it is often impossible to have any washing done. Sometimes we do not have a change for a month at a time, and changes are required frequently to prevent "trench foot." Also, if an officer has more socks than he needs, he can always find men who are in need of them.

At present the Division which my Battalion is in, is having a divisional rest, that is, the Division is a considerable distance behind the line. This Division has not had a rest for a year. It is a Division of the old regular army and has seen a great deal of heavy fighting. Since I have been in it, we have a had long period on the Somme during the summer months.

A divisional rest does not mean that we have nothing to do,—we are hard at it all the time. At times it is very much like school as we are never finished learn-

ing. At present I am on a divisional course, which lasts about three weeks. We start in at 8.30 and continue until 7.00 or 7.30 in the evening, Saturdays included. We have dozens of subjects as an infantry officer has to be among other things, a gas expert, engineer, etc., etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am at a large and important Naval Base for the Grand Fleet, and have become familiar with most of the important ships. They are to me marvels of construction and form a most impressive sight at sea, with alert destroyers guarding the big ships from possible submarine attack.

The crews are kept in good physical condition always, as they have regular exercises on deck each day, and are sent on route marches ashore.

Our small boats look most insignificant in this immense natural harbour in which a large fleet is almost constantly at anchor, lying with steam up ready to take the sea at short notice.

We have been in harbour quite a bit lately, being fitted with new contrivances that will enlarge our usefulness, and I must say that the "watchful waiting" is most trying to the patience. However, the winter storms make it most uncomfortable for the small boats at sea, and as the submarine situation is well in hand about here, we are often only too glad to be in harbour.

It is most difficult to obtain leave and as there is little to do in the way of amusement ashore, it gets a bit monotonous at times.

There are — of these M.L.'s here and the officers are quite a sociable lot. Four of us are Canadians, and I must say we have been well received.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have been in the hospital for about a week, owing to being vaccinated. To-day I am feeling fine but the Fleet surgeon does not think so as I have to stay in bed until he says the word. I was having a quiet snooze when all of a sudden someone I thought was trying to give a shower bath of glass, as a football came flying through the window. I finally got to sleep again and I heard the welcome words, "Wake up," "Wake up." I thought it must be the Fleet surgeon, and sort of mumbled "Yes, sir," and to my great surprise it was Ewart Whitaker. We had a great chat about school and everything, just like two old women, only worse. He said he came to see how much detention I had. I wish I was back where they soak detention.

The REVIEW is excellent. I was pretty sick when it was brought to me, but I felt a lot brighter after looking through it.

I will try and do my best for the old school.

\* \* \* \* \*

I also take this opportunity to thank you for the REVIEWS, they are very welcome and go a long way in making things go easier out here. It is also a great pleasure to be able to keep in touch with the College, the REVIEW alone making that possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have met quite a number of Old Boys in London, some of whom I had not seen since I left the school, and it does seem odd to meet them so far from home.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was also pleased to receive the REVIEW. It was full of interesting information about the Old Boys. I think it is larger and more interesting than when I was there.



I was most agreeably surprised the other day to receive (in Mesopotamia) a Christmas parcel from the S.A.C. boys. I think it a splendid idea and all the Old Boys will appreciate it very much indeed. I know away out here when I get a letter via Japan, one week quicker than by England, a parcel from Canada cheers one up a great deal and makes you feel that you are not so far away after all.

I feel sure that all the S.A.C. boys, or at least a very large proportion of them, have acquitted themselves like men, living up to the old school motto. We will have received our share of military awards, and also there will be a number of chaps who will not see their names on the S.A.C. roll of honour. All honour to them. They have left a very high standard for the school to live up to.

I am doing bacteriological work with this unit and am kept very busy indeed. There are any number of sick in this country, enteric, cholera, malaria, etc., during the hot months. Altogether it is a horrible country to carry on a war in, and the probabilities are that there will be very little more actual fighting out here. We hold the oil fields and there is very little to gain by pushing on.

I hope that before very long I shall be able to meet a number of the S.A.C. boys at the annual dinner.

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### BIRTHS

To MR. and MRS. STARR EDMONDS, a son. Dec. 30th, 1916.  
To CAPT. and MRS. WM. B. HANNA, a daughter. Mar. 11th, 1917.  
To MR. and MRS. OLAF P. HERTZBERG, a son. Feb. 26th, 1917.  
To MR. and MRS. LYMAN HOWE, a daughter. Feb. 4th, 1917.  
To CAPT. and MRS. K. B. MACLAREN, a son. Mar. 19th, 1917.  
To MR. and MRS. JOHN STRACHAN, JR., a son. Mar. 5th, 1917.  
To MR. and MRS. EDWARD M. WRONG, a son. Feb. 3rd, 1917.

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### MARRIAGES

HAMILTON, LIEUT. FRANK C., to Miss Audrey Leishman, of Toronto, Ont., on Jan. 6th, 1917.

LENNARD, H. GRAHAM, to Miss May G. M. Gemmell, of Clifton, Ont., in Jan., 1917.

McLAUGHLIN, DONALD, to Miss Jean Wilkins, of Red Bluff, Cal., on Feb. 14th, 1917.

WINSTANLEY, EDWARD, to Miss Genevieve Newbury, of San Bernardino, Cal., on Dec. 15th, 1916.

## OBITUARY

HARVEY TAYLOR BEECROFT was born on September 21st, 1892. He attended St. Andrew's College in 1912-1913, matriculating at the University of Toronto in June, 1913. In the autumn of 1912 he played on the back division of the First Football Team. After leaving College he went to the University of Alberta. In September, 1915, he joined the third University Co. (reinforcements to the Princess Patricias). Later he obtained his commission and was transferred to the Machine Gun Section, and subsequently he joined the Artillery. In September, 1916, he was killed in action. He was a popular boy at school and earned the esteem of Masters and boys, because of his uniform unselfishness and quiet courtesy.

LORNE EMERSON CUNNINGHAM was born on Jan. 4th, 1891, and was the son of Dr. E. Cunningham of Parry Sound. He attended the Lower School for one year, leaving in Dec., 1901. He went overseas in August, 1915, and was drafted into the 13th Royal Canadian Highlanders of Montreal. On June 13th, 1916, he was reported missing by his own Battalion at the taking of Mount Sorel. However, he was picked up and buried by the 15th Battalion, one of whose stretcher bearers recognized him and wrote to inform his father. We remember Cunningham in his early schooldays as a lovable little chap.

GREGORY VINCENT NELSON was born in Toronto on April 23rd, 1895. He entered St. Andrew's College in the autumn of 1908 and left to enter business in June, 1911. His interest in athletics was always keen, both in school and in later days. He became an expert goalkeeper. In his work after leaving school, Nelson had attained unusual success for one of his age. In the spring of 1915 he joined the 83rd Battalion, and qualified for his commission at the Niagara Camp the same summer. Shortly afterwards he went over to England in charge of a draft. After further training at Shorncliffe he was appointed to the 18th Battalion, with which unit he saw heavy service. He received his captaincy on the field and soon afterwards was appointed acting-major at the early age of twenty-one. "His bravery and dash in action did much to win his rapid promotion." On March 5th, 1917, a cable was received announcing his death in action in the offensive on the Ancre. He will long be remembered with affec-



tion by those who knew him as boy and man, and the news of his death will mean real sorrow for many of his school friends.

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### MILITARY DISTINCTIONS RECENTLY WON

No particulars have been received by us as to how LIEUT. "CUBBY" COATSWORTH got his Cross. The explanation is probably to be found in a letter written by a member of his Company, who writes: "The Judge's son is . . . about one of the quietest and most modest fellows that I have ever known. He does things and never says anything about it. For instance, he had a party out for twenty-two hours after the battle of Courcelette getting out the wounded, under shell-fire. He never said anything about it, but the general sent a letter to his battalion, thanking the officers and men for their services. That's the sort of man the Judge's son is and the boys think the world of him."

CAPTAIN DONALD T. FRASER also won the Military Cross for carrying off wounded during the battle of the Somme. We did not know of this award in time for last issue.

FLIGHT LIEUT. MURRAY GALBRAITH was awarded a Bar to his D.S. Cross in February for conspicuous gallantry. "On Nov. 23, 1916, he attacked single-handed a formation of six hostile air craft, no other allied machines being near. One hostile machine was shot down, a second was driven down, under control, and the remaining four machines then gave up the fight and landed. In several other combats in the air Flight Lieut. Galbraith has displayed exceptional gallantry, particularly on Nov. 10 and 16, 1916, on each of which days he successfully engaged and shot down an enemy machine." (*The Weekly Times*, Feb. 23.)

LIEUT. CHARLES S. L. HERTZBERG, whose older brother, Major H. F. H. Hertzberg, won the Military Cross last year, has been awarded the same distinction "for digging trenches under heavy fire and establishing a strong point in an exposed flank." He has since been reported "seriously wounded," but we are glad to hear that he is recovering.

LIEUT. ARTHUR T. LOWES gained the Military Cross in December, for gallantry in leading reinforcements across the open, presumably at one of the Somme battles.

Since the publication of the Christmas number of the REVIEW, letters have been received from the following Old Boys :

Alexander, G. P. ; Allen, J. S. ; Angstrom, L. C. ; Beaty, H. ; Beaty, W. T. ; Blackstock, G. ; Blayney, H. ; Boothe, C. H. ; Bowden, H. ; Bryan, F. W. ; Burns, E. A. ; Burns, G. K. ; Campbell, E. ; Carlyle, D. B. ; Cassels, G. ; Caverhill, E. A. ; Chesnut, E. F. ; Clark, R. C. ; Clarke, E. K. ; Clarke, N. D. ; Clerk, B. M. ; Cockburn, G. A. ; Coatsworth, C. P. ; Collins, F. H. ; Corbould, C. B. ; Copeland, R. C. ; Cotton, J. D. ; Cotton, C. D. ; Coulthard, K. B. ; Cousins, G. A. ; Crowe, H. L. ; Darrock, J. C. ; Dack, J. O. ; Dimock, J. E. ; Dimock, G. F. ; Donald, H. H. ; Doolittle, G. W. ; Douglas, T. S. ; Douglas, J. G. ; Duncan, J. M. ; Ferguson, J. A. ; Firstbrook, H. M. ; Foster, F. ; Fraser, D. T. ; Forgie, J. M. ; Frith, E. V. ; Galbraith, M. G. ; Garratt, P. C. ; Gooch, F. J. ; Gooderham, M. S. ; Grant, E. M. ; Grant, G. W. ; Grant, R. H. ; Hammond, J. ; Hanlan, E. G. ; Hanna, W. B. ; Harrison, W. L. ; Hardie, W. E. G. ; Hayes, F. B. ; Haywood, A. P. ; Hertzberg, H. F. H. ; Hertzberg, O. P. ; Hertzberg, C. S. L. ; Hodgson, D. E. ; Jenkins, W. S. ; Johnston, K. B. ; Junkin, R. L. ; Kelly, C. ; Kemp, C. A. ; Kent, H. ; Ker, A. W. W. ; Knighton, G. G. ; Leishman, W. H. ; Leishman, G. C. ; Leishman, R. C. ; Lightbourn, A. H. ; Lindsay, A. B. ; Lazier, T. H. ; Lockhart, J. ; Lowes, A. T. ; Loudon, L. B. W. ; Lytle, W. H. ; Lowndes, R. H. M. ; McGillivray, D. ; McFarlane, R. W. ; McKenzie, K. G. ; McKinley, J. F. ; McMurtry, C. A. ; McPherson, W. B. ; McTaggart, G. D. ; Macdonald, F. W. ; MacGillivray, G. L. ; Mackenzie, S. ; MacLaren, Ian ; MacLaren, K. B. ; Macnee, W. K. ; MacNutt, P. T. ; Marsh, P. C. ; Mickleborough, K. F. ; Milligan, F. S. ; Milne, J. K. ; Morton, G. ; Mitchell, R. C. ; Montgomery, L. C. ; Morphe, J. A. ; Munro, F. ; Newman, M. F. ; Page, F. ; Parsons, M. J. ; Paterson, G. O. ; Pedley, J. ; Porter, R. M. ; Rice, H. F. ; Rice, S. G. ; Riches, S. ; Risteen, G. N. ; Rolph, G. ; Ross, D. ; Ross, G. ; Ross, M. ; Rutter, G. W. ; Slatter, A. A. ; Shiriff, Q. S. ; Skidmore, J. P. ; Smith, A. H. F. ; Snelgrove, J. C. ; Stavert, R. E. ; Stephen, J. F. ; Stonehouse, C. E. ; Sutherland, W. E. ; Swan, W. E. ; Taylor, A. E. ; Thompson, E. S. ; Thompson, F. H. ; Tudball, T. B. D. ; Waterous, C. L. ; Wallace, H. ; Wemyss, R. ; West, R. ; Whitaker, R. B. ; Whitaker, E. G. ; Whitaker, G. E. ; Wilkes, F. H. ; Wilson, J. T.



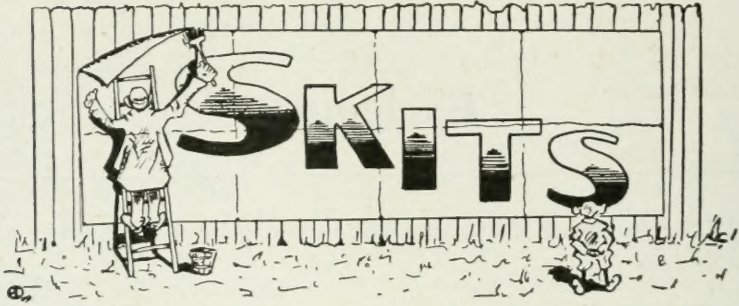
## Exchanges

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The following exchanges have been received since the first of the year :

*The Briar Cliff Spectator* (The Holbrook School, Ossining, N.Y.) ; *The Elevator* (Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.) ; *Red and White* (Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.) ; *Lake Lodge Record* (Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, Ont.) ; *The Cherry and White* (Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Pa.) ; *The Collegiate* (Sarnia Collegiate, Sarnia, Ont.) ; *The Ramble* (New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.) ; *Collegiate Outlook* (Collegiate Technical Institute, Moose Jaw, Sask.) ; *The Vox Lycei* (Hamilton Collegiate Lyceum, Hamilton, Ont.) ; *Western Canada College Review* (Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.) ; *The Record* (North High School, Worcester, Mass.) ; *Acta Ridleiana* (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.) ; *The University Monthly* (The University of Toronto Alumni Association) ; *The Chronicle* (Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.) ; *The Ashburian* (Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.) ; *Trinity College School Record* (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.) ; *The Schoolman* (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.) ; *The Observation Post* (67th University Battery, Toronto) ; *Acadia Athenæum* (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.) ; *The Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville) ; *The Carlisle Arrow* (Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.) ; *The College Times* (Upper Canada College, Toronto).

B. W. EMMERSON.



Absolute knowledge I have none,  
 But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Tell a housemaid on College street,  
 That he had a brother who had a friend  
 Who knew when the war was going to end.

Mr. Laidlaw : "Say, Holliday, take your feet down so I can see the rest of the class."

Childs (in 1920) : "We do all our cooking by electricity here."

Customer : "Take this egg out and give it another shock."

"Why do they call the baby 'Bill'?"

"He was born on the first of the month."—*Ex.*

Emmerson : "Say, have you got a minute to spare?"

Moseley : "Sure."

Emmerson : "Tell me all you know then."

Mr. D. : "What's wind?"

Thompson : "Air in a hurry."

Mr. Findlay : "Now, how would you punctuate this sentence, 'Miss Gray went down the street'?"

Voice from rear : "I would make a dash after Miss Gray, sir."



# St. Andrew's College

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Albert E. Gooderham, Esq., Jr.

Dr. Macdonald : "If this rule is not adhered to I shall have to reach an understanding with the boys through the seats of their trousers."

Beath : "What is the matter with Turnbull ?"

McLeod : "Why ?"

Beath : "He is so different from the rest of the girls."

Harlan : "Did you ever see a ripple ?"

Doug : "Yep."

Harlan : "What makes them ?"

Doug : "A fish coming up for air."

Bud : "I just saw Warburton in the hall winding up his estate."

Tommy : "His estate ?"

Bud : "Sure, a dollar watch."

Rendell : "Say, do you know that girl about half-way up the car ?"

Lightbourne : "Yes."

Rendell : "Introduce me, eh ?"

Lightbourne : "Wait until she pays her fare."

The dainty vision stood at bay !

A brutal ruffian barred the way.

He paused with evil look to gloat

Upon the jewels at her throat.

He was—his task he could not shirk !—

A customs officer at work.—*Ex.*

Maid : "Any complaints about the soup ?"

Pollock : "Yes, they forgot to take the collar off the dog."

Mr. Fleming (drawing two parallel lines on the blackboard)  
—"What relation are these two lines to one another ?"

Sixth Former : "Twins."

Policeman—"What are you standing here for ?"

Loafer—"Nuffink."

Policeman : "Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place, how would the rest get by ?"—*Ex.*



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MacIntosh : "Why do Scotchmen wear kilts ?"

Earl : "Because their feet are too big to put through a pair of trousers."

Master : "Use 'notwithstanding' in a sentence."

Fourth Former : "My brother wore his trousers out, but not with standing."



Spring Poet Receiving Inspiration

Mr. Magee : "What are you doing standing around here ?"

Thompson : "Waiting for enough ambition to stand upstairs."

Mr. M. : "Oh ! come now, we can't have the school standing all over the house."



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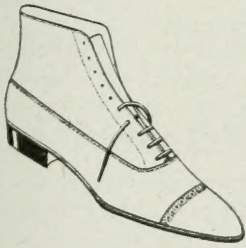
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OPEN EVENINGS

Beath (at table) : "J'ai fini."

Maid : "There aren't any more."

Wright (at rink) : "They shouldn't charge me \$3.50 for a season ticket, I'm just a little fellow."

Ross : "And you don't cut much ice either."

A. : "Who was the first man mentioned in the Bible ?"

B. : "Chap. 1."

"Casey," said Pat, "how do yez tell the age of a turkey ?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth," said Casey.

"By the teeth !" exclaimed Pat. "But a turkey has no teeth."

"No," admitted Casey, "but Oi have."—*Ex.*

"Aren't you afraid of the ocean wild ?"

Asked the bather by her side.

"Oh, no !" she answered, "don't you see,

I know the ocean's tide."—*Ex.*

Fourth Former : "Louis the Sixth was gelatined during the French revolution."

"You've broken your arm."

"You are right."

"Meet with an accident ?"

"No, broke it trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott, what for ?"

"Minding my own business."

McLaughlin : "Did you ever see a smile on the mouth of a river ?"

Harris : "No, but I've seen the mussels in an arm of the sea."

Learned in the Lab. : "Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

Girl : "Say, how would you like to take me to dinner ?"

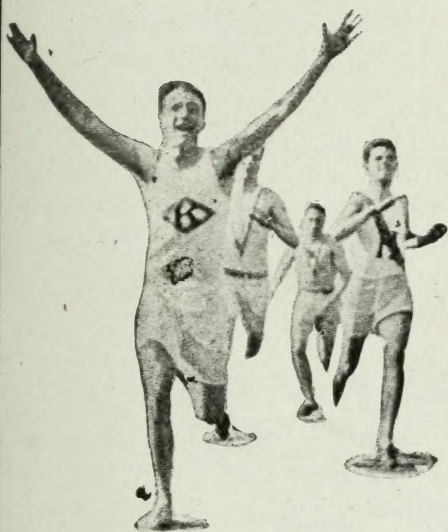
Larkin : "Sure, any time you like."

Girl : "How about to-night ?"

Larkin : "Alright, let's go to your house, eh ?"



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Bobbie ran into the sewing room and cried : "Oh ! mamma, there's a man in the nursery kissing my nurse."

Mamma dropped her sewing and made a rush for the stairway.

"April fool," cried Bobby, gleefully, "it's only papa."—*Ex.*

The next subject to be debated on at the weekly meeting of the New Boys' embroidery club will be the question : "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down ?"

Warburton : "Loriente and I were playing the dead march in Saul this morning."

Smith : "I've never been there, what's it like ?"



A Bantam

(By Findley)

Graves were being dug for some Germans.

"Pitch 'em in," orders the English officer.

Then a German, who had been feigning death, sat up and said, "I'm not dead."

"Aw, put 'im in any'ow," says Tommy. "you never can believe what these darned Germans say."



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Mr. Findlay : "Each mistake counts off ten."

Lightbourne (looking at paper) : "Wow ! I owe the company."

Being told to write a brief essay on "The Mule," young Gregory compiled the following : "The mewl is a hardier bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Napoleon was buried in Hotel des Invalides in Paris."

Shewan : "Sir, why was he buried in a hotel ?"

Voice from rear : "A case of crossing the bar, I guess."

Skeaff : "Did you ever see a mosquito weep ?"

Carrick : "No, but I've seen a moth-ball."

Passenger : "How far are we from land ?"

Captain : "About a mile."

Passenger : "A mile ? Why I can't see it."

Captain : "No, the water's too deep."

Paul : "How old were you when you began to shave ?"

Doug : "Oh, just a little shaver."

Fleming and Pollock (arguing about their strength).

Fleming : "Before breakfast every morning I used to get a bucket and pull up ninety gallons of water from our well."

Pollock : "That's nothing. Every morning I used to get a boat and pull up the river."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Were you laughing at me ?"

Calvert II. : "I couldn't help it, sir."

The car went off the track. The conductor swore. "How dare you swear before my wife ?" exclaimed a man.

"I didn't know she wanted to swear first," came the reply.

Mr. Findlay : "Why are you late, McCarter ?"

McCarter : "I didn't hear the bell."

Mr. Findlay : "How did you happen to come into class at all ?"

McCarter : "By instinct, sir."



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Wiser : "May I go down town with you ?"

Thompson : "How did you know that I had any money ?"

Fond Father : "My son is taking Algebra this term, is he not ?"

Master : "He has been exposed to Algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."—*Ex.*

Master : "What are confetti, Holliday ?"

Holliday (brightly) : "An Italian dish."

Pollock : "I intend to marry a girl who is my direct opposite."

Richardson : "You'd better be getting busy, there aren't many wise, intelligent girls left nowadays."

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot

To talk ere the tot could totter,

Ought the Hottentot tot

To be taught to say "aught"

Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her ?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot

Is taught by a Hottentot tooter,

Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor ?—*Ex.*

"My wife is like George Washington : I don't believe she could tell a lie to save her life !"

"You're lucky ! Mine can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth."

Old Sailor : "Yes, miss, we have some ships around here that can steam twenty knots an hour."

Girl : "Do they steam the knots so the sailors can untie them more easily ?"—*Ex.*



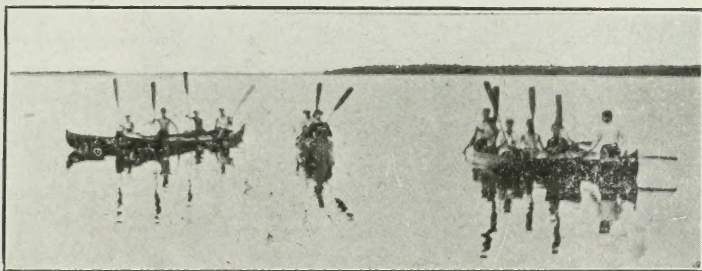


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Lower School Kid to Emmerson : "What model is Mr. Chapman's car ?"

Emmerson (who has had experience with it) : "It isn't a model of anything. It's a horrible example."

Cadet Officer : "What that platoon needs is life."

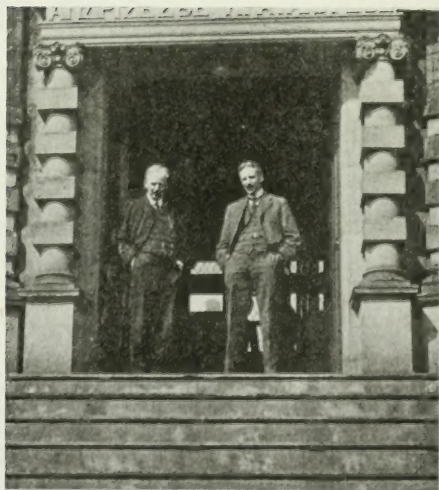
Curry : "Aw no, thirty days is enough."

Excited Lad : "Heavens, while mama was sleeping, the baby licked off all the paint."

Father : "Off a toy ?"

Excited Lad : "No, off mama."

JOE TAYLOR.



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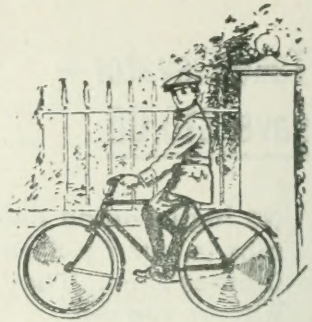
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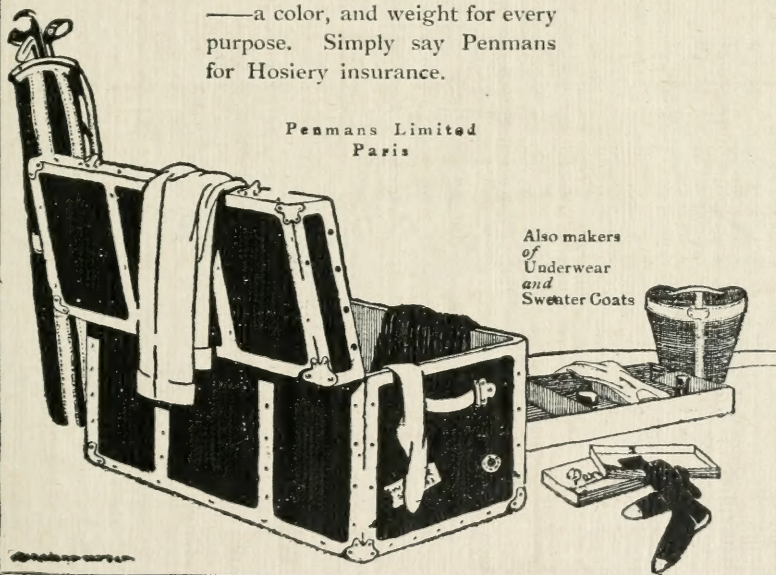


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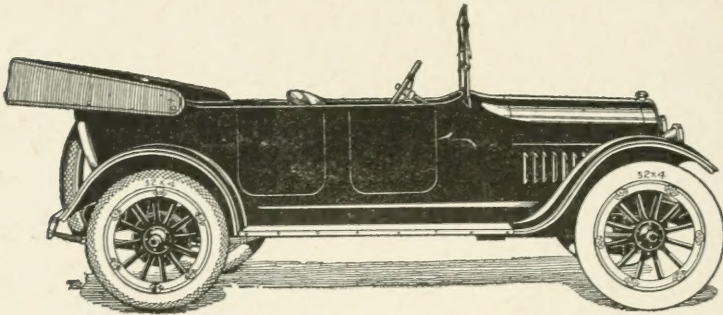
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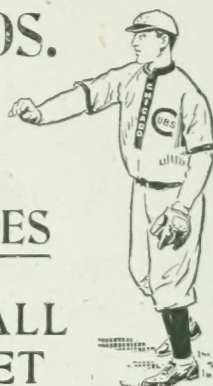
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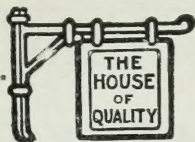
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Summer, 1917

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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Summer, 1917

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# St. Andrew's College Review

Summer, 1917

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## Editorial

IT has been a short term and a busy one. Out-door activities and the near approach of examinations are not conducive to literary effort, and the task of the editors to produce a worthy number of the School magazine is made more difficult. We trust that the contents of this, the final issue under the present management, will be found deserving of the welcome and approval which, for our past efforts, the Old Boys at least have been generous in expressing.

---

THE approach of the long vacation is an occasion for mingled feelings of regret and relief. From those who are returning next year, of course, emotions other than those of joyful anticipation at the prospect of the summer holidays are hardly to be expected. But for those others who are finally passing out from our midst, the breaking off of school-life, with all its good-fellowship and care-free, though often monotonous routine, is an experience which in these grave days, when boys are so quickly called upon to face the responsibilities of manhood, will in many cases be touched, at least in retrospect, with sadness. As letters from Old Boys show, it is often those who, in their day, chafed most against the restraints and discipline of school life, who look back with most regret and envy to the time when they were boys at St. Andrew's.

---

WE again publish in this issue a list, as complete as we have been able to make it, of S.A.C. Old Boys serving or having served with the Colours. Letters from the Front have repeatedly shown that the Honour Roll has been of great service in enabling old friends to learn of each other's whereabouts. Moreover, while we are well aware that the passing of a Conscription Act, if it should come, will make no difference in the percentage of enlistments of St. Andrew's Old Boys, still, the present Honour Roll, as it may be the last of its kind under present conditions, possesses an interest of its own, and we regret that there are perhaps omissions and errors still to be found in it. The accompanying portraits are those which have been sent to us since the Easter number.

## THE HONOUR ROLL\*

## KILLED IN ACTION.

ANDREWS, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in France, March 16th, 1915.
BEECROFT, H. T.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Sept., 1916.
BELL, A. L.	Lieut.	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
BELL, TREVOR S.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Sept. 14th, 1916.
BLAKE, G. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 23rd, 1916.
BROUGHALL, DERIC	Pte.	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
BROWN, B. B.	Pte.	Killed in action, Sept., 1916.
BUSCOMBE, R.	Capt.	Killed in action, June 19th, 1915.
CAMPBELL, G. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, May 20th, 1916.
CUNNINGHAM, L. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action, June 13th, 1916.
DEVLIN, H. S.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Sept. 9th, 1916.
DIVER, F. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Oct., 1916.
EBERTS, M. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action, May 15th, 1917.
GLOVER, J. D.	Capt.	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
GRAHAM, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action, May, 1917.
HERALD, R. A.	Pte.	Killed in action, April 22nd, 1915.
KAPPELE, E. R.	Lieut.	Killed in action, April, 1917.
KNIGHTON, GERALD G.	Major	Died from wounds, May, 1917.
MALONE, M. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action, June 3rd, 1916.
MASSON, R. GEOFFREY.	Lieut.	Killed in action, June, 1917.
MUNRO, W. M.	Flight Lt.	Killed in action, May 8th, 1917.
NATION, G. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 25th, 1916.
NELSON, G. V.	Major	Killed in action, March 5th, 1917.
OLIVER, ALLAN.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Nov. 24th, 1916.
RAND, E. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action, May 4th, 1917.
ROGERS, CLARENCE.	Sub. Lieut.	Killed in action, June 18th, 1916.
SNOW, G. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action, Oct., 1916.
TAYLOR, J. S.	Pte.	Killed in action, Oct., 1916.
WALLACE, H. D. M.	Flight Lieut.	Killed in action, June, 1917.
WILLIAMS, W. D.	Pte.	Killed in action, June 2nd, 1916.
WILSON, J. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, April 11th, 1917.
WINTER, E. R.	Pte.	Killed in action, July 1st, 1916.
WRONG, H. V.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 28th, 1916.

## DIED ON SERVICE.

CHESNUT, A. W.	Pte.	Died from pneumonia, Sept 6th, 1916.
GREER, WARD C.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed, July, 1915.
HYDE, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915.
KAPPELE, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidentally shot, July, 1915.
LOCKHART, N. B.	Pte.	Died Mar. 24th, 1915, Meningitis contracted in Camp.

## WOUNDED.

ALLEN, J. STUART.	Lieut.	April 20th, 1916.
ANDERSON, W. S.		Oct., 1915.

\*For full list of Old Boys on Service see p 72.



ANGSTROM, L. C.....	Sub. Lieut...	June 21st, 1916.	
AULD, J. C.....	Lieut.....	May 4th, 1916.	
BLACK, S. C.....	Sergt.....	June, 1916.	
BLACKSTOCK, G.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 19th, 1916.	
BROWN, B. B.....	Pte.....	May 1st, 1916.	Killed in action, Sept., 1916.
BROWN, R. A.....	Lieut.....	June 4th, 1916.	
BURNS, E. A.....	Lieut.....	April 5th, 1917.	
BURNS, M. C.....		June 17th, 1916.	
BURTON, R. B. S.....	Capt.....	April 22nd, 1915.	
CAMERON, J. H.....		April 7th, 1916.	
CHASE, G. A.....	Sergt.....	June 13th, 1916.	
CHESNUT, E. F.....	Corp.....	Jan 5th, 1916.	
CHESNUT, A. W.....	Pte.....	July 12th, 1916.	Died Sept. 6th, 1916.
CLARK, C. T.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 7th, 1916.	
CLARKE, A. R. S.....	*	June, 1915.	
COCKBURN, G. A. R.....		Oct. 20th, 1916.	
COPELAND, R. G.....		April, 1917.	
CORBOULD, C. B.....	Lieut.....	July 1st, 1916.	
CORSAN, T. W.....	Corp.....	June 16th, 1915.	
COTTON, C. D.....	Lieut.....	April 19th, 1917.	
COTTON, J. D.....	Capt.....	June 7th, 1915.	
COULTHARD, J. K. B.....		July 31st, 1916.	
CROMBIE, V. R. A.....		Aug., 1916, and Sept. 21st, 1916.	
CRUICKSHANK, W. J.....		Oct. 18th, 1916.	
DAVISON, E. S.....	Lieut.....	June, 1916.	
DAVISON, J. A.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 4th, 1916.	
DEBECK, G. V.....	Pte.....	Nov. 25th, 1916.	
DINEEN, G. G.....	Lieut.....	July 19th, 1916.	
DIMOCK, G. F.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 25th, 1916.	
DOHERTY, H. J.....		June 27th, 1916.	
DOUGLAS, J. G.....		Oct. 19th, 1916.	
DYMENT, T. I.....		Feb. 14th, 1916, and April 25th, 1916.	
FERGUSON, N. C.....	Lieut.....	June 26th, 1916.	
FINDLEY, T. I.....	Lieut.....	July 31st, 1916.	
FOLLETT, A. H.....	Lieut.....	June 29th, 1916.	
GILLIES, A. R.....		June 3rd, 1916.	
GILLIES, C. C.....		Oct. 16th, 1916.	
GARRATT, P. C.....	Pilot.....	Nov. 17th, 1916.	
GRAHAM, D. W.....		Nov. 1st, 1916.	
GRANT, W. L.....	Major.....	Aug. 13th, 1916.	
GRIER, C. B.....	Lieut.....	June, 1916.	Shell Shock.
HANLON, E. G.....	Flight Lt...	May 11th, 1917.	
HANNA, W. N.....	Lieut.....	July 31st, 1916.	
HARDIE, J. M. O.....		Oct. 21st, 1916.	
HARDIE, W. E. G.....		Sept. 28th, 1916.	
HASTINGS, J. O.....	Capt.....	June 3rd, 1916.	
HASTINGS, V. J.....	Capt.....	Aug. 1st, 1915.	
HAYWOOD, A. P.....	Sub. Lieut...	May 7th, 1917.	

HENRY, C.....	Lieut.....	June 1st, 1917.	Trench Fever.
HERTZBERG, C. S. L.....	Lieut.....	Jan 21st, 1917.	
HERTZBERG, H. F. H.....	Major.....	April 25th, 1915.	
HERTZBERG, O. P.....	Lieut.....	Feb. 18th, 1916.	
HIGINBOTHAM, H. T.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 11th, 1916.	
HODGSON, DONALD E.....	Gunner.....	May 28th, 1917.	
HUTCHINGS, D. J.....	Corp.....	Sept. 6th, 1916.	
JONES-BATEMAN, J. B.....		June 14th, 1915.	
KELLY, C. H T.....		Sept. 26th, 1916.	
KER, ALAN W. W.....	Capt.....	Sept. 21st, 1916.	
KILMER, C. E.....	Capt.....	July 29th, 1916.	
LASH, G. H. G.....	Pte.....	Sept. 25th, 1916.	
LEISHMAN, G. E.....	Lieut.....	June 13th, 1917.	
LOCKHART, J. W.....	1st Lieut.....	Mar. 6th, 1917.	
LOUDON, L. B. M.....	Capt.....	Oct. 2nd, 1916.	
McAVITY, P. D.....	Major.....	Oct., 1916.	
MCGILLIVRAY, DONALD.....	Lieut.....	May 7th, 1917.	In Hospital, Bronchitis.
McLENNAN, A. R.....		June 9th, 1915.	
McMURTY, C. A.....	Lieut.....	Aug., 1916.	Remained on duty.
McPHERSON, G. B.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 12th, 1916.	
McQUEEN, H. M.....		Oct. 19th, 1916.	
McTAGGART, W. B.....	Major.....	Oct. 15th, 1915, and Oct. 16th, 1916.	
MacKEEN, H. P.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 1st, 1916.	
MACPHERSON, C.....	Corp.....	May 16th, 1916.	Mar. 8th, 1917, seriously ill.
MASSEY, R.....	Lieut.....	May 20th, 1916.	
MATHESON, W. D.....	Lieut.....	April, 1917.	
MICKLEBOROUGH, K. G.....	Capt.....	April, 1917.	Gassed and wounded.
MILLS, L. G.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 21st, 1916.	
MONTGOMERY, A. R.....	Sergt.....	Nov. 20th, 1916.	
MONTGOMERY, L. C.....	Lieut.....	Dec. 20th, 1916.	May 7th, 1917, wounded.
MORTIMER, V. S.....	Pte.....	April 10th, 1917.	
MORTON, R. O. G.....	Lieut.....	May 7th, 1917	Reported ill.
MULLIGAN, W. R.....		June 8th, 1915.	
MUNN, R. S. E.....		July 15th, 1916.	
MUNRO, H. E.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 21st, 1916.	
NEWMAN, H. F.....	Lieut.....	April 17th, 1917.	
NICOL, H. L.....	Sergt.....	June 8th, 1915.	
NORRIS, C. E.....	Staff-Sergt..	Mar. 7th, 1916.	
O'BRIAN, G. L.....	Sapper.....	July, 1916.	
RAMSDEN, J. C.....	Pte.....	May 3rd, 1917.	
RAND, E. A.....	Lieut.....	June 3rd, 1916.	
ROLPH, F. G.....	Lieut.....	Jan. 24th, 1917, and April 9th, 1917.	
RUTTER, G. W.....	Lieut.....	June 6th, 1916.	
SINCLAIR, ALEX.....	Capt.....	June 6th, 1916.	
SKEAD, ERIC.....	Lieut.....	June 3rd, 1916.	Is prisoner in Germany.
SKIDMORE, J. P.....	Lieut.....	April 25th, 1915.	
SNELGROVE, J. C.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 25th, 1916.	



STAVERT, R. E.....	Lieut.....	
STONE, R.....	Lieut.....	June 22nd, 1916.
STONEHOUSE, C. E.....	L.-Corp.....	Aug. 30th, 1916.
STOVEL, E. F.....	Lieut.....	(?). Shell shock.
STRAITH, J. L.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 19th, 1916.
SUTHERLAND, E.....		April 21st, 1916.
SYKES, H. H.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 21st, 1916.
TAYLOR, J. S.....		Mar. 6th, 1916. Killed in action Oct., 1916.
THOMPSON, F. H.....		Summer, 1916. Infantile paralysis.
VERNER, W. S.....		June 26th, 1916.
WALLACE, C.....		May 6th, 1915.
WEBBER, R. S. C.....		June 8th, 1917.
WEST, G. H.....		Sept. 30th, 1916.
WHITAKER, E. G.....	Gunner.....	Nov. 27th, 1916.
WHITAKER, G. E.....	Gunner.....	June 9th, 1917.
WILSON, A. C. H.....		April 20th, 1915, and June 19th, 1916.
WRIGHT, H. R. L.....	Lieut.....	July 21st, 1916.

## PRISONERS AND MISSING.

ALLAN, D. G.....	Lieut.....	Ypres, April 25th, 1915. Prisoner in Germany.
BATH, E. O.....	Lieut.....	Ypres, April 25th, 1915. Prisoner in Germany.
BOYD, J. E.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 5th, 1915. Interned in Holland.
BURK, GERRIE.....	Pte.....	Ypres, May 12th, 1915. Prisoner in Germany. Escaped Aug., 1916.
CHASE, D. B.....	Pte.....	Zillibeke, June 2nd, 1916. Prisoner in Germany.
COTTON, H. H.....	Lieut.....	June 5, 1916. Missing.
MACDONALD, F. W.....	Lieut.....	April 25th, 1915. Prisoner in Germany.
MACDONNELL, H. W.....	Lieut.....	Zillibeke, June 2nd, 1916. Prisoner in Germany.
SKEAD, E. S.....	Lieut.....	June, 1916. Prisoner in Germany.

## D. S. O.

KILMER, CHARLES E.....	Capt.....	Aug. 21st, 1916.
LEISHMAN, W. H.....	Lieut.....	Dec., 1916.

## D. S. C.

GALBRAITH, MURRAY....	Sub. Lieut...	Nov., 1916. (Bar to D.S.C. Jan., 1917.)
-----------------------	---------------	---

## MILITARY CROSS.

ALLEN, ERNEST M.....	Lieut.....	May 23rd, 1916.
AULD, JAMES C.....	Lieut.....	Jun 13th, 1916. (2nd Clasp to Medal Oct. 18th, 1916.)
BROWN, R. A.....	Lieut.....	May, 1917.
CASSELS, G. T.....	Lieut.....	October, 1916.

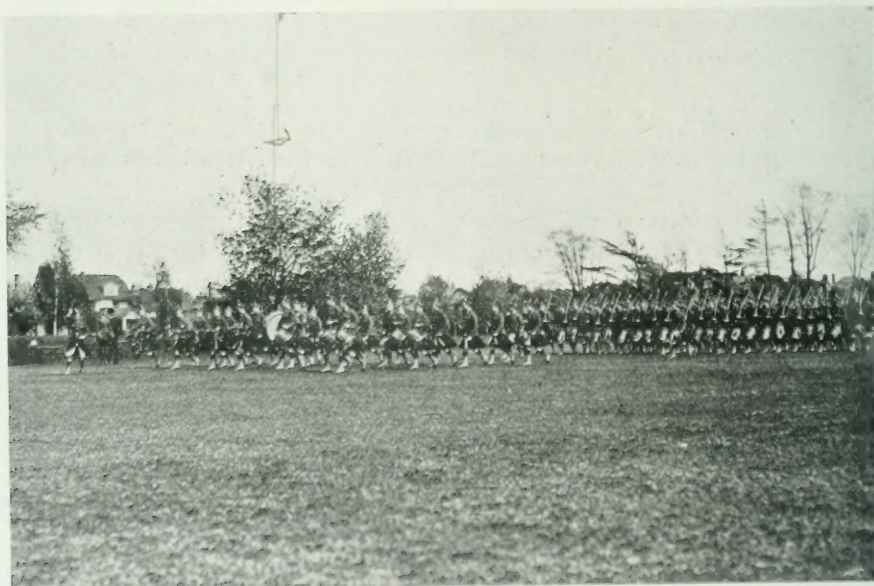
COATSWORTH, C. P.....	Lieut.....	Jan. 2nd, 1916.
FISKEN, S. F.....	Lieut.....	Sept. 25th, 1916.
FRASER, D. T.....	Capt.....	Jan. 1st, 1917.
HARRIS, H. K.....	Capt.....	April, 1917.
HASTINGS, V. J.....	Capt.....	Aug. 8th, 1916.
HERTZBERG, C. S. L.....	Lieut.....	Jan. 11th, 1917.
HERTZBERG, H. F. H.....	Major.....	Nov., 1915.
JUNKIN, R. L.....	Lieut.....	Nov. 16th, 1916.
KAY, JACK.....	Lieut.....	May, 1917.
LOWES, A. T.....	Lieut.....	Dec. 21st, 1916.
MACDONNELL, J. M.....	Capt.....	June 5th, 1917.
MCCLINTON, W. S.....	Lieut.....	Nov., 1916.
MATHESON, W. D.....	Lieut.....	April, 1917.
OLIVER, ALLAN.....	Lieut.....	Nov., 1916.
SYKES, H.....	Lieut.....	Nov., 1916.
WILSON, J. H.....	Lieut.....	Nov., 1916.

## MILITARY MEDAL.

CHASE, G. A.....	Sergt.....	Oct. 27th, 1916.
LENNARD, HARRY G.....	Lieut.....	Oct. 12th, 1916.
MONTGOMERY, J. A.....		April 19th, 1917.

## CROIX DE GUERRE.

GALBRAITH, MURRAY....	Sub. Lieut...	Nov., 1916.
-----------------------	---------------	-------------



"Marching along, steady and strong"  
(Inspection of Cadet-corps)





MAJOR G. G. KNIGHTON  
9th Oxford Bucks, L.I.  
S.A.C. 1910-1913  
Died of wounds, May 15th, 1917



LIEUT. J. H. WILSON  
102nd Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1910  
Killed in action, April 11th, 1917



FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. E. WATSON  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1915-1916



LIEUT. H. G. LENNARD  
S.A.C. 1908-1910



LIEUT. T. ST. C. DOUGLAS  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1913-1915



SERGT. M. G. BEATH  
227th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1912-1913



SERGT. W. A. DONALDSON  
188th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1913-1914



SIGNALLER T. H. LAZIER  
52nd Battery  
S.A.C. 1913-1914





LIEUT. R. A. LOCKPART  
69th Battery  
S.A.C. 1908-1912



GUNNER K. B. JOHNSTON  
66th Battery, C.F.A.  
S.A.C. 1910-1914



PTE. G. K. BURNS  
Cyclist Corps  
S.A.C. 1913-1914

## DOMINION DAY, 1917

## FIFTY YEARS OF CONFEDERATION

## I.

Whose land is this ? Whose sons are they  
 Whom France and Flanders to the world display ?  
 Whose the far voices that would wake to praise  
 The garner'd harvest of long distant days ?  
 Oceans unbounded on that country roll,  
 Boundless its prairies to the frozen pole ;  
 Mountains and fertile fields proclaim  
 A home of freedom and a nurse of fame ;  
 Founded in faith, a feeble federation  
 Time-tried, war-worn, stands forth—a nation.

## II.

What though oblivion shrouds the sway  
 Of the fierce Iroquois and Ojibway,  
 Freedom we know was all their pride,  
 And for themselves, not for a chief they died.  
 Brant and Tecumseh, shades of ancient might,  
 This was your land and freedom your delight !

## III.

Vanquished and vanished like the morning mist,  
 Could Nature's children Europe's might resist ?  
 Another scene, new actors rise to view,  
 Old France appears renascent in the New.  
 Priests, soldiers, traders, jostle on the stage,  
 And conquest's bloody story fills the page.  
 Lord of Quebec, behold Champlain  
 And his proud dreams to rival Spain ;  
 League after league La Salle explores  
 The Mississippi to the great gulf's shores ;  
 Soon noble martyrs sow in death the seeds  
 Of faith and freedom, and all gentle deeds ;  
 And pious peasants come from France to till  
 The fields that know them and their children still ;  
 Laval and Frontenac arrest the gaze ;  
 And Montcalm once again arrays  
 All that is left of power, to meet  
 With all the pride of France, a last defeat.



## IV.

Whose land is this ? From Britain's shore  
A victor fleet is wafted o'er ;  
One shaft proclaims with blended pride  
Victor and vanquished fell and died.  
Montcalm and Wolfe ! immortal fame  
Plucks from the tomb each glorious name.  
Lo ! the fair freedom of her conquered fate  
Has turned to love New France's hate.

## V.

And this fair land is theirs who came  
Because they loved the British name ;  
United, loyal, steeled by strife,  
Proudly they chose the exile's life.  
Not less she is the land of all  
Those pioneers who heard her call ;  
Of mingled race, of high or humble birth,  
They spring like giants from their mother earth.  
Nature transplanted yields more generous seed,  
And still the lion's nature shows his breed.

## VI.

Whose land is this ? On Queenston Heights  
An infant people guard their rights.  
Whose land is this ? At Chateauguay,  
Lo ! France's children bar the way.  
Land of the fleur-de-lis and pine,  
Unnumbered nameless dead are thine ;  
Living and dead unite to praise  
Their hero offspring in these tragic days.  
And all who love this land may say  
We hold a dearer Canada to-day.

## VII.

Whose land is this ? 'Tis yours, 'tis mine,  
O make it ours by right divine,  
By honest toil, by righteous laws,  
By prompt defense of honour's cause,  
By justice for the poor man sown,  
By corn for hungering millions grown,

By freedom fenced from every foe,  
Freedom to strike the freeman's blow.  
Father of all and Lord of life,  
Judge of the nations, silence strife.

P. J. R.



The Junior Cadets



## RUSSIA THE LAND OF THE FUTURE

**M**ANY people regard Russia as the coming race, the nation that will regenerate Europe and the world from the evil of over-civilization. It is true that the Russians may be behind us in many respects, but perhaps that is an advantage, for they may start afresh.

When the Revolution came, this idea already tended to take shape. Political thinkers went further there than in any other country. The spirit of revolt against tyranny, which in other lands found its ideal in dreams of a republic or a constitutional monarchy, in Russia took the form of communism and nihilism. Those masses who in the blackness of slavery had vision of new worlds, generous, human and free, are to-day in power, and who knows if they will not try to make their dreams come true? Who knows if after the chaos and disorder that follows every revolution, there will not emerge a new world, that will throw into the waste-box many venerable axioms, many outworn ideals? Who knows if the Russian upheaval will not be such another landmark in the world's history as the French Revolution?

It caused surprise that such an apparently powerful and secure government, which withstood revolt so long, should be suddenly uprooted and swept away so completely. But this revolution (like every other one) was only the explosion of forces long pent-up, which in this case found their sudden outlet in the strain of the great war.

Russian autocracy could exist as long as the old system lived, with serfdom and agriculture as base. But during the last century modern capitalism penetrated into Russia, filling her with railroads, manufactures, etc. Serfdom was an obstacle to capitalism, for it took from it the hands necessary to operate industries. The Crimean war proved the inefficiency of the old régime. A revolutionary ferment spread over the country to the great consternation of the aristocracy. Capitalism profited by this, and moving every possible agency, secured the reforms of Alexander II. (freedom of serfs, creation of *zemstvos*). But absolutism was still an impediment to progress. Absolutism defended the interest of the landed aristocracy and of the military and bureaucratic castes. Capitalism, however, was growing at an enormous pace, and the mediæval government under which it lived hindered its

growth by old-fashioned measures tending to the good of the aristocracy. The Russo-Japanese war was the second testing. It proved again the inefficiency of the bureaucracy, army, and everything existing. This set popular indignation to motion. To peaceful manifestations succeeded meetings, riots and then deportations and death sentences "en masse." Finally autocracy had to give way, and in 1905 announced the creation of a Duma. Though at first revolutionary, by dissolutions and modifications of the constitution it became finally a body docile to the Government. But the people, though apparently sleeping, were not so. When the great war came, it revealed for a third time the hopeless incompetence and corruption among the ruling class. The army was left helpless for want of supplies, and in a country of great natural resources the people lacked bread. The divine Czar himself proved to be a mere puppet in the hands of profligates and intriguers, who were ready to sell their country in exchange for gain or privilege. And with a new-found sense of power the nation turned irresistibly on its betrayers.

Of course, when a people is enslaved for centuries and suddenly becomes free, it is intoxicated by liberty and goes to execrable excesses, as in the Reign of Terror, unless they have a Cromwell to enforce order and save democracy. How the Russians will do, it is hard to say, for had the Government a docile army it might keep down revolt. The army, however, being permeated with the same spirit as the people, its support can only be expected if patriotism and a clear conception of national duties prevail. But nihilism and similar ideas are widely spread among the people and for many of them national boundaries have no other meaning than obstacles put by an old-fashioned system to international brotherhood. The recent note of the Russian Government, demanding no annexation, proves this, and is at least an indication that the "democratization of foreign policy," in other countries as well as in Russia, will mean an end to wars of conquest or aggrandisement, and a death blow to "militarism."

What will be the immediate outcome is difficult to say, for truthful lights on the Russian situation are rare. But that a great efficiency in Russia cannot be expected, is certain, at least for some time. If she is able to preserve a democratic Government, stable and unhampered by chaos in the country, Russia's



participation in the making of peace is a hope for those that expect a true one, founded on the people's wishes, not on diplomatic conveniences—which is the only one that could prove lasting.

V. LORIENTE (Form V.)



A Band of Hope  
Matriculating Class (Low. VI.)

## AN EXPERIENCE

ON looking back I sometimes wonder if the experience of which I am about to tell would have the same thrills and terrors for me now as it had at the time it happened.

I was visiting a friend at his camp on Lake Huron. One day toward the end of my stay he had to go into town, and as I did not feel like walking the five miles I decided to go out in the sailboat.

I had been out many times with my friend, who was several years my senior, but this was my first trip alone. I sailed close to the shore for about an hour, but getting tired of that I headed out toward the lake. I was about four miles from shore when the wind dropped, and as I had no oars I had to drift. After an hour or so of this I noticed heavy clouds on the horizon and realized that I was in for a storm. Now, I wasn't one of those heroes out of books who on finding themselves alone on the ship at the approach of a storm immediately furl the sails and make everything taut and ready. So the first thing I did was to get frightened and sit wondering what to do. When the light wind which always precedes a storm began to move the boat, I headed her toward the shore. I was sailing "close-hauled" when the first squall struck me, and heeled the boat over so far that I was afraid she would capsize, and I turned her before the wind, which was blowing off the shore. The fact that I was being blown out into the lake did not tend to ease my alarm, but as I didn't know enough about sailing to make shore I had to let her go. After a while the waves started to get big and I had great trouble trying to steer and to bail out the water that splashed over the sides. Several times I tried to run her toward shore, but each time she heeled over so far that I lost my nerve and turned her back before the wind. After running in this manner for an hour or so with nothing to do but keep her headed straight, I began to get sleepy. Once I was roused from a doze by the boat swinging in the trough of a wave and shipping more cold water than was healthy. This little incident showed me the advisability of staying awake, so that for the rest of the time till I reached land I did not sleep. About midnight the wind dropped, and I managed to reach shore.

The first thing that I did was to unstep the mast and by using it as a roller I succeeded, after much hard work, in getting the boat up out of reach of the waves ; then I lay down behind her and it



was not long before I fell asleep. I was awakened early by the sun shining directly on my face. My first thought was of breakfast, so I climbed a tree to look for some kind of human habitation. On an inlet about a mile and a half farther down the shore I saw a small village, and climbing from the tree I immediately set out for it. It was about eight o'clock when I walked into the village, and what people were astir stared at me as if I was a savage in full war-dress ; and I suppose I looked the part. Presently I came to a store which advertised that McLeod's flour could be bought there. Thinking that I might get a meal here, I went in and introduced myself to the gentleman behind the counter. He was a kindly old Scot by the name of Munro, and when he heard who I was and how I came to be there he immediately asked me if I had had breakfast, and when I told him that I had'nt, he asked me to have it with him. I *thought* that I was hungry until Mrs. Munro set before me a meal of good fried ham and eggs, with toast and coffee, and then I *knew*. During breakfast I told my story and learned that I was in the town of Bayfield, thirty miles from where I had started. After breakfast I telephoned my friends and told them where I was, and that I would be home next day. The remainder of the day I spent at the store with Mr. Munro, who in his youth had been a fisherman out of Aberdeen, and who could certainly tell some great stories of life on the North Sea. I slept that night at Munro's and when I left in the morning Mrs. Munro gave me a fine lunch to take with me, and Mr. Munro gave me an order for a shipment of flour, saying that I could collect a commission on it from Dad, and they both invited me to visit them again.

When I returned to the boat I found that she was in good condition, and after a great deal of work managed to get her afloat. The return trip took much longer than the going, but I arrived safely at the camp about five-thirty that afternoon. Here I had to tell my story again, and received a severe lecture for going so far alone.

Three days later I returned home and had to begin making preparations for school. In conclusion may I add that I received my commission for the sale of the flour, and last summer I spent a most enjoyable week with the Munro's. So my experience ended as they all do, except that the hero didn't get married.

C. S. D. McLEOD

Form Low. VI.

### THE FRESH WATER CLAM AND ITS IMPORTANCE AMONG OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES

WHILE out camping along lakes and rivers, many of us have no doubt noticed some rather curious looking animal forms which we were taught to call clams, but which did not much further interest us. Some of us may not have seen more than empty shells lying about on the banks and may never have wondered where they came from or how they grew. Unfortunately so many of us are blind towards nature and her wonders and so miss much of the joy and delight of living.

These unassuming clams belong to a group of animals known as mollusks, called in biology the branch Mollusca, which includes clams, oysters, scallops, snails, slugs, squids and cuttlefishes. With the general public, however, nearly all common mollusks are either classified as snails or clams.

From our limited observation we have no doubt come to the conclusion that the mollusk is very poorly provided with a means of locomotion. The clams appear to be anchored to one spot, while the snail at its best has become proverbial for its slowness. As a matter of fact the clam is not permanently anchored, but draws itself along by means of a single foot which may sometimes be seen extending from between the two valves, or shells. The furrow seen behind the clam is the track made in ploughing its way through mud or sand. But these are not the only means of locomotion possessed by mollusks. Some can swim, others dart and burrow in the sand or mud, while others can rise out of the water like flying fish. The sea hare, for example, swims gracefully by means of broad side flaps, which act as fins. The razor clam can dart about in the water with great swiftness and can also burrow down into the sand at a remarkable rate. It would probably go down faster for a few feet than you could follow with a shovel. The flying squids, which strange to say also belong to this group of animals, can jump from fifteen to twenty feet clear of the water. The common oyster, however, is free-swimming for only a short period of its early life; when it settles down and becomes permanently attached to some support.

It is interesting to note how nature has provided these soft-bodied animals a means of protection. The name Mollusca, as we recall, comes from the Latin root, "mollis," meaning soft. These soft bodies are great luxuries for many carnivorous animals, and consequently their common protection is the hard shell. The



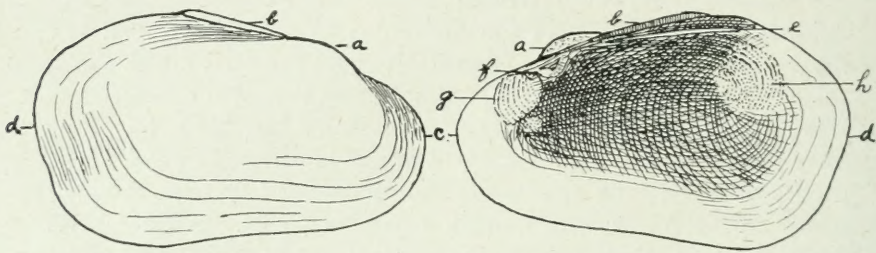
snails have only one shell or valve, and are thus called univalves, while the clams, having two, are called bivalves. It might be mentioned that some mollusks, for example the garden slug, have no shells, so they must assume some other form of protection. This slug uses its head, so to speak, and stays in during the day and goes out on its foraging expeditions under cover of darkness. Besides this means of protection, some mollusks have the power of ejecting a dense inky fluid into the water when they are pursued, and in this way make good their escape,—a method not unlike the smoke cloud used to conceal vessels in the danger zone, whether in the air or on the sea. The genuine India ink, which has no equal, is in fact made from such a mollusk secretion.

Besides these few interesting facts concerning this group of animals, there are others too numerous to mention, and a few more will have to suffice. Historically, as preserved fossils show, this is a very ancient group of animals, and it is also numerous,—there being about 60,000 species in all. Mankind has long interested himself in these lowly animals in different ways. The people of Tyre, long ago, made the far-famed "Tyrean Purple" from marine forms which much resemble snails. Some fabrics dyed with this purple were worth their weight in gold—truly royal robes. The money cowry has long been used as a medium of exchange among certain nations and tribes. It is interesting to note that long ago the poor school-children had to work cowry sums just as we have to work questions in dollars and cents to-day. In a Hindoo Arithmetic, dating back to somewhere in 600 A.D., the following problem has been found: "The  $\frac{1}{4}$  of  $\frac{1}{16}$  of  $\frac{1}{5}$  of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{2}{3}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a dramma was given to a beggar by one from whom he asked an alms; tell me how many cowry shells the miser gave." In some parts of Africa 3,000 shells are worth a dollar, and the price of a young wife is 60,000 to 100,000 cowries. An older and more ordinary one can of course be had for a less exorbitant sum! Long ago, too, some of the natives on the Mediterranean spun and wove a very fine, silky cloth from small threads secreted from the Pen shells found there. When we learn that a pair of gloves of this material could be folded in a walnut-shell we are amazed at its delicacy. Coming down to more modern times, we find that some of our beautiful cameos are made from mollusk shells,—the Helmet shells and Pearly Nautilus being used for this purpose, and finally we must not forget that mollusks comprise a staple article of diet. Frenchmen, following the usage of

the Romans, seem to have a particular liking for land-snails, and in France we find "snail farming," a serious industry. A Parisian takes from fifteen to twenty snails for breakfast. Our own quohog and oyster fisheries on the Atlantic Coast need no special comment to convince us of the value of these animals.

With these few interesting facts in mind let us study these despised forms a little more closely, confining our attention to the pearly fresh-water clams.

On beginning this study let us get a few important external and internal features of the shell in our mind. For this purpose we shall draw the outline of a common clam, called by clam fishers, the fat mucket, and by scientists, *Lampsilis luteola*.



I

II

Diagram (Reduced)

*Lampsilis luteola*, right valve. *a*, umbo; *b*, hinge ligament; *c*, anterior margin; *d*, posterior margin; *e*, lateral tooth; *f*, cardinal tooth; *g*, anterior adductor muscle scar; *h*, posterior muscle scar.

For the drawing I have taken the right valve only. In both positions, we notice a kind of shoulder (*a*) on the top; this is called the "umbo." This is the point where the shell began to grow, and the little ridges, concentric with this point, are the lines of growth indicating the general development of the shell. Sometimes the "umbones" are much worn. The long elevation behind the umbo is the hinge which joins the two valves. In the live clam this is elastic and tends to keep the valves gaping. The animal inside must always exert muscular energy to keep them together, and as soon as it relaxes, or rests, the shell opens up automatically and remains open until disturbed, when safety is sought behind these strong, closed doors. If you wish to test the strength of the clam just try to pull the valves apart with your hands. You will probably be greatly surprised. Most people know so little about the structure of clams that they



smash the shell in order to get it open. Even the musk-rat knows better than this. He is very fond of clams and seems to have learned the art of opening shells to a nicety.

The hinge-border represents the upper or back part of the shell as well as that of the animal inside. The "head end" is represented by (c) in the diagram. The clam itself has no head, but its mouth is near this end ; (d) is the posterior end. If you examine the inside of the right valve, just underneath the hinge ligament and running almost parallel with it, you will see a long, narrow ridge ; this is called a lateral tooth,—the left valve contains two. You will also notice a rather long, narrow tooth projecting from underneath the forward part of the umbo ; this is called the cardinal tooth,—the left valve again has two. Notice how perfectly all these teeth fit into each other. You can now readily guess their function. In front of the cardinal teeth you will also notice a rather large impression in each shell. This shows where the short anterior (front) cross-wise muscle of the clam is attached. There are similar but shallower impressions in the other end of the shell, and represent the attachment of the posterior (rear) muscle used, like the anterior one for drawing the valves together. You can now understand how to open the shell without much trouble. A knife is inserted at each end between the valves and drawn so as to cut these muscles. This leaves the clam utterly helpless. Remember, however, that this means the death of the clam, and that it is cruel to wantonly destroy life.

The body of the clam fits snugly into the cavity between the valves. On each side of the body, between it and the valve, are two leaf-like structures which hang down from the hinge-border like the leaves of a book. These are the gills and really are the clam's lungs, so to speak. The lower portion of the body consists of a tough muscular part, known as the foot. This the clam can project or withdraw at will. When you come upon a clam "at home," you will find this foot projecting down into the mud. When it wishes to "go out" it projects this foot downward and forward, then shortens it and in that way draws itself along. It probably anchors the foot by causing the end to expand when it is down in the mud, and in this way keeps it from slipping back. Fortunately, for the clam, it does not have to travel far for food, for it gets this from small particles in the water currents which it itself creates.

To many of us the most surprising feature of the fresh-water clam will be its baby history.

Strange to say, a part or all of the gills of a mother clam may serve as brood pouches. In some species the little clams may be protected here for a long time. On opening shells during the summer months the distended gills are sometimes very noticeable. The mother clam of the species, *luteola*, can frequently be distinguished from the others by the convexity of her valves. In the course of time these, so called, little clams escape into the water, in very large numbers; frequently the number probably equals a million or even more from one parent. At this time they are exceedingly small, roughly speaking about one-third the size of period marks at the end of these sentences. They already have two tiny valves and are able to work them vigorously, opening and closing them like little traps, when the proper stimulus is afforded. A few species have a single stout hook on the ventral (lower) border of each valve, but nearly all of our common species are hookless. This is a most critical period of the clam's life. All of our species of commercial value require the services of a "host" to carry them through the next step of their life history, and a fish invariably performs this office. If a fish happens along at the right time when these little clams have been extruded into the water, some of them will probably fasten themselves on to it—the hooked ones on the fins and the hookless ones on the gills. When the water, in which these little clams are suspended, passes out through the gills of the fish, the proximity of the gills, probably the blood from some bruised ones, stimulates the clams and this causes them to snap vigorously. By chance, then, some fasten on to a gill-filament, and if it is the proper kind of fish the little invaders proceed to make their home there, living off the juices of the fish, like parasites. They evidently produce a slight wound which the fish seems to heal over with a very thin covering. These little poachers are very particular as to the kind of fish they will favour with their company, for if they happen to get on a wrong one they soon drop off. The hooked ones fasten on some external part of the fish, for example the fins, and do not appear to require the same kind of stimulus to make them snap, as the hookless ones. Popular accounts, therefore, that tell you that these little clams lie on their backs in the bottom of the water and fasten on fish by the aid of a kind of thread are misleading. After the little clam, which by the way is called a glochidium, has gone



through some changes, it breaks away from the fish and is now forced to start life on an independent basis. The time required to bring about this change is generally two weeks, more or less. One can readily see what a rare chance of life these glochidia have and why nature should provide so many.

An accurate knowledge of this part of the life history of our pearly fresh-water clams has proved to be of immense economic importance. There is still a very important use of the mollusks which we have not noted, namely, the manufacture of pearl buttons, and incidentally also as a source of pearls. Vast quantities of clam shells are worked up each year in the United States into pearl buttons. Our Canadian button factories ship most of their shells from across the border. In the last two years, however, over 500 tons of shells have been taken out of the lower stretches of the Grand River, in the vicinity of Dunnville, Ont. A pearl, too, which sold for \$75.00, was found here. In the United States pearls worth a few thousand dollars have been found. As the vast clam-beds of the Mississippi River system began to show signs of depletion, owing to extensive clam-fishing operations, the American Government began looking about for methods by which it could help nature in restoring the depleted waters. The extent of the success of its investigations may be judged from the fact that last year the number of larval mussels (clams) planted was 331,451,490. The method of course is based on the knowledge of the life history of the clam as outlined above.

Having assisted there in infecting fish artificially with the glochidia, I shall briefly outline the operation actually carried out.

The mother clams in the proper condition are first procured. Fish suitable to the kind of clam are then obtained by means of a net or sein; a number of them are placed in water in a suitable container, for example, a tub. The clams are then opened, the brood pouches cut into, the glochidia pressed out, and mixed with some water. This mixture is then poured into the tub and the water agitated at intervals to keep the glochidia suspended. Now and then a fish is taken out and its gills examined in order to note the extent of the infection. Over infection must be guarded against. The time required for optimum infection is generally accomplished within the limit of 5 to 20 minutes. After infection the fish are set free in the river unless they are wanted for further experimental purposes.

Fortunately the fish seem to suffer no injurious effect from thus tiding the clams over this critical period. A healthy, moderately-sized fish may carry successfully from 1,000 to 2,000 glochidia. A few of the common fish hosts are : blue sunfish, large mouthed black bass, small mouthed black bass, yellow pickerel, sand pickerel, and yellow perch.

Having learned a little more about this group of animals, we shall no doubt feel much more interested when we come across one of their number. Some day, we in Canada, too, may take such an active interest in our clams as to attempt to propagate them artificially, and thus increase the economic importance of our inland fisheries.

J. D. DETWILER.



## THE OLD BOYS

"Who is the one with the empty sleeve?"

"Some sport, who was in the swim."

"And the one with the ribbon, who's home on leave?"

"Good Lord! I remember him!

A hulking fool, low down in the school,

And no good at games was he—

All fingers and thumbs—and very few chums.

(I wish he'd shake hands with me!)"

"Who is the one with the heavy stick,

Who seems to walk from the shoulder?"

"Why, many's the goal you have watched him kick!"

"He's looking a lifetime older.

Who is the one that's so full of fun—

I never beheld a blither—

Yet his eyes are fixt as the furrow betwixt?"

"He cannot see out of either."

"Who are the ones that we cannot see,

Though we feel them as near as near?

In chapel one felt them bend the knee,

At the match one felt them cheer.

In the deep, still shade of the colonnade,

In the ringing quad's full light,

They are laughing here, they are chaffing there,

Yet never in sound or sight?"

"Oh, those are the ones who never shall leave,

As they once were afraid that they would!

They marched away from the school at eve,

But at dawn came back for good,

With deathless blooms from uncoffined tombs

To lay at our Founder's shrine.

As many are they as ourselves to-day,

And their place is yours and mine."

"But who are the ones they can help or harm?"

"Each small boy, never so new,

Has an Elder Brother to take his arm,  
 And show him the thing to do—  
 And the thing to resist with doubled fist,  
 If he'd be nor knave nor fool—  
 And the game to play, if he'd tread the way  
 Of the School behind the School."

(E. W. HORNING, in the *Spectator*.)

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### AN OLD BOY IN FORMOSA

[The following interesting letter was received some time ago. The writer, who is a son of the well-known missionary "Mackay of Formosa" attended S.A.C. in 1902-1905. Publication was withheld in the hope that the promised pictures might arrive.]

TAMSUI, FORMOSA, JAPAN, Sept. 6th, 1916.

MY DEAR DR. MACDONALD,—

I am in receipt of your very kind letter, which came to hand some months ago. It was very good of you to have written me.

Now that I am home again, perhaps you may be interested to know what I am engaged in for the present. When I returned the Mission Council gave me one year to study the Chinese Classics and several months in Japan to look into the educational systems there. Then I was asked to start a boys' boarding school, which I did about two years ago, and I have been in that work ever since. The school admits pupils (Chinese) from among the graduates of the public schools. Entrance examinations are held every spring for those wishing to enter. This spring seventy-five applied and twenty-four passed the exams. We have now seventy boys in school altogether—all boarders. The school curriculum is much the same as in a Canadian High School, except that instead of Latin, Greek, or French, we teach Japanese, Chinese Classics and English. Of the Sciences, Chemistry, Physics and Biology are taught. We have to make our curriculum correspond with that in a Government School. The Government is very strict about everything and there is nothing left for us to do but to "obey." But after all the Government is quite sympathetic to the aims of the school.



Since in some ways the school follows the pattern of a Japanese Middle School, all our boys have to wear military uniforms with brass buttons, and French military caps. In summer the boys wear khaki and in winter black serge.

Most of them come from poor homes. One, for instance, walked ten miles to school, bare-footed, because he hadn't enough money to buy a railroad ticket. We took him in as he was a bright lad, and he wanted to become a minister. There are others like him in school. At present about one half of the pupils are Christians, the rest are Buddhists. Of the Christians about one-half are looking forward to the ministry as their life work.

Each boy pays \$30.00 (thirty dollars) a year. This covers everything—board, room, light and tuition. Other incidentals, including clothing and books, come to about \$25.00 a year; so that a boy is able to go through school on about \$60.00 a year.

At present there are only two Middle Schools (High Schools) in the island for the natives. Our own school and another belonging to the English Presbyterian Mission are the only ones. Two schools among 3,500,000 people can hardly be said to be enough. Still the Government has done nothing in the line of establishing High Schools for the Formosans, though a splendid Medical College, a Normal School, an Agricultural School, have already been established, together with hundreds of public schools which are to be found in all the towns and large villages—and some of them splendidly equipped—better even than some schools in the homeland.

Since the war broke out so many of St. Andrew's boys have gone to the front. Jack Duncan, my cousin, has joined the British Navy. He is now a Lieutenant. And so the S.A.C. boys have scattered far and near, but wherever they go they carry with them the spirit of St. Andrew's. And even in this distant part of the world the spirit of S.A.C. lives. The Tamsui Middle School is a little St. Andrew's that has here been born. And it is trying to live up to the best that has made St. Andrew's what it is.

But one feature of our school that makes it different from all the rest in the East, is that all, or nearly all our boys help in the Sunday School in one form or other. On Sunday mornings the boys, in groups of three or four, visit the nearby farm houses or villages. Then they gather the heathen children around them and teach them to read. One enterprising fellow

walks six miles every Sunday to teach his class. He organized the Sunday School himself last year and he managed to collect around him forty odd pupils. He did so splendidly that the village chief offered to rent a house for him to teach in.

Chinese boys take work very seriously. They go at their studies with the vim that the Canadian boys do at sports. They are not so fond of sports as Canadians, perhaps owing to the climate here, though once they get into it they do very well. At our annual sports last year, for example, one of the boys jumped 18.4 feet in the broad jump, and he did not even have a pair of spiked shoes on. They are all very fond of Association football and swimming. They also love tennis, but they think baseball a dangerous game.

I hope I shall be able to send you a few pictures of the school and the boys soon.

With my kindest regards . . . . .,

I am, yours sincerely,

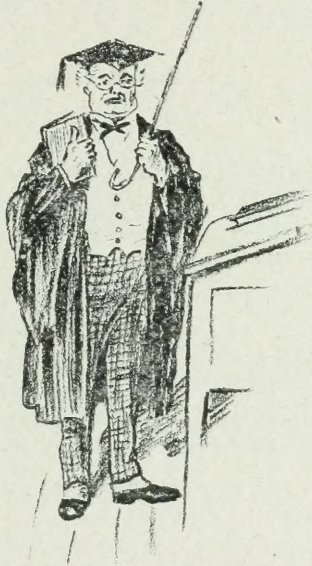
G. W. MACKAY.



## THE FRENCH LESSON\*

MR. KLOTZ may be described as a Teutonic survival—a survival of the days when it was *de rigueur* to have the French language taught by a foreigner of some kind. Not necessarily by a Frenchman—that would have been pandering too slavishly to Continental idiosyncrasy—but at least by some one who could only speak broken English. Mr. Klotz was a Prussian, so possessed all the necessary qualifications.

His disciplinary methods were modelled upon those of the Prussian Army, of which he had been a distinguished ornament—a fact of which he was fond of reminding his pupils, and which had long been regarded by those guileless infants as one of the most valuable weapons in their armoury of time-wasting devices.



The Headmaster of Fiction

—after L. Baumer

Mr. Klotz, not being a resident master, had no special classroom or key: he merely visited each form-room in turn. He expected to find every boy in his seat ready for work upon his arrival; and as he was accustomed to enforce his decrees at the

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\* We make no apology for again drawing on Ian Hay's amusing book, "The Lighter Side of School Life."

point of the bayonet—or its scholastic equivalent—sharp scouts and reliable sentries were invariably posted to herald his approach.

Behold him this particular morning marching into Remove A form-room, which was situated at the top of a block of buildings on the south side of the quadrangle, with the superb assurance and grace of a Prussian subaltern entering a beer-hall.

Having reached his desk, Mr. Klotz addressed his pupils.

"He who rount the corner looked when op the stairs I game," he announced, "efter lonch goms he !"

The form, some of them still breathless from their interrupted rag, merely looked down their noses with an air of seraphic piety.

"Who was de boy who did dat ?" pursued Mr. Klotz.

No reply.

"Efter lonch," trumpeted Mr. Klotz, "goms eferypoty !"

At once a boy rose in his place. His name was Tomlinson.

"It was me, sir," he said.

"Efter lonch," announced Mr. Klotz, slightly disappointed at being robbed of a holocaust, "goms Tomleenson. I gif him irrecular verps."

Two other boys rose promptly to their feet. Their names were Pringle and Grant. They had not actually given the alarm, but they had passed it on.

"It was me too, sir," said each.

"Efter lonch," amended Mr. Klotz, "goms Tomleenson, Brinkle, unt Grunt. Now I take your names unt aitches."

This task accomplished, Mr. Klotz was upon the point of taking up *Chardenal's First French Course*, when a small boy with a winning manner (which he wisely reserved for his dealings with masters) said politely :—

"Won't you tell us about the Battle of Sedan, sir, as this is the first day of term ?"

The bait was graciously accepted, and for the next hour Mr. Klotz ranged over the historic battle-field. It appeared that he had been personally responsible for the success of the Prussian arms, and had been warmly thanked for his services by the Emperor, Moltke, and Bismarck.

"You liddle Engleesh boys," he concluded "you think your Army is great. In my gontry it would be noding—noding ! Take it away ! Vat battles has it fought, to compare——"

The answer came red-hot from thirty British throats :

"Waterloo !" (There was no "sir" this time.)



"Vaterloo?" replied Mr. Klotz condescendingly. "Yes. But vere would your Engleesh army haf been at Vaterloo without Blücher?" He puffed out his chest. "Tell me that, Brinkle!"

"Blücher, sir?" replied Master Pringle deferentially. "Who was he, sir?"

"You haf not heard of Blücher?" gasped Mr. Klotz in genuine horror.

The form, who seldom encountered Mr. Klotz without hearing of Blücher, shook their heads with polite regret. Suddenly a hand shot up. It was the hand of Master Tomlinson, who it will be remembered had already burned his boats for the afternoon.

"Do you mean Blutcher, sir?" he inquired.

"Blutcher? Himmel! Nein!" roared Mr. Klotz. "I mean Blücher."



The French Master of Fiction

—after L. Baumer

"I expect he was the same person, sir," said Tomlinson soothingly. "I remember him now. He was the Russian who—"

"Prussian!" yelled the infuriated Mr. Klotz.

"I beg your pardon, sir—Prussian. I thought they were the same thing. He was the Prussian general whom Lord Wellington was relying on to back him up at Waterloo. But Blutcher—Blücher lost his way—quite by accident, of course—and did not reach the field until the fight was over."

He stopped to capture a brewery, sir, didn't he?" queried Master Pringle, coming to his intrepid colleague's assistance.

"It was bad luck his arriving late," added Tomlinson, firing his last cartridge; "but he managed to kill quite a lot of wounded."

Mr. Klotz had only one retort for enterprises of this kind. He rose stertorously to his feet, crossed the room, and grasping Master Tomlinson by the ears, lifted him from his seat and set him to stand in the middle of the floor. Then he returned for Pringle.

"You stay dere," he announced to the pair, "until the hour is op. Efter lonch——"

But in his peregrinations over the battlefield of Sedan, Mr. Klotz had taken no note of the flight of time. Even as he spoke, the clock struck.

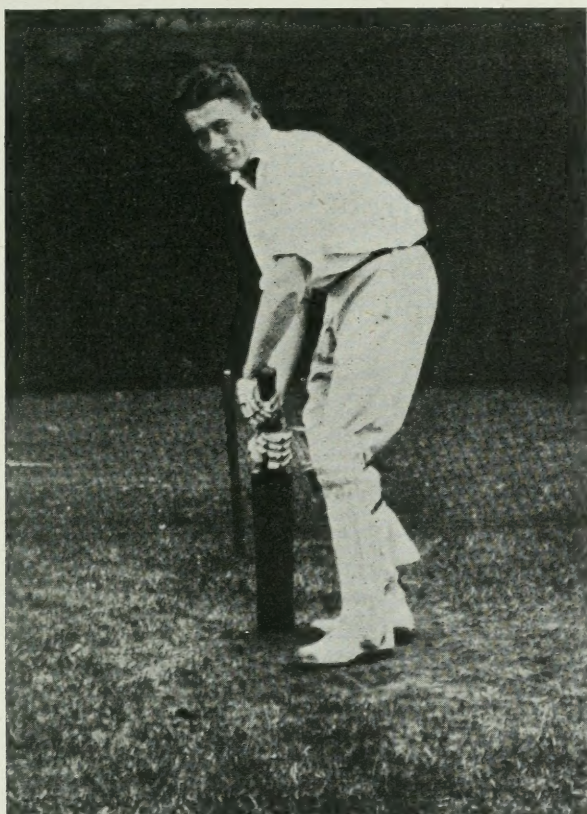
"The hour is up now, sir!" yelled the delighted form.

And they dispersed with tumult, congratulating Pringle and Tomlinson upon their pluck and themselves upon a most profitable morning.



## Athletics

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Captain Taylor

### PERSONNEL OF CRICKET XI

MOSELEY (PAUL)—Third year on the team and always a valuable man to have around. Plays an effective left hand bat and is an adept at the stroke to leg. Bowls a good length ball, but is inclined to be wild at times.

HEWITT (GORD)—An old colour and a consistent all-round player ; his work at long field is worthy of note.

AULD (ARCHIE)—Also, one of last year's XI. His strong point is batting, and he has usually been our first man in. Like

all left hand batters he hits hard to leg ; and has many good scores to his credit.

LIGHTBOURNE (BUSTER)—An old colour and one of last year's bowlers. Plays a hard-hitting game and trusts greatly to the half volley for his runs.

ROLPH (ERNIE)—An old colour, and a fair all-round player. Is a splendid fielder and a steady bat.

WOOD (DOUG.)—Came from last year's seconds. Our only "Stonewall" type of batsman. His work at the wicket has proved him to be steady, consistent and not easily rattled. As a fielder Doug. is among our best.

THOMPSON (JOHNNY)—Came to us from the Upper Canada team and is certainly one of our best bats. His scores this year have been large, especially that which he made against his former team-mates. Bowls a slow ball which is confusing on account of the delivery and sharp break.

KENT—Jumped to the first team from the Lower School XI. Is a fair bat and with coaching would have made a name for himself. Shows promise in the bowling line, and should be a valuable man for next year.

RENDELL (REN.)—Turned out for wicket-keeper and made good. Is inclined to let the ball drop too much, but tightened up as the season progressed. Plays a good bat.

GALLAHER (SHINER)—From last year's seconds. Plays well in all departments but is inclined to be careless at times about keeping his bat straight.

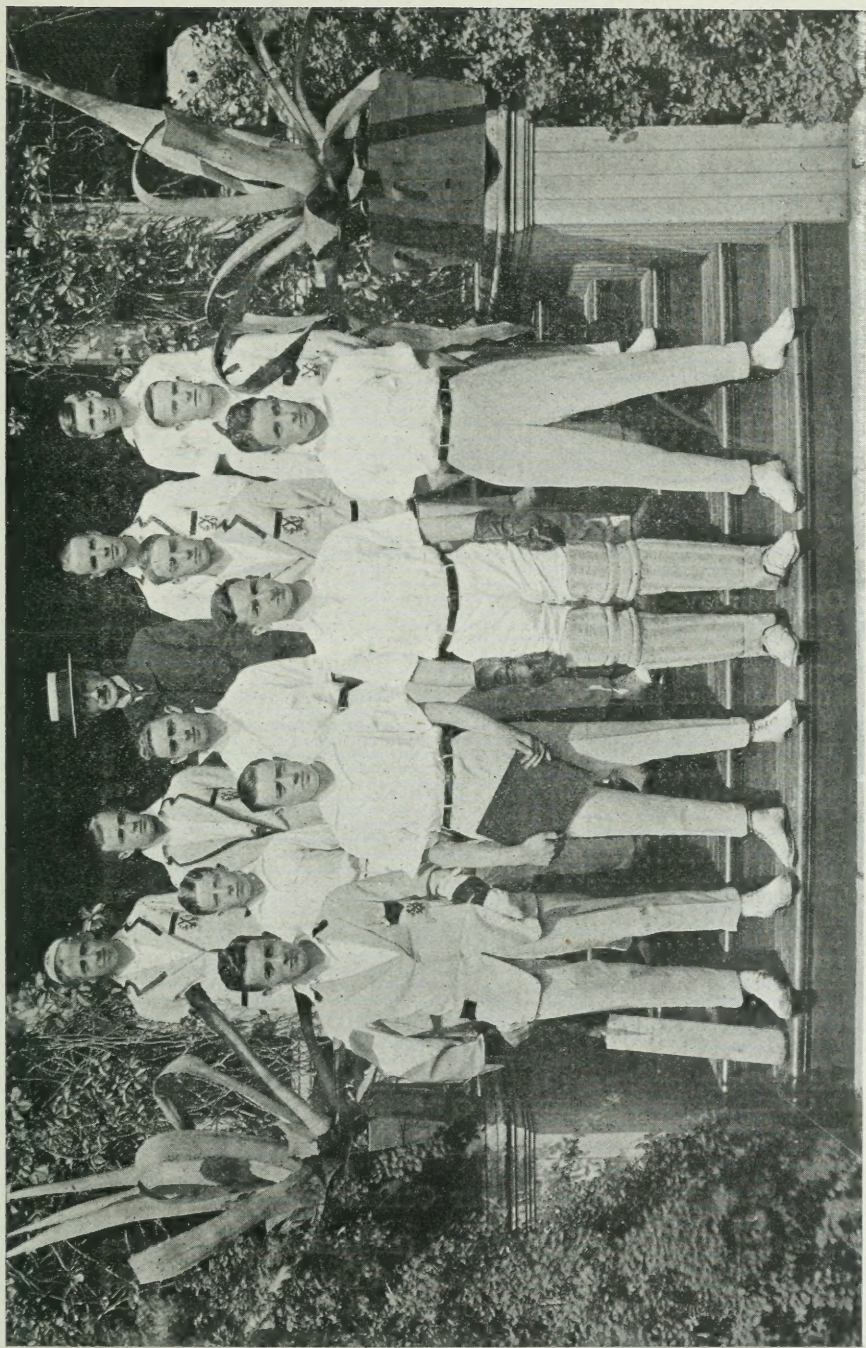
TAYLOR (JOE)—Captain. His third year of captaincy. Is an excellent bowler, and plays a capital bat. His best performance was in the game with T.C.S. His batting is of the hard hitting type, and bowling swift and confusing.

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### St. Andrew's vs. West Toronto

On Saturday, May 12th, St. Andrew's played their first game of the season against the West Toronto Club. St. Andrew's won by a score of 102 to 67. Due to the unfavourable weather neither of the teams was up to its standard on account of a lack of practice. St. Andrew's won the toss and batted first. A feature of the game was the hat trick by Taylor.





The First XI, 1917

First row, left to right: Joe Taylor (Capt.), J. D. F. Ross, (Scorer), H. Rendell, L. Kent  
 Second row: H. Gallagher, J. Thompson, E. Rolph, G. Hewitt  
 Back row: A. Auld, P. Moseley, Dr. Macdonald, W. Lightbourne, D. Wood



ST. ANDREW'S.		WEST TORONTO.	
Thompson b Green.....	11	Lowen c Lightbourne b Taylor..	8
Auld c Green b Green.....	9	Hall c Wood b Taylor.....	5
Hewitt b Saxton.....	16	Green c Taylor b Lightbourne..	7
Moseley b Green.....	4	Wilson c Moseley b Taylor.....	13
Taylor c Woodall b Banks.....	10	Banks c Thompson b Lightb'ne..	5
Lightb'ne c Loewen b Saxton....	19	Saxton b Lightbourne.....	17
Wood not out.....	15	Foley b Taylor.....	0
Turnbull b Hill.....	0	Omer c Wood b Taylor.....	0
Rendell b Foley.....	12	Hill b Taylor.....	0
Kent lbw b Hill.....	1	Woodall run out.....	7
Rolph b Wilson.....	2	Milcher not out.....	5
Extras.....	3	Extras.....	0
Total.....	102	Total.....	67

## BOWLING.

S.A.C. : Taylor, six for 29 ; Lightbourne, three for 26 ; Choppin, 0 for 12.

WEST TORONTO : Hill, two for 25 ; Green, three for 22 ; Saxton, two for 21 ; Banks, one for 14 ; Foley, one for 17 ; Wilson, one for 0.

## St. Andrew's vs. St. Cyprian's

On Saturday, June 2nd, St. Andrew's played their second exhibition match, this time against the St. Cyprian's Cricket Club. St. Andrew's won by a score of 85 to 54. Taylor once more distinguished himself by performing the hat trick.

ST. ANDREW'S.		ST. CYPRIAN'S.	
Thompson lbw b Tunbridge.....	11	Lynch b Taylor.....	3
Auld b Tunbridge.....	26	Robinson c Wood b Taylor.....	6
Hewitt b Bruce.....	0	Machan b Taylor.....	14
Moseley c & b Tunbridge.....	12	Tunbridge c Wood b Taylor.....	0
Taylor b Headly.....	5	Davis c Auld b Taylor.....	0
Lightbourne not out.....	21	Reid b Taylor.....	12
Wood b Headly.....	2	Huddlestone lbw b Taylor.....	1
Turnbull c Huddlest'e b T'bridge.	0	Headly not out.....	12
Rendell c Bruce b Tunbridge....	1	Cole c & b Taylor.....	0
Kent b Tunbridge.....	0	Bruce b Taylor.....	4
Rolph b Tunbridge.....	4	Tregear not out.....	0
Extras.....	3	Extras.....	2
Total.....	85	Total.....	54

## BOWLING.

S.A.C. : Taylor, nine for 24 ; Lightbourne, 0 for 21 ; Moseley, 0 for 9.

ST. CYPRIAN'S : Tunbridge, seven for 47 ; Bruce, one for 21 ; Headly, two for 21.

J. D. F. Ross.

## St. Andrew's vs. Upper Canada College

The first school cricket match of the season took place on June 6th, when St. Andrew's met the Upper Canada eleven on the latter's grounds. The day was not all that could be desired—dark, cold and with short drizzles of rain at intervals.





Not a snapshot of Gen. Sam Hughes at the Front  
Only a scene at Sports Day

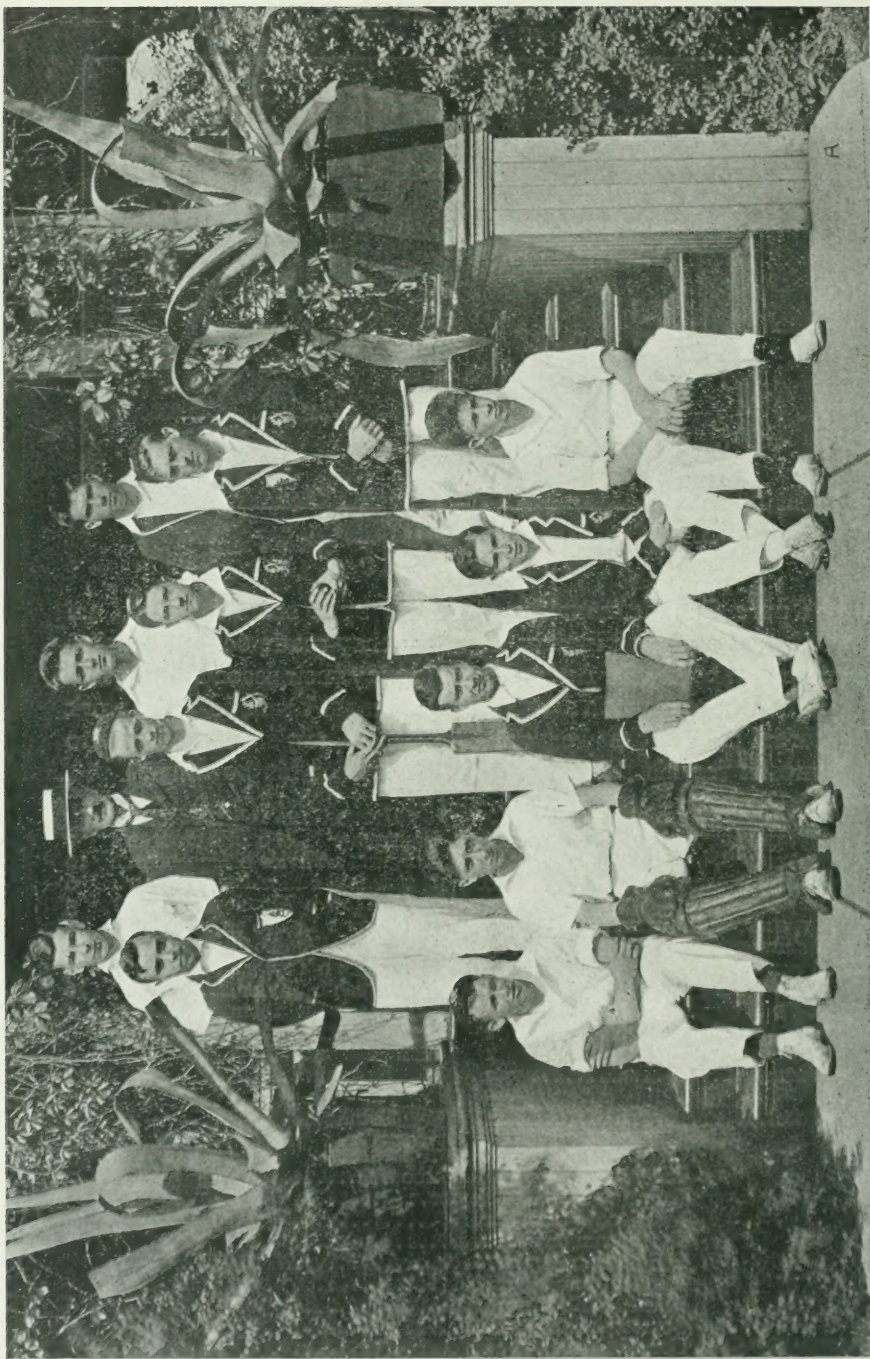
Upper Canada beat St. Andrew's by a score of 65 to 42. U.C.C. had a second innings in which they made 69, but stumps were drawn before St. Andrew's could play their second innings.

For Upper Canada special mention must be made of the work of Hardaker as wicket-keeper. For St. Andrew's, praise is due to Thompson for his batting and to Taylor for his bowling.

ST. ANDREW'S.		UPPER CANADA—1ST INNINGS	
Thompson c Hardaker b Tyrrell. . . . .	20	Richards c Auld b Lightbourne . . . . .	2
Auld, stumped, b Tyrrell. . . . .	1	Edwards c Taylor b Lightbourne . . . . .	10
Hewitt lbw b Edwards. . . . .	0	Macdonald c Moseley b Taylor . . . . .	6
Moseley lbw b Edwards. . . . .	0	Tyrrell lbw b Moseley. . . . .	5
Taylor, stumped b Edwards. . . . .	4	Hardaker c Lightb'ne b Taylor . . . . .	2
Lightbourne c Gillespie b Tyrrell. . . . .	3	Dennehy c Wood b Taylor. . . . .	9
Wood run out. . . . .	2	Menendez b Taylor. . . . .	0
Gallagher b Gillespie. . . . .	8	Macintosh b Taylor. . . . .	6
Rendell b Gillespie. . . . .	0	Gillespie b Lightbourne. . . . .	1
Rolph b Tyrrell. . . . .	1	Cross c Lightb'rne b Thompson. . . . .	9
Kent not out. . . . .	1	Short not out. . . . .	4
Extras. . . . .	2	Extras. . . . .	11
Total. . . . .	42	Total. . . . .	65

UPPER CANADA—2ND INNINGS.	
Richards c Taylor b Lightbourne. . . . .	10
Edwards c Kent b Taylor. . . . .	7
Macdonald b Taylor. . . . .	3
Tyrrell run out. . . . .	8
Hardaker b Taylor. . . . .	8
Dennehy run out. . . . .	0
Macintosh b Taylor. . . . .	0
Short not out. . . . .	8
Cross b Moseley. . . . .	0
Gillespie b Taylor. . . . .	13





The Second XI, 1917



Menendez not out.....	8
Extras.....	<u>5</u>
Total.....	69

## BOWLING.

ST. ANDREW'S (1st Innings)—Lightbourne, three for 31 ; Taylor, five for 24 ; Moseley, one for 7 ; Thompson, one for 4. 2nd Innings : Taylor, five for 27 ; Lightbourne, one for 28 ; Moseley, one for 10 ; Thompson, 0 for 2 ; Kent, 0 for 1.

UPPER CANADA.—Tyrrell, three for 23 ; Edwards two for 19 ; Gillespie, three for 0.

J. D. F. Ross.



Going in

## St. Andrew's vs. Trinity

On Saturday, June 9th, St. Andrew's played their annual cricket match against Trinity College School on the latter's grounds at Port Hope. The weather was ideal, and the hospitable reception we received at the hands of our hosts made the occasion one not likely to be forgotten.

Trinity won by 82 to 45 after a fine exhibition of cricket. Croll is to be complimented on his splendid batting and Taylor, of S.A.C., for his excellent bowling.

Owing to lack of time one innings only was played. St. Andrew's batted first.



Coming out

ST. ANDREW'S.		TRINITY.	
Thompson b Martin.....	13	Harper l. b Taylor.....	5
Auld c Fiskén b Howard.....	3	Mackenzie lbw b Taylor.....	8
Wood c Harper b Martin.....	0	Howard b Taylor.....	10
Moseley c Fiskén b Howard.....	5	Croll b Taylor.....	31
Taylor c Howard b Martin.....	14	Martin b Taylor.....	8
Lightbourne run out.....	0	Clarke, not out.....	9
Hewitt b Martin.....	0	Tucker b Taylor.....	0
Gallagher b Martin.....	0	Fiskén b Taylor.....	2
Rendell b Martin.....	4	Cayley c & b Moseley.....	0
Turnbull c Cayley b Martin.....	0	Garnet lbw b Moseley.....	2
Kent not out.....	4	Greaves c Taylor b Taylor.....	2
Extras.....	2	Extras.....	5
Total.....	45	Total.....	82

## BOWLING.

S.A.C.—Taylor seven for 41 ; Lightbourne 0 for 24 ; Thompson, 0 for 7 ; Moseley, one for 10.

T.C.S.—Martin, seven for 21 ; Howard, two for 9 ; Tucker 0 for 15.

J. D. F. Ross.

### St. Andrew's vs. Ridley

On Saturday, June 16th, the annual cricket match against Ridley College took place on our grounds. The day was all that could be desired—bright and sunny.

St. Andrew's batted first and made 59 runs. Ridley made the score of 152, beating us by nearly 100 runs. A second innings was commenced, but stumps were drawn before St. Andrew's completed their turn at bat.



For St. Andrew's, Lightbourne made top score. For Ridley, mention must be made of Gartshore and Bair min., who made 29 and 28 respectively.

## FIRST INNINGS

ST. ANDREW'S.		RIDLEY.	
Thompson c Wood b Walton . . . .	0	Wood c Lightbourne b Moseley . .	11
Auld c Wood b Walton . . . . .	6	Somerville c Wood b L'tbourne . .	8
Wood run out . . . . .	3	Walton lbw b Lightbourne . . . .	9
Moseley b Wood . . . . .	0	McAllister b Taylor . . . . .	10
Taylor c McAllister b Wood . . . .	4	Gartshore c Thompson b Taylor .	29
Lightbourne c Wood b Walton . . .	18	Williams I. lbw b Taylor . . . . .	0
Hewitt b Wood . . . . .	5	Bullen c Auld b Moseley . . . . .	20
Rolph b Walton . . . . .	5	Goetz c Thompson b Kent . . . .	13
Rendell b Bullen . . . . .	4	Bair maj. run out . . . . .	13
Gallagher c Goetz b Walton . . . .	1	Bair min. b Moseley . . . . .	28
Kent not out . . . . .	10	Woodruff not out . . . . .	7
Extra . . . . .	3	Extra . . . . .	4
	59		152

## BOWLING.

ST. ANDREW'S : Walton, five for 26 ; Wood, three for 27 ; Bullen, one for 1.  
 RIDLEY: Taylor, three for 65 ; Moseley, three for 52 ; Lightbourne, two for 32 ; Kent, one for 0.

## SECOND INNINGS.

ST. ANDREW'S.	
Thompson b Woodruff . . . . .	12
Auld c Gartshore b Woodruff . . . .	35
Wood b Woodruff . . . . .	0
Moseley c Williams b Somerville . .	7
Kent b Woodruff . . . . .	1
Lightbourne b Somerville . . . . .	2
Hewitt not out . . . . .	1
Rolph b Somerville . . . . .	0
Rendell not out . . . . .	1
Gallagher did not bat	
Taylor " "	
Extras . . . . .	1
	60

## BOWLING.

Walton, 0 for 18 ; Wood, 0 for 6 ; Woodruff, four for 18 ; Somerville, three for 15.

## THE SECOND TEAM

## S.A.C. 2nd vs. Appleby's First XI.

On Wednesday, May 30th, Appleby's First XI. and S.A.C. Seconds met on the latter's ground. It was an all day match, commencing at 10 a.m. The game was a fine one, and the win can be attributed to our splendid fielding and Turnbull's good batting. The score follows :

## FIRST INNINGS.

APPLEBY.		S.A.C.	
Adams c Kent b Kent.....	0	Secord c Carruthers b Gosling ..	0
Heaton b Choppin.....	0	Shorley c Carruthers b Kaulback..	1
Kaulback b Choppin.....	5	Turnbull c Magee b Osborne....	20
Osborne c Earle b Kent.....	16	Harris b Gosling.....	9
Carruthers b Choppin.....	1	Choppin c Osborne b Kaulback ..	3
Gosling b Kent.....	0	Kent c Heaton b Kaulback.....	14
Stuart b Kent.....	4	MacIntosh b Osborne.....	4
Richardson b Choppin.....	1	Dingman b Kaulback.....	0
Gill b Choppin.....	0	Earle c Gill b Osborne.....	0
Northey not out.....	15	Gallagher not out.....	
Magee b Choppin.....	0	Calvert b Kaulback.....	0
Extras.....	0	Extras.....	1
Total.....	36	Total.....	52

APPLEBY : Gosling, two for 14 ; Kaulback, five for 18 ; Heaton 0 for 9 ; Osborne, three for 9.

S.A.C.—Choppin, six for 17 ; Kent, four for 20 ; Harris, 0 for 3.



What is so rare as a day in June ?

## SECOND INNINGS.

APPLEBY.		S.A.C.	
Heaton c Gallaher b Kent.....	9	Turnbull c Adams b Osborne ...	7
Osborne c Harris b Kent.....	12	Kent b Kaulback.....	3
Kaulback c Thorley b Choppin ..	7	Secord b Osborne.....	6
Gosling b Gallagher.....	0	Harris b Osborne.....	2
Carruthers c Gallaher b Gallaher.	4	Gallagher b Kaulback.....	6
Stuart c Kent b Choppin.....	0	Earle b Kaulback.....	2
Northey c Earle b Choppin.....	0	MacIntosh b Kaulback.....	0
Adams c Earle b Gallagher.....	1	Calvert b Kaulback .....	0
Richardson c Gallagher b Kent ..	0	Thorley b Osborne.....	3
Gill b Gallagher.....	3	Choppin b Osborne.....	3
Magee not out.....		Dingman not out.....	6
Extras.....	0	Extras.....	1
Total.....	36	Total.....	39

APPLEBY : Kaulback, five for 21 ; Osborne, five for 11 ; Gosling, 0 for 5.

S.A.C. : Choppin, three for 13 ; Kent, three for 18 ; Gallagher, four for 5.





The Seat of the Mighty

**S.A.C. 2nd vs. B.R.C.**

On Saturday, June 9th, we played our second game with Ridley, at St. Catharines. Three members of our squad not being present, we were unable to put up such a good game as we did previously. We were defeated by 78 to 28. B.R.C. took a second innings, in which she made 81 runs, but this was not counted in the final score, as stumps were pulled at four p.m. The score is as follows :

B.R.C.		S.A.C.	
McMahon c Richards'n b Choppin	0	Harris b Zybach.....	2
Haraision b Choppin.....	12	Earle b Zybach.....	1
Goldie b Choppin.....	0	Secord b Hostetter.....	2
McAllister b Choppin.....	8	Choppin b Zybach.....	8
Glass c Thorley b Choppin.....	0	Thorley b Hostetter.....	0
Hostetter c Thorley b Harris....	3	Dingman c McAllister b H'tetter	0
Zybach c Tugwell b Chopin.....	0	McKay not out.....	6
Marks b Choppin.....	0	Richardson c Goldie b McAllister	7
Barr not out.....	45	Stirrett b McAllister.....	0
O'Brian b Harris.....	0	Tugwell c McAllister b McAllister	2
Moore b Choppin.....	5	Stoneh'se c McMahon b McAl'r	2
Extras.....	1	Extras.....	0
Total.....	78	Total.....	28

B.R.C.: Hostetter, three for 15; Zybach, three for 8; McAllister four for 4.  
S.A.C. : Choppin, eight for 26 ; Harris, two for 35 ; Secord, 0 for 16.

G.R.H. (Capt.)

### LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET NOTES

This has been the cricket term in name only. What with poor weather and the many other activities this term, we have had even less practice than usual, and the score sheets of the matches show the natural result. We feel no hesitation about making excuses for failure because, especially among the smaller boys, there has been a real keenness for the game, and they realize the fact that cricket is not a game like marbles or wiggle which can be taken up and dropped in a week or a day, but one in which



Sack-Race

proficiency cannot be attained without serious application and self-denial. The Lower School cricketers are nearly all quite new to the game, and this year they have not done more than make a start. If they persevere, next year should see the best Lower School cricket team that St. Andrew's has ever produced. This prophecy is conditional. If it is to come true all out-of-school activities must next year be subordinated to cricket. Criticism of the actual play of the boys is this year singularly easy. Their faults and their merits stand out in bold relief. To speak first of their merits, we can say that the fielding has been not only good, but intelligent. Once more we have produced an exceptionally good wicket-keeper, and three bowlers who have sufficient good sense and self-control to strive for a good length rather than for great speed or fancy breaks.

The batting is not good. The boys have not the confidence which comes from plenty of practice on a good wicket. A firm



foot, a straight bat, and a stout heart are the three chief requisites which go to make a good batsman, and these requisites have been sadly lacking this year. In spite of all exhortations boy after boy has drawn back from the wicket and held out a horizontal and almost apologetic bat to miss the ball altogether or spoon it inanely into the waiting hands of the fielders. In short, nervousness has proved fatal.

The innings of Blomfield against T.C.S. stands out as by far the best batting done in the Lower School this year. We hope to see many more such performances next year.

In conclusion we would remind the boys that they, like the Russian soldiers, have the privilege of electing their own captain, but that they should not jeopardise the result of the game as the Russians have jeopardised the result of the war. The captain must be obeyed both on and off the field.

The match against U.C.C. Prep. had to be abandoned owing to an outbreak of mumps in the camp of our rivals. The score sheets of the other matches follow:

LOWER SCHOOL *vs.* APPLEBY JUNIORS—St. Andrew's : First innings 25, second 36. Appleby : One innings, 73.

LOWER SCHOOL *vs.* T.C.S. JUNIORS.—St. Andrews : First innings, 12, second 23. T.C.S. : First innings 22, second 58.

APPLEBY JUNIORS *vs.* LOWER SCHOOL.—S.A.C. : First innings, 32, second (8 wickets) 30. Appleby : First innings, 101.

The following obtained colours :

Skeaff (Captain), Findlay II., Black II, Lumbers, Blomfield I., King, Tyrer, Merry, Nerlich I., Patterson II., Lewis, Gordon II. was scorer.

A. St. J. F.

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## THE BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT

The annual tournament was held on the last three days before school closed for the Easter vacation. As the Easter REVIEW had already gone to press, the results had to be held over until now.

Competition throughout was keen, and the spirit of sportsmanship pervaded every bout. The number of entries was not quite up to the standard, but altogether the tournament may be regarded as a splendid success.

The result of the different events are as follows :

#### FENCING.

Senior Championship.—1, Hewitt ; 2, Thompson.

Junior Championship : 1, Wood ; 2, Tyrer.

#### BOXING.

65 lb. Class—1, Beer II. ; 2, Rice I.

75 lb. Class—1, Robinson ; 2, Easton.

85 lb. Class—1 Findlay II.

95 lb. Class—1, Tyrer ; 2, Lumbers.

125 lb. Class—1, McCarter.

135 lb. Class—1, Thompson.

College Championship—Thompson.

#### WRESTLING.

65 lb.—1, Parker.

85 lb.—1, Patterson II. ; 2, Thurber.

115 lb.—1, Fleming.

125 lb.—1, McCarter.

135 lb.—1, Thompson.

145 lb.—1, Shewan.

College Championship.—1, Earle I. ; 2, Thompson.

J. D. F. Ross.





## SPORTS DAY

The Annual College Sports Day was held on Wednesday, May 16th. Preparations outside were not as elaborate as in the good old days before the war, and the number of guests was limited accordingly. Fortunately, we were blessed with splendid weather and the spectators seemed to enjoy themselves. There were many very close finishes, and the competition throughout was very keen. Among the judges we were glad to have three returned soldiers—Lieuts. Sykes, M.C., Christy Clark, and George MacPherson.



Obstacle Race

Mrs. Gooderham very kindly presented the prizes to the fortunate winners.

After the races were over, the boys and their guests repaired to the Assembly Hall, where an informal dance was held. As usual, the thanks of the school are due to Mrs. Macdonald for the energy and interest she devoted towards making this very enjoyable part of the proceedings a success.

The events were decided as follows (championship events are marked with an asterisk) :

\*1 MILE RUN—

1, Shewan. 2, Gordon I.

\*1½ MILE RUN—

1, Gordon I. 2, Shewan.

- \* $\frac{1}{4}$  MILE RUN (Seniors)—  
1, Boyd. 2, Gordon I.
- THROWING CRICKET BALL (Senior)—  
1, Yuill.
- KICKING THE FOOTBALL (Senior)—  
1, Moseley.
- THROWING CRICKET BALL (Junior)—  
1, Nerlich I.
- KICKING THE FOOTBALL (Junior)—  
1, Nerlich I.
- \*RUNNING BROAD JUMP (Senior)—  
1, Boyd. 2, McMullen.
- \*STANDING BROAD JUMP (Senior)—  
1, Hewitt. 2, Sleight.
- PUTTING THE SHOT—  
1, Wiser.
- THREE-LEGGED RACE—  
1, Thompson and Kent.
- \*RUNNING BROAD JUMP (Junior)—  
1. Nerlich I. 2, Skeaff.
- \*RUNNING HIGH JUMP (Junior)—  
1. Nerlich I. 2, Applegath II.
- \*STANDING BROAD JUMP (Junior)—  
1, Nerlich I. 2, Applegath II.
- \*220 YDS. DASH (Senior)—  
1, Moseley. 2, Boyd.
- \*100 YDS. DASH (Senior)—  
1, Boyd. 2, Moseley.
- \*RUNNING HIGH JUMP (Senior)—  
1. Sleight. 2, Thompson.
- \*HURDLE RACE (Senior)—  
1. Thompson. 2, Sleight.
- \*100 YDS. DASH (Junior)—  
1, Nerlich I. 2, Carrick.
- \*220 YDS. DASH (Junior)—  
1. Nerlich I. 2, Carrick.
- \*JUNIOR HURDLES—  
1, Findlay II. 2, Carrick.
- SACK RACE—  
1, McCarter. 2, Merry.



## OBSTACLE RACE—

1, Dennison I. 2, Skeaff.

## 220 YDS. (under 17)—

1, Gordon I.

## 50 YDS. DASH—(Preparatory Forms)—

1, Spragge. 2, Fairclough.

## LOWER SCHOOL HANDICAP RACE—

1, King. 2, Blaikie.

## 100 YDS. DASH (under 16)—

1, Meikle.

## HURDLE RACE (under 16)—

1, Kent.

## JUNIOR CONSOLATION RACE—

1, Blauvelt.

## SENIOR CONSOLATION RACE—

1, Pollock.

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—Boyd.

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—Nerlich I.

## SENIOR BOARDERS' CHAMPIONSHIP—Gordon I.

## JUNIOR BOARDERS' CHAMPIONSHIP—Robertson.

J. D. F. Ross.



The Prizes (Sports Day)

## School News

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### UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

To the list of notable people whom we have seen at the School during the past few years must be added the names of the Hon. W. H. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward, who honoured St. Andrew's with a visit on their way home to New Zealand after attending the Imperial Conference. Each of them addressed the School in a genial and informal way, which quite won our hearts. The New Zealand Premier spoke about the unity of ideals which pervaded the different parts of the Empire, especially the love of fair play and desire to "play the game." Sir Joseph Ward was equally happy and brought down the house by asking for a half-holiday, which was of course granted by Dr. Macdonald.

It is quite possible that we may witness the landing of an aeroplane in the College grounds one of these days. Flight-Instructor Everett Smith, now back from the front, circled one afternoon for some time over the scene of his former glorious exploits on the "grid-iron," intending to alight on the field, but the wind proved unfavourable for a good landing. We are half expecting that another attempt may be made before term ends. It will be a historic occasion, however ordinary such an event may soon appear.

Mr. Chapman's Life-Saving Class has had a very successful year indeed, thanks to the kindness of the Central and West End Y.M.C.A.'s, who allowed us the use of their swimming pools.

At the examination conducted by the Royal Life-Saving Society the following successes were obtained :

(1) Four Awards of Merit : Thompson, Earle I., Earle II., and Walker.

(2) Twelve Bronze Medals : Gordon I., MacMullen, McLaughlin, Earle I., Earle II., Pollock.

(3) Twelve Proficiency Certificates : Carrick, Earle I., Earle II., Gordon I., Kerr, MacMullen, Pollock, Robertson, Smith I., Syer, Tugwell, Walker.

Striking testimony to the efficiency of Mr. Chapman's instruction was afforded by the presentation of the same Society's



medal recently to Gordon Menzies, who after passing the life-saving tests at Camp Kagawong last summer, carried out a rescue from drowning in a very gallant manner at Fenelon Falls. We are glad to hear that the prospects for a good season at Camp Kagawong are excellent.

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The boys have contributed out of their pocket money the sum of \$600.00 this year towards the Red Cross and similar purposes.

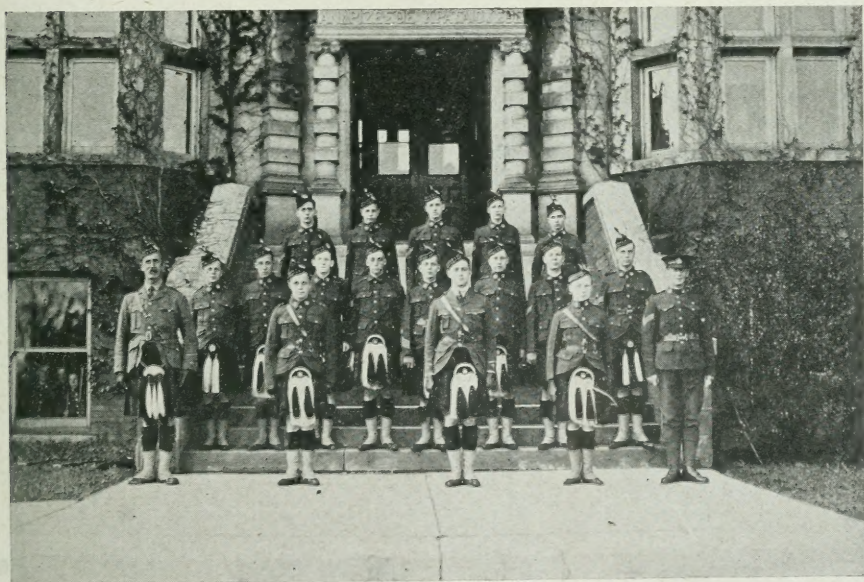
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The school acknowledges with gratitude the gift of a handsome new flag by one of the Old Boys, Mr. Lyman Howe.

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### THE CADET CORPS

THE senior corps reached a strength of ninety, inclusive of twenty bandmen and five pipers. Of the number enrolled, over seventy-five per cent were recruits. Four boys were struck off, having enlisted with overseas units, while four others will enter the R.M.C. in August.



Officers of the Cadet Corps

Credit is especially due Capt. Joe Taylor ; also the platoon commanders, Moseley and Wright, and the sergeants, Hewitt, Kent and McLeod,—for the fine results obtained. Under the careful supervision of Sergeant-Instructor Smith, late of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, the efficiency in drill attained the high standard of last year.

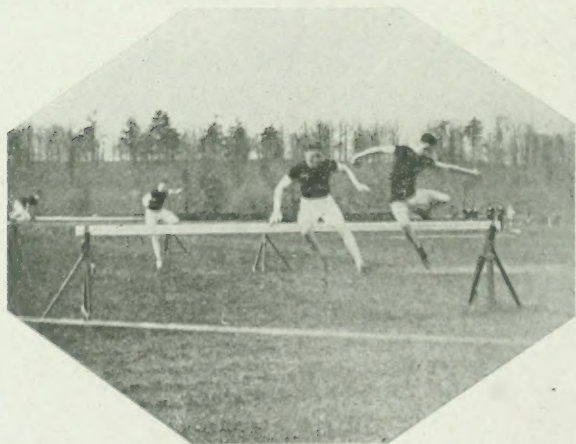
The weather was adverse, but the boys managed two field days, and in some ten drills in the open mastered the chief company movements, both in close and extended order.

After the annual parade with the 48th Highlanders, the cadets were complimented by the Colonel on their fine showing.

At the close of the inspection on June 1st, the corps and band received very warm praise from Col. McCrimmon, who advised a Church Parade before disbanding for the season. This was held on June 10th.

Warburton, the drum-major, has, if anything, surpassed his efforts of last year. The bands showed great form both in marches and discipline.

R.L.





## Old Boys' News

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

[Friends of the School will do us a great service by sending us copies of letters, or passages of letters, received from the front. As in the present case, the names of the writers will not be published, unless desired.]

More than once it has been my intention to write to you, but never before have I had a better opportunity than at the present time while I am waiting for a slight wound to heal up before going back to France.

Since I left Toronto I have seen a great many things and had a vast number of experiences that I should like to tell you about, but they all lead back to the one great and all-important topic *war*, and in the light of it seem altogether too insignificant to relate just now.

I don't think that even we Canadians realize the immense part that Canada is taking in this war. Everywhere I have gone, in everything I have seen, by everybody I have met there has been an evidence of the greatness of Canada that has made me proud. I refer not only to our troops, but to the enormous support that the people at home are furnishing in every way. And not least of all, is the work of the women, evidence of which is everywhere. Moreover, I think, perhaps, they are bearing the greater part of the burdens of war.

When I was in England I thought all the S.A.C.'s were there. When I went to France it seemed that they were all there. I could tell you of many a happy reunion in both places. On one occasion on coming out of the line for a short rest, I met my old pal and room mate, Eric Grant. His battalion was resting nearby. It was late and we had only time to arrange to take dinner together the next evening. Late that night, however, came orders for us to clear out at daybreak. I have not seen Eric since, but I can imagine his astonishment, for not only had we vanished ourselves, but had taken down and carried off the huts in which we had been billeted before he was astir. Again, I don't think that we yet realize just how much S.A.C. is doing to defeat "Kaiser Bill," so if one feels proud to be a Canadian these days, he is doubly proud to be a S.A.C. Canadian.

\* \* \* \* \*

While in the R.F.C. Hospital, in May, 1916, I had the great pleasure of perusing the good old College Paper, and again in September at the St. Croix Hospital, I saw the June issue. It was highly appreciated both times, bringing me nearer the old School and Canada.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are lots of S.A.C. boys over here, I am always meeting them, a great many of the younger chaps whom I couldn't remember, have remembered me, I suppose because I was one of the big fellows when they were in the Junior House.

I often think of the good days I spent at S.A.C. and only regret there weren't more of them. I hope some day to send a pair of good, husky boys to fill the crimson and white sweaters and win their colours.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have again received a copy of the REVIEW. You can have no idea how pleasant it is to get in this way news of so many of my old friends, of whom I often think.

I have met a number of our old boys over here ; one especially surprised me. I was sent down to Shorncliffe one day to see the Officer Commanding C.A.S.C. and the first officer that I saw was his Adjutant, Capt. Fergusson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a short note to thank you and the Old Boys' Association for the copy of the REVIEW, which arrived by yesterday's mail. It is certainly very nice to get it and to hear all the doings of the School.

There are a great many old S.A.C. boys in this area and not a week goes by but we run across some of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FROM WITLEY CAMP

Seven or eight months is an unusually long time to remain in this country, and we will all be very happy when the Division gets word to move across. There is a persistent rumour about, that we are to move inside of a couple of weeks. But, of course, it is only a rumour.

I have seen heaps of Old Boys here in England at different times ; seems to me that every time I am lucky to get up to town I meet about ten or fifteen.

Fred Foster and Pete Marshall are both in this Camp, or were when I last saw them. They are in the Artillery, as is Ian MacLaren. Then Bob Gill has a Company in the 156 Battalion, which is here in the 14th Bde. Ken. Junor and Trav. are living right next door. "Ken." is in the 17th Brigade Machine Gun Co., while "Trav." is in the 18th. "Al" Ramsay, "Brad" Snow and Bert Slatter are still here and flourishing. In London at different times I have seen the Whitakers, Fraser, and "Tod" Grant, "Chuck" Waterous, Grant Gooderham, Don Cantley, "Stu" Gilmour, and many others whose names I cannot recall just at present. It is great to meet them and to talk over old times.

I am trying to get a picture of the four S.A.C. Old Boys who are in the Btn. taken, and if it comes out decently will mail it to you. "Russ" Smith was with us, but left in a draft from Bramshott, going to the 15th.

\* \* \* \* \*

This morning I have received an Easter copy of the REVIEW, for which I wish to thank you. I have been on the Italian front for six months and am leaving for Canada to-morrow. I have been driving an ambulance and despatch riding with the British Red Cross Society and order of St. John, and am a voluntary member. I was sent over to England in a draft of twenty-five to obtain a commission in the Imperial Army, but was rejected twice upon arrival in London. I then attempted to join the Army for garrison duty and was again rejected for short sight.

I should have mentioned that in June, 1916, I obtained my commission in the Body Guard Cavalry at Stanley Barracks, but, not being able to get attached to an overseas battalion owing to the vast number of subs. already in Canada, I then enlisted as a private to get to the front.

Upon my being declared unfit for general service, the War Office offered to send me back at once, but I refused and joined the B.R.C., arriving in Italy last



October. I have driven eight hundred wounded and sick in my car, so that I feel that I have done something towards winning the war, although I was totally rejected. Allow me to thank the REVIEW Staff and yourself for the kind remembrance which I received this morning, and which brings back many happy days spent at Old St. Andrew's.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NEWS OF "MONTY"

This, as perhaps you know, is the third time he has been wounded. In December he got shrapnel in his wrist, but was just at the dressing station for about two weeks.

Shortly before the big drive began, when Headquarters was just a small dug-out, and the officers were taking turns sleeping, Lorne, who was Scout Officer, had, as he expressed it, "been crawling around" till 2 a.m. About 3 a.m. the Germans exploded a mine right in front of the dugout and, of course, everyone rushed out. Major Ewing and Lorne climbed on to the parapet. Then the former asked Lorne to go further up the trench with him. A sentry's bayonet had been left leaning against something and, as Lorne jumped down in the darkness, it ran into the muscular part of his thigh. Such good care was taken of him that I think he was back in the trenches in two weeks. The last letter was written on the 15th, when he regretted having taken such a small part in the excitement, but when the O.C. found out that he was only two days out of bed, he tried to keep him at Headquarters. On the 24th April he was wounded with shrapnel in the shoulder and entered the First Northern General Hospital, Newcastle, on the 29th. We received a cable from our agent in Liverpool on the 8th, that he was doing well and had no disablement and was walking about.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WOUNDED AT FRONT. IN ENGLAND TRYING FOR COMMISSION

We have been shooting a musketry and revolver course. We finished to-day and to-morrow we return to Oxford. With the rifle I did pretty well—but with the revolver I was simply rotten.

To-day we had a competition. Teams of eight were chosen, representing England, Scotland, Wales and Canada. Sixteen plate targets divided into two groups of eight were placed 300 yards away. The idea was this, each team was given an unlimited number of rounds, but the duration of firing was only one minute. Each group fired at the targets on their immediate front. If No. 1 target of the right half was shot down, then the man firing No. 1 on the opposite team had to stop, he being a casualty. Canada and Scotland fired first and Canada won. Then Wales and England fired, England winning. Canada then cleaned up on the English. Canada next shot the Officers and N.C.O.'s, and beat them. Then we beat a team composed of the best shots in England, Wales and Scotland. The Scottish team we had shot first, felt they had not had a square deal and challenged us with a side bet of 2s. 6d. per man. We took them on. This was the best contest of all. We got our sights lined on the targets and when the whistle blew we pressed the trigger. Every one hit his target the first shot, so that really before Scotland fired one shot they were put out of action. Finally the Officers and N.C.O.'s took us on again and they beat us, knocking down eight to our seven.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is indeed one of the "joys" out here meeting old school fellows again. Of course, the College REVIEW is a "corker." The College has been great to us out here and we appreciate it ever so much.

\* \* \* \* \*

The REVIEW means something more to me than any other periodical. At College I was always first in line to get my copy and always sent them home with such pride.

Since leaving the School, I have met many old boys and have been greeted like a member of some fraternity, even though a total stranger. I have met them in many and varied places and have found all the same.

It has been my good fortune to be in many of the Canadian successes and to come through so far unscathed. The spirit of our men is marvellous and they bear the greatest hardships cheerfully. It would give me great pleasure to tell you a few of the incidents in the battle of the past few weeks, but no doubt you have read the newspaper accounts, which are really remarkably accurate.

Believe me, sir, I feel the interest which you have taken in your Old Boys and am proud to be one of them. With many thanks to yourself and the executive of the Old Boys' Association for remembering me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was most agreeably surprised to receive the Easter REVIEW from the boys of S.A.C. Though many new faces and names are contained therein, it was most interesting to me to read the accounts of the successful hockey season, and of the doings of all the boys, many of whom I well remember.

One meets Old Boys out here in almost every conceivable place and many jolly little dinners bring back pleasant memories of the good old College days. Major Taylor, Gordon Cassels, Ralph Phillips and many others are quite close here, while Doug. Wright, Murray Galbraith and the boys who joined the flying game are scattered about in many strange places, needless to say when we are able to visit one another the only topic of conversation goes back to the good old days at S.A.C.

It was a brilliant success achieved by the Canadians on the morning of ninth of April. Captured enemy documents prove it was the most decisive defeat the Germans have suffered during the war. I feel sure the Old Boys of the Crimson and White played a most prominent part in the struggle and in every way lived up to the traditions of their School.

We are all deeply grieved to read from time to time of the many splendid boys who have been killed, or wounded, in the great cause and any honours or success gained, reflects not only on the early training received at St. Andrew's, but on the high standard set by those who have come before us.

The weather during the past two weeks has been remarkably bright and warm. After a trying winter and early spring, it certainly bucks one up to see this semblance of good old Canadian summer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a few lines to-night while I have the opportunity, which I haven't had for a considerable time. We have been awfully busy since the advance and have had a lot of night work. That always means a fellow hasn't an opportunity for letters. However, we are quieter now and having it easier.



The REVIEW came a few days ago also, and I was more than pleased to get it and hear of the old School and how she was prospering, as I knew she must be. Even if the School is smaller in attendance the old spirit is still very much alive in her. I guess by the time you receive this the summer term will be nearly over and everyone will be feeling rather restless over the exams. Here's hoping they all do well.

I don't think we will be long over here now though. By Fritz's papers, letters, etc., it doesn't look like it anyhow. It would do your heart good to hear the old guns hammering away at him for hours and hours at a stretch. They seem to have unlimited ammunition. I think they are playing the biggest part in the war, personally. But I must stop this or first thing I know I'll be telling something I shouldn't do.

I have seen a great many of old S.A.C. boys lately. Walter Cassels and McDougall from the East are together in a dugout not far from here. Lots of others I met on the roads and it certainly makes a fellow brighten up more to have a word with some of the old-timers.

Am feeling very well and we are having such a fine lot of weather, it isn't so bad soldiering at all.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw Jim Macdonnel the day before yesterday, rushing about looking for a "padre." He came in and sat down later on. He has received a photo of Hugh playing hockey in Switzerland, which appeared in one of the illustrated papers. If Hugh is able to play hockey, he is in pretty good health, I should think.

I saw Bud Brown just back from the line recently. He was covered in mud, had a beard, and was trying to play the gramophone without a needle.

I have also seen Webber, Reg. Morton and Jim Forgie. Eric Grant is in hospital again.

Major Duncanson is at present attached to our infantry brigade. I had the pleasure of cashing a cheque for him while I was Acting Paymaster for 10 days while our Paymaster was on leave in Paris.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am sitting in an easy chair on our verandah, with a lovely view of green rolling ground on all sides. It is the first chance I have had to look around the hospital grounds, which are very pleasing. I think there are some eight hundred patients being treated here. The slighter, or nearly well ones are lying around the grounds enjoying a doze in the warm breeze and sunshine. It is wonderfully how changed these men all are—yesterday dirty, unshaven and all khaki, to-day clean and clothed in blue, with a white shirt set off by a neat tie. Some it is hard to see anything wrong with, others limping on crutches with arms in a sling, head bandaged, etc. These look as cheerful as the first, though not as fit physically.

I am reminded more here of St. Andrew's than anything else. The buildings are of the same red brick ; the well-kept lawns, numerous flowering gardens, the tennis courts, walks, etc., being in a great sense models of the old College, even the flag red and white, but this time the red is a cross, not a wreath.

This certainly is an ideal spring day and the quiet which goes with it almost makes one forget that a war is raging and raging terrifically, but it is, and how fierce the fight is it is hard to realize unless you have seen it and been through it. There is always the one consolation though, we are winning and even if Germany is causing great damage with her submarines, we have things as we want them in France, even against Germany's picked troops.

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I am greatly indebted to "The School" for receiving a copy of the Easter REVIEW about a week ago, for it is always so bright and cheery and takes us back to the "good old days" when we were there ourselves.

The squadron next to ours were giving some demonstrations with a Hun machine a few days ago and I am glad to say that our scout machines proved superior to it in all tests. The Hun machine was one which we got when a Bosche landed on our side of the lines, having lost his way.

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### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Irwin, a daughter, April 19th, 1917.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Cecil Kilgour, a son. May 7th, 1917.

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### MARRIAGES

FORGIE, LIEUT. JAMES H., to Miss Elizabeth Coulthard, of Toronto ; in London, England, June 1st, 1917.

GOFORTH, CAPTAIN PAUL, to Miss Marie Spencer, of St. Lucia, B.W.I., May 7th, 1917.

KILGOUR, FLIGHT LIEUT. ARTHUR, to Miss Edna Mutton, in London, Eng., on May 24th, 1917.

McAIRTY, MAJOR PERCY, to Miss Marie Spencer, of St. John, N.B., on April 11th, 1917.

TIBB, RICHARD (better known as Richard Travers), to Miss ———, of Chicago, Ill., in February, 1917.

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### OBITUARY

HENRY SYMONS DEVLIN was born on January 17th, 1916. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1911, to June, 1912, when he matriculated into the University of Toronto with Honours in Latin, English, French and History. During the year after he left College he was on the staff of the Toronto Star, and retained his connection with that paper when he went up to the University.



In August, 1915, he obtained a commission with the 75th Battalion, with whom he went overseas. He became a most efficient bombing officer. At school his sunny disposition made him a thoroughly popular boy, and his popularity was maintained both at the University and in his battalion. On Sept. 9th, 1916, he was reported "missing and wounded." As so long a time has elapsed without any information to the contrary, we are reluctantly compelled to place his name on the list of killed. On March 31st, 1917, a returned comrade informed us that "towards the end of August, 1916, Devlin and Howard led a raiding party against the Germans. They reached the German front line parapet, when both Devlin and Howard were shot. Two of Devlin's men endeavoured to rouse him and get him out, but he failed to respond. He had been shot through the neck. Shrapnel then broke near him with the result that he received further wounds. His companions believe he was killed. Both officers were blackened, with no identification marks on them. Hence, if Devlin did not regain consciousness, definite information could not be given his captors. Australians, who were opposite the line, subsequently talked with a German prisoner, who stated that two English officers had been killed on their parapet some time before."

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MELCHIOR MCEWEN EBERTS was born on August 5th, 1889. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, and spent two years here, matriculating into the University of Toronto in June, 1908. After leaving school, he spent four months in business and some time in special preparation for West Point. In due course he obtained his commission in the United States Army, and was with the Third United States Infantry when, on August 30th, 1916, he was transferred to the Aviation section of the Signal Corps. His training in aviation he took at San Diego, Col. He had obtained his captaincy and was making a flight with a brother officer at Columbus, N.M., on May 15th, 1917, when his machine was caught in an air pocket and fell 1,500 feet. Eberts died some hours later as a result of his injuries.

While at St. Andrew's Eberts took a prominent part in all the school activities. He was one of the Editors of the REVIEW, and in his second year was Business Manager. For two years he

played on the First Football Team. He was a Prefect in 1907-1908, a Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, winner in the 158 lbs. Boxing Class, and held the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the school.

Eberts was the first St. Andrew's College Old Boy to give his life for the Allied cause in service under the Stars and Stripes. The news of his passing will bring much sincere regret to his old friends at the school, where he entered so heartily into the activities of the place.

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DUNCAN WILLIAM GRAHAM was born on April 19th, 1891. He came to St. Andrew's College from the Renfrew Collegiate Institute in September, 1906, and spent but one year at College. In December, 1915, he enlisted in the 4th Universities Overseas Company of the P.P.C.L.I. He was subsequently drafted into the 11th Reserve Battalion, and was sent over to France in November, 1916, with the 5th Canadian Machine Gun Co. On November 10th of the same year he was wounded. Later he returned to the front and was killed in action on May 17th, 1917.

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ERNEST REESE KAPPELE was born on June 25th, 1893. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1903, and went through all the Forms of the School, matriculating in 1910. On leaving School he entered on the study of law. In August, 1915, he obtained a commission with the 75th Battalion, with whom he went overseas. For a long time he suffered from asthma and only got to the front through his determination and pluck. In January, 1917, he became attached to the 3rd Brigade Staff. On April 18th, 1917, he was killed in action.

The many boys who knew Kappele during his seven years at the school will long remember him for his cheerful and sunny disposition, and will learn with deep regret that he has joined the number of those who have given their lives for the cause of freedom. His record at the front, under the handicap of a distressing affliction, will long remain an example of pluck and determination.

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GERALD GODFREY KNIGHTON was born on July 7th, 1888, and was educated first at a Preparatory School at Southborne-on-Sea, afterwards at Aldenham School and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Second Class Honours Science



Degree and was a member of the Officers' Training Corps for four years. From Cambridge he was appointed Science Master at St. Andrew's College, a post he held for three years, returning to England in 1913 to enter the Church. He joined the U.P.S. from Bishop's College, Cheshunt, at the outbreak of war, and obtained his commission in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, being one of the first four officers to form the 9th Battalion on October 26th, 1914. He was a Captain by the end of the year and obtained his majority soon after going to France, when he was posted to the 5th Battalion. He was wounded on April 28th, and died of his injuries two days later.

Colonel J. R. Dyas, the Commanding Officer under whom he served for the longest period, writes of him as follows :

"When I came to the 9th Battalion and the Oxford Bucks Light Infantry on the 7th of August, 1915, Capt. G. G. Knighton was in command of A Company and he continued in this responsible position until he left us for France on the 8th September, 1916. During this time of unceasing work I formed the highest opinion of his ability and devotion to duty. He was an excellent trainer of men and a most valuable officer. His death is a great sorrow to all who served with him and a grievous loss to the Service. May I beg to offer my deepest sympathy to all who were near and dear to him."

Shortly after the news of his death was received there came the announcement that he had been mentioned in General Haig's despatches.

During his three years on the staff of St. Andrew's College, "Gerry" Knighton made many friends, both outside the College as well as in. He was very popular with his colleagues and unremitting in his efforts to promote the welfare of the boys. His action in at once volunteering for service on the outbreak of the war was what his friends had learned to expect of him. Among his many friends in Canada there is deep sorrow at his death and very real sympathy with his family in England.

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ROBERT GEOFFREY MASSON was born in Ottawa on August 19th, 1895. He came up to St. Andrew's College in November, 1909, and left a little more than a year later owing to ill health. While here he was in the Lower School House and gave great

promise as a hockey player. On leaving St. Andrew's he attended school near home. In May, 1916, he received a lieutenancy in the 156th Battalion. Later he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, and had been serving for some time when on May 3rd, he was reported missing. On June 6th, his father received word that he had been "killed in action."

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WILLIAM MCCLAIN MUNRO was born in Toronto on May 3rd, 1896. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1907, to December, 1910, leaving from the Third Form. While in the Lower School he was active in all the sports and won his Lower School colors. In 1908 he won a Proficiency Prize in Form 1. In February, 1916, he became attached as a subaltern to the 92nd Battalion, but owing to illness, when that battalion went overseas, he was forced to remain behind. He then enlisted in the 67th Battery. Later he went to the Canadian Military School at Crowboro, Sussex, England. He transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and after service in France was attached again to his old regiment, with whom he was serving at the front at the time of his death. He was killed in action on May 8th, 1917. The cable announcing his death was sent by his old friend, "Bud" Brown.

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EDWIN ARTHUR RAND was born on July 9th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College in September, 1912, and although only here one year, made many friends. His thorough unselfishness and readiness to enter into all the activities of the School made him a favourite with all. He played football and cricket and was made a Prefect after Christmas.

In August, 1915, he went overseas with the 47th Battalion. In June, 1916, he obtained a commission with the 8th Battalion. A few days later he was wounded but remained on duty. On May 4th, 1917, word that he had been "killed in action" was received at the School.

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HUGH DOUGLAS MACINTOSH WALLACE was born on July 15th, 1893. He entered the Upper Sixth Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1909, and obtained his Honour Matriculation to the University of Toronto in July, 1910. He played on the third football team in 1909.



On going to the University he entered the Faculty of Applied Science and graduated in 1914. When the war broke out he was employed in the Department of Railways and Canals, and was stationed at Welland. In January, 1916, he began his course in aviation, and in November of the same year was made Flight Sub.-Lieutenant in the R.A.S. On June 11th word was received that he had been killed in action.

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JOSEPH HAROLD WILSON was born on June 19th, 1892. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Nelson, B.C., in September, 1904, and left in June, 1910, going through all the Forms of the School. On leaving School he entered on the study of law in Vancouver. He went overseas with the 102nd Battalion, and was soon sent over to France. In November, 1916, he was awarded the "Military Cross" for "exceptional courage and determination in staying in his trench at the Somme front for twenty-four hours after he had been seriously wounded in the shoulder." After his convalescence he returned to the front and was killed in action on April 11th, 1917. During his years at St. Andrew's "Joe" Wilson was always active in the various undertakings of the School and was deservedly popular. His many school friends will learn with real sorrow that he must be remembered with those who have given their all.

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### MILITARY DISTINCTIONS RECENTLY WON

We are without information about the way in which the majority of the recent military distinctions have been won. News of "Bud" Brown's and Jack Kay's honour has just arrived in a letter from another Old Boy. In a private letter "Drum" Matheson gives a lively account of the scrap in the air which resulted in the loss of a foot, but says nothing about the particular feature of the action which won him his Cross. We have just read in a newspaper that W. H. Leishman had received his commission in the field last December, and been since awarded the D.S.O., but he has given his own family no information on the subject. The *Gazette* of May 29th tells us that Capt. H. K. Harris won his Cross by the "greatest coolness and skill" in the preparation and execution of a difficult operation. As mentioned in the obituary notices, Major Knighton was mentioned in Despatches before his death. We are sure that other distinctions have escaped our notice, and we would ask our friends to send us any news of this kind, as the recipients themselves certainly do not.

## HONOUR ROLL AND DIRECTORY

Of St. Andrew's College Masters and Old Boys Serving  
with the Colors

## Masters

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Allan, N. McD.	Sergt.	Canada Dental Corps.	Paisley	1915-1916
Bell, Dr. A. M.		Army Medical Service.	Merriekville	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers	England	1913-1915
Caverhill, E. A.	Gunner	Roy. Art. Cadet School	Toronto	1915
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Adjut., 4th Can. Battalion	Sudbury	1908-1911
Grant, W. L.	Major	20th Battalion	Kingston	1903
Green, A.		Army Service Corps	Ottawa	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy	England	1912-1913
Ker, A. W. W.	Capt.	O.C. 33th Battery, 14th Bgde.	England	1913-1914
Knighton, G. G.	Major	9th Oxford Bucks L.I.	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Capt.	16th Battery, 6th Brigade	Kingston	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H. W.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston	1913-1915
Ralph, L. W. H.	Pte.	244 Co., M.G.C., F. Lines	England	1913-1914
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt.	Provost-Marshall of Toronto	Toronto	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Major	Hdqs. Staff, 9th Inf. Brigade	Toronto	1905-1914
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	13th Battalion, 3rd Brigade	England	1909-1915

## Old Boys

Abendana, E. M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers	Port Antonio	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred			Campbellton	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	12th Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Toronto	1906-1910
Allan, J. R.		Ottawa Artillery	Ottawa	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co., R.E.	Toronto	1903-1905
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	P.P.C.L.I.	Vancouver	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Sergt.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1911
Anderson, R. F.			Ottawa	1906-1908
Anderson, W. S.		1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John, N.B.	1909-1910
Angstrom, L. C.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1903-1908
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters	Toronto	1905-1906
Aspden, A.	Pte.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1906-1913
Auld, J. C.	Asst. Adjut.	C.F.A.	Toronto	1904-1912
Atkinson, H. J. H.	Gunner	67th Battery	Toronto	1913-1914
Balfour, W. E.	Gunner	46th Battalion, 11th Brigade	Regina	1912-1914
Ballantyne, C. C.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1901-1905
Barclay, W. C.			Toronto	1902-1906
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Oakville	1905-1907
Bath, C. L.	Capt.	Flight Com., 29th Sqdn., R.F.C.	Toronto	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Victoria	1911-1912
Beath, M. G.	Sergt.	227th Battalion	Sudbury	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Reserve	Toronto	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Reserve	Toronto	1905-1910
Beecroft, H. T.	Sergt.-Major	3rd. Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Edmonton	1912-1913
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.			Toronto	1908-1915
Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	27th Winnipeg Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Capt.	92nd Battalion, Asst. Adjut.	Toronto	1900-1909
Bennett, F.	Lieut.	Nfld. Reg. Record Office	St. John's	1911-1912
Bennett, S.	2nd Lieut.	1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1911-1914



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Bigwood, P. H.	Flgt. Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1906-1909
Black, S. G.	Sergt.	C.F.A., 6th Howitzer Brigade	Montreal	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.	Vancouver	1911-1913
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks. L.I.	Toronto	1901-1902
Blake, Hume, Jr.	Lieut.	Hdqr's Staff, Shorncliffe	Toronto	1901-1902
Blackstock, G.	Lieut.	British Army, A.D.C.	Toronto	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.	Pte.	60th Battalion	Toronto	1913-1915
Bole, W. W. R.	Driver	Mechanical Transport	Toronto	1909-1916
Bond, H. St. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Engineers	Toronto	1904-1909
Booth, C. D.	Capt.	39th Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto	1903
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1911
Booth, D. W.	Capt.	169th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1903
Bowden, A. W.	Pte.	Can. Army Service Corps	Toronto	1916-1917
Bowden, H.	Corp.	Army Service Corps	Toronto	1903-1909
Boyd, J. Errol	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-1909
Bradshaw, M. A.	Corp.	67th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
Broderick, F. N.	York Rangers	Kapuskasing	Toronto	1906-1912
Broughall, Deric		3rd Battalion, 1st Brigade	Toronto	1904-1905
Brown, R. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, Bernal	Pte.	4th University Co.	Toronto	1908-1914
Burk, Gerrie		8th Battalion	Port Arthur	1906-1907
Burk, H. G.	Capt.	147th Grey Overseas Battalion	Toronto	1907-1909
Bryan, F. W.	Driver	Mechanical Transport	Toronto	1908
Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	20th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, G. K.	Corp.	Cyclists Corps	Toronto	1913-1914
Burns, M. C.		15th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1906-1908
Burton, R. B. S.	Major	Headquarter's Staff, Toronto	Toronto	1902-1907
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion	Vancouver	1911
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment	New Carlisle	1905-1907
Calvert, C. W. L.		Royal Naval Aviation Service	Toronto	1912-1914
Cameron, J. H.		27th Battalion	Kenora	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A.	Signaller	147th Battalion, 15th Platoon	Owen Sound	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec	Sergt.	2nd Div. Ammun. Column	Toronto	1905-1912
Campbell, E. S.		Naval Air Service	Toronto	1907-1916
Campbell, A. R.	Major	216th Battalion	Toronto	1899-1900
Campbell, Geo.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	Halifax	1906-1911
Cantley, C. L.	Major	5th Royal Highlanders (Spec.)	New Glasgow	1900-1902
Cantley, D. F.	Lieut.	208th Battery	New Glasgow	1911-1916
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1912
Carlyle, R. T.		Inspector, Can. Inspect. Co.	Toronto	1905-1909
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Battery	Kenora	1907-1909
Carr, F. R.	Sapper	Divisional Signallers	Hamilton	1909-1913
Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	"B" Battery, R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Bomb.	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Bomb.	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B.		4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Port Williams	1912-1913
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	"C" Squad, 2nd Brigade	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H.		No. 7 Stationary Hospital	Wolfville	1910-1911
Chesnut, E. F.	Sergt.	19th Battalion, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1902-1908
Chesnut, A. W.		4th University Co.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg Medical Corps	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Lieut.	Imperial Transport	Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, E. K., Dr.		Queen's Can. Military Hosp.	Toronto	1905-1911
Clarke, N. D.	Pte.	P.P.C.L.I.	Toronto	1905-1909
Clarke, C. T.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.	Lieut.	1st Motor Machine Gun Bgde.	Renfrew	1901
Clark, A. R. S.		Dorsetshire Regiment	Toronto	1901-1902

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Clement, D. W.	Pte.	5th Royal Highlanders	Kitchener	1913-1915
Clerk, B. M.	Major	11th Can. Machine Gun Co.	Toronto	1903-1904
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion	Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	Orderly Officer, Exhibition	Ottawa	1905-1908
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Gunner	43rd Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto	1907-1910
Cocking, A. H.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Collins, F. H.			Peterborough	1903-1904
Comstock, W. H.	Flgt. Lieut.	Naval Air Service	Brockville	1909-1916
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	216th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1906
Copeland, R. C.	Bomb.	43rd Battery, C.E.F.	Collingwood	1911-1912
Corbould, C. E. B.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	New Westminster	1905-1908
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.	7th Battalion	Victoria	1904-1906
Cosgrave, K. W.	Gunner	67th Battery	Toronto	1915-1916
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	19th Battery, C.F.A.	Brockville	1913-1915
Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	12th Bgde., M.G.C., 4 Div. Can.	Toronto	1902-1904
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	1st Can. T.M. Battery, Inf. Bgd.	Toronto	1901-1905
Cotton, H. H.	Lieut.	2nd Brigade, C.M.R.	Cowansville	1910-1912
Coulthard, J. K. B.	Pte.	58th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.	Lieut.	50th Regiment	Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.	Driver	2nd Divisional Train	Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.	Staff-Sergt.	48th Highlanders	Toronto	1900
Crawford, H. A. C.			Winnipeg	1906-1907
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	5th Can. Div., 13th Bgde.	Toronto	1906-1911
Crowe, H. L.	Sub-Lieut.	R.A.S.	Toronto	1908-1915
Crowe, J. A.			Winnipeg	1905-1909
Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	Toronto	1913-1914
Crother, W. G.	Lieut.		Ottawa	1912-1913
Cruickshank, W. J.	Corp.	No. 75498, Infantry	Matsqui	1911-1912
Cunningham, L. E.		13th Battalion	Parry Sound	1901
Cutler, J. G.	Lieut.	Pay Office, London, England	Halifax	1905-1907
Dack, J. O.	Cadet	F. Co., 6th O.C.B.	Toronto	1915-1916
Darroch, J. C.		Troop No. 3, Stratheona Horse	Toronto	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Davies, H. E.		Flying Corps	Toronto	1912-1917
Davison, J. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1910
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Co., R.E.	Bridgewater	1906-1908
Davison, R. F.		R.N.A.S.	Bridgewater	1906-1909
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1912-1913
DeBeck, C. V.	Pte.	No. 443772, Infantry	Penticton	1911-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.	133rd Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
DeSherbinin, I.	Gunner	69th Battery	Toronto	1911-1912
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery	Winnipeg	1911
Dickson, I. W.			Toronto	1899-1900
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto	1910-1912
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1910-1915
Dineen, G.	Lieut.	9th Batt'n. Roy. Berk. Reg.	Toronto	1907
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	87th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	1st Can. Motor M.G. Brigade	Toronto	1909-1913
Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion	Winnipeg	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	92nd Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
Donaldson, W. A.	Sergt.	188th Battalion	Prince Albert	1913-1914
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	69th Battery	Toronto	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.	2nd Lieut.	42nd Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto	1906-1910
Dordis, G. D.	Lieut.	154th Battalion	Morrisburg	1909
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	7th Seaforth Highlanders	Toronto	1904-1907
Douglas, G. K.	Gunner	1st Reserve Brigade	Toronto	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		Royal Flying Corps	Moose Jaw	1913-1915



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Winnipeg	1904-1906
Duncan, J. M.	Eng. Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Dahlia"	Toronto	1903-1906
Duncanson, A. E.	Major	3rd Can. Infantry Brigade	Toronto	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.	Sergt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto	1907-1912
Dyment, I.		5th Field Ambulance.	Toronto	1906-1912
Eakins, C. G.	Gunner	67th Battery	Napanee	1911-1916
Easson, J. M.	Pte.	C.A.S.C., Mech. Transport	Toronto	1913-1916
Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	U.S. Army Aviation Corps.	Little Rock, Ark.	1906-1908
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Farquhar, T. D.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Halifax	1907-1908
Ferguson, J. A.	Lieut.	17th Draft, Can. Engineers	Massy	1910-1913
Ferguson, W. R.	Pte.	Can. Army Service Corps	Brandon	1911-1912
Ferguson, W. W.	Major	228th Battalion	North Bay	1902-1905
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps	Toronto	1899-1902
Fergusson, J. T.	Lieut.	241st Battalion, Windsor	Toronto	1899-1906
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.	4th Batta., 1st Can. Inf. Bgde.	Toronto	1903-1910
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	25th Battery	Toronto	1906-1914
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	12th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Firstbrook, N. R.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto	1911-1916
Firth-Eagland, W.		Motor Cycle Corps	Toronto	1909-1911
Fisken, Sidney	Lieut.	Royal Field Artillery	Toronto	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.	Queen's Own	Toronto	1901-1909
Fleming, D.	Lieut.	241 Scottish Regiment	Winnipeg	1910-1912
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Ottawa	1913-1916
Fleming, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Flemming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	A.S.C. No. 4, General Hospital	Toronto	1902-1907
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Oakville	1900-1903
Forgie, J. M.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Pembroke	1904-1907
Foster, M. L.	Sub-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1909-1911
Foster, W. F. T.	Sergt.	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Capt.	Instr., M.G. School, Kingston	Ottawa	1903-1911
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	94th Field Ambulance	Toronto	1900-1905
Frith, Ed. V.		3rd Div. Cyclists	Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Frith, N. L. H.		Vol. Rifles, Home Defence	Hamilton, Ber.	1914-1916
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1910
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Flight Com.	R.N.A.S.	Carleton Place	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. A. H.	2nd Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Toronto	1907-1915
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Garratt, P. C.	Capt.	70th Squadron, R.F. Corps	Toronto	1909-1910
Gartshore, L. B.	Lieut.		Toronto	1899
Gould, W. H.		Cycle Corps	Japan	1911-1912
Geggie, W. M. M.	2nd Lieut.	Machine Gun Corps	Toronto	1907-1910
Gibson, Ira A.		C.A.S.C.	Perth	1911-1913
Gibson, W. O.	Lieut.	31st Battery	Winnipeg	1907
Gideon, T. R.	2nd Lieut.	9th (?) 6th Lincolns, 11th Div.	Port Antonio	1904-1906
Gill, R. J.	Major	156th Battalion	Bowmanville	1904-1907
Gillespie, J.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1902
Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1900-1902
Gillies, C. C.		Can. Engineers	Clover Bar, Alta.	1900
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.	158 Battery	Vancouver	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul	Capt.	17th Nova Scotia Battalion	China	1902
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	54th Battery	Toronto	1905-1908
Gooderham, G.	Sub-Lieut.	"A" Squadron, No. 1 Wing, R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1906-1910
Gooderham, M. S.	Capt.	4th Inf. Brigade	Toronto	1901-1910
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1902

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Gordon, S. F.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Pembroke	1910-1914
Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	69th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
Graham, D.	Pte.	5th Can. Machine Gun Co.	Renfrew	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	74th Field Battery	Belleville	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Napanee	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Dragoons	Perth	1910-1912
Grant, E. M.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, G. W.	Capt.	Can. Medical Service	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, R. H.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Command Regiment	Toronto	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.	Bomb.	58th Howitzer Battery	Toronto	1909-1915
Greer, W. C.	Lieut.	11th Irish Fusiliers	Vancouver	1910-1911
Grier, C. B.	Lieut.	Hdqr's Staff, Folkestone	Montreal	1904-1905
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Guelph	1911-1912
Haas, M. S.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade, M.G. Co.	Toronto	1903-1908
Hale, Thos.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Pembroke	1905-1907
Hallam, M.		French Red Cross	Toronto	1901-1910
Hamilton, C.D.	Sergt.	M.T., 3rd Div. Sup. Col.	Toronto	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	53rd Battery, Can.'s 31st Bgde.	Toronto	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	"C" Co., 123rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sapper.	2nd Field Engineers, Driver	Erindale	1902
Hanlon, E. G.	Flgt. Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1908
Hanna, W. B.	Capt.	H.Q. Staff, London, Eng.	Toronto	1903-1907
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	26th Battery, 7th Brigade	Sarnia	1908-1910
Hardie, J. M. O.	Pte.	No. 446139, 2nd C.M.R.	Lethbridge	1907-1909
Hardie, W. E. G.	Pte.	No. 629066, 29th Battalion, 6th Brigade	Lethbridge	1906-1909
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Imp. Army, 11th Sussex Regt.	Toronto	1899
Harris, L. S.	Lieut.	Musketry Inst., Ex. Camp	Toronto	1899
Harrison, W. L.	2nd Lieut.	Aviation	Toronto	1913-1916
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	5th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal	1906-1907
Hastings, C. E.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C., Imp. Branch, Mech. Transport	Toronto	1908-1909
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	16th Battalion	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Lieut.	Hdqr's Staff, Winnipeg	Winnipeg	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport	Whitby	1910-1914
Hayes, F. Barry	Sub-Lieut.	R.N.V.R., H.M.S. "Hermeine"	Toronto	1904-1906
Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	Aviation, Pilot	Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Capt.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Hennesey, J. W.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Fort Coulonge	1912
Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	116th Ont. County Battalion	Oshawa	1910-1913
Herald, R. A.	Pte.	16th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Major	1st Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto	1900-1904
Hertzberg, G. S. L.	Lieut.	7th Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto	1899-1901
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1909
Hodgson, D. E.	Gunner	14th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1908-1909
Hughes, B. H.		"C" Co., Can. Engineers	Toronto	1902-1904
Home, H. M.	Pte.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1907-1917
Hume, R. F.		Can. Army Med. Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Hutcheson, B. W.	Major	122nd Forestry Battalion	Huntsville	1911-1912
Husband, G. C.	Pilot	Aviation	Toronto	1914
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	London	1901-1903
Hutchings, D. J.	Corp.	Lewis M.G. Sect. of the 46th	Calgary	1909-1912
Hutchings, H.		Bermuda Volunteer Rifles	Bermuda	1915-1916
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.	Toronto	1912-1915
Ings, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Charlottetown	1913-1914
Isbester, H.	Capt.	42nd Battalion, M.G. Section	Port Arthur	1900-1902



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
James, W. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1910
Jardine, R. A.	Lieut.	100th Battalion	Winnipeg	1909-1911
Johnson, G. R.	Capt.	177th Co. Royal Engineers	Fernie	1904-1906
Jenkins, W. S.	Driver	67th Battery	Madoc	1915-1916
Johnston, H. A.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Montreal	1908-1912
Johnston, K. B.	Gunner	66th Battery, C.F.A.	Montreal	1910-1914
Jones-Bateman, J. B.		1st Div. Signal Corps	Toronto	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, R. W.	Corp.	33rd Battalion M.G. Section	Toronto	1909-1913
Junkin, R. L.	Capt.	5th Field Co., 2nd C. Div. Eng.	Toronto	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	17th Bgde. Can. M.G. Co.	Toronto	1908-1912
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	Toronto	1903-1907
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade Staff	Toronto	1903-1910
Kay, Jack	Lieut.	3rd Brigade, M.G. Co.	Toronto	1901-1909
Kelly, Chas.		No. 30876, 12 Plat., 10th Battn.	St. George's, Ber.	1900-1902
Keith, N. W.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit	Toronto	1899-1904
Kemp, C. A.	Lieut.	Forestry Battalion	Toronto	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1909-1913
Kilgour, Arthur	Flgt. Lieut.	31st Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1900-1907
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	Adjutant, Mil. Hospital	Toronto	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.		4th Can. Div., No. 331164	Toronto	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto	1905-1907
Lafferty, Heber	Major	R.C. Horse Artillery	Calgary	1906-1907
Langton, W. T.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1911-1912
Lash, G. H. G.	Sergt.	4th University Co.	Toronto	1910-1913
Lazier, T. H.	Signaller	52nd Battery	Belleville	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	Paymaster, 30th Ottawa Rifles	London	1903-1906
Leckie, C. P.	Lieut.		Vancouver	1911-1915
Leckie, H. S.	Sub-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1909-1914
Lee, S. B. D.		Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1900-1906
Leishman, C. M.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1905-1910
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.	Sergt.	241st Highlands Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	Y.I.C. Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1905-1909
Leishman, N. G.	Sergt.	70th Battery	Toronto	1912-1913
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	Crowborough School	Dundas	1908-1910
Lightbourn, A. H.		Volunteer Rifles, Home Def.	Paget, Ber.	1908-1909
Lightbourn, F. G.		U. of T. Overseas Training Co.	Toronto	1903-1911
Lightbourn, G. O.	Lieut.	180th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1914
Livingston, R.	Lieut.	5th Battery	Kingston	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	1st Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1909-1913
Lockhart, N. B.		19th Battalion, "A" Co.	Toronto	1906-1909
Lockhart, R. A.	Lieut.	69th Battery	Toronto	1908-1912
Lorimer, N. H.	Lieut.	20th Battery, 6th Brigade	Toronto	1906-1908
Loudon, L. B. M.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1906
Lowndes, E. B.	Pte.	University Overseas Co.	Toronto	1909-1915
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Reserve Park	Toronto	1906-1912
Lowes, A. T.	Lieut.	50th Canadians	Calgary	1906-1907
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1908
McAvity, P. D.	Major	26th Battalion	St. John	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	18th Battalion	Elmvale	1909-1912
McDonald, G. C.	Driver	No. 302241, 40th Battery	Chatsworth	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.	Capt.	174th Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corp.	4th Battalion	Walkerton	1915-1916
McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion	Vancouver	1909-1911
McGregor, D. G.	Lieut.	153rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1910

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	34th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		No. 37167, Div. Amm. Park	Winnipeg	1910-1914
McKenzie, K. G.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Monkton	1906-1909
MacKenzie, W. G.	Corp.	Royal Flying Corps	Vancouver	1916
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Convalescent Hospital, Epsom	Ottawa	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps	Ottawa	1904-1906
McLagan, P. D. M.		103rd Battalion	Abbotsford	1905-1907
McLennan, A. R.	Sergt.	2nd Can. Command Regt.	Toronto	1907-1914
McLaren, G. B.	Sub.-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1903-1907
McMullen, R. P.		50th Queen's Battery	Vancouver	1910
McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	Royal Field Artillery	Toronto	1912-1914
McMurtry, U. B.	Lieut.	116th Battalion	Toronto	1915-1916
McMichael, J. E.	Gunner	79th Battery	Toronto	1909-1914
McPhedran, N.	Capt.	Med. Officer, 12th Art. Bgde.	Toronto	1902-1906
McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	24th (Service) Battalion	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, W. B.	Lieut.	Hdqr's Staff, Exhibition	Toronto	1902-1907
McQueen, H. M.	Pte.	58th Battalion	Petrolia	1912-1913
McRae, D. A.		R.N.A.S.	Winnipeg	1913-1915
McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	219th Field Co., R.E.	Clinton	1912-1914
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	12th Battery, 3rd Brigade	Clinton	1908-1910
Macauley, D. L.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Montreal	1907-1908
Macdonald, F. M.	Sub.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1900-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Winnipeg	1911-1915
MacDougall, J. W.	Driver	68th Battery, No. 339140	Vancouver	1912-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery	London	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders	Montreal	1900-1902
MacGregor, I. C.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps, No. 7	New Glasgow	1912-1916
MacKeen, D. W.	Lieut.	273rd (Can.) Siege Battery	Halifax	1907-1912
MacKeen, H.	Lieut.	Can. Heavy Battery	Halifax	1906-1910
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Battalion, Co. 2	Washington	1901-1902
MacLaren, Ian	Lieut.	58th Battery, 14th Brigade	St. John	1910-1913
MacLaren, K. B.	Capt.	5th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Macnee, W. K.	Capt.	Barriefield, H.Q.M.D. No. 3	Kingston	1905-1908
MacNutt, P. I.	Driver	Engineers, No. 504278	St. John	1900-1901
Macpherson, C.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Glenallan	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.		Amherst	1913
Mackenzie, A. B.	Sergt.	255th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1913
Malcolm, Jack	Lieut.	242nd Battalion	Campbellton	1910-1913
Malcolm, E. B.	Sapper		Campbellton	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	Sapper		Campbellton	1910-1912
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Lieut.	65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1911-1913
Marsh, P. C.		No. 512861, C.A.S.C. Supplies, T.D.	Huntsville	1909-1910
Marshall, D. G.		52nd Battery	Vancouver	1910-1912
Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	25th Squadron, R.F.C.	New Glasgow	1905-1910
Massey, A. B.	Sergt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1906-1908
Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1911
Massey, V.	Lieut.-Col.	Asst. Musk. Officer, Div. Staff	Toronto	1902-1906
Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Ottawa	1909-1910
Matthews, R. A.	Capt.	C.A.M.C., 3rd Can. Amb.	Toronto	1902-1903
May, G. H.	Lieut.	Can. Mech. Transport	Ottawa	1903-1905
May, T. C.		Royal Naval Air Service	Toronto	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.		Borden's Arm'd. Motor Batt'y	Peterboro	1907-1908



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Mickleborough, K.	Capt.	3rd Can. Battalion	Toronto	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	2nd Lieut.	206th Field Co.	Toronto	1901-1907
Millington, C. A.	Pte.	Ont. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1909-1914
Mills, L. G.	Adjut.	74th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1908
Milne, J. K.	Pte.	107th Battalion, M.G. Section	Madoc	1910-1911
Mitchell, H. C.	Gunner	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1916-1917
Mitchell, R. G.		28th Battalion	Weyburn	1909-1911
Moffat, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.	Toronto	1899-1906
Montgomery, A. R.	Sergt.	No. 85151, 4th Battery, C.F.A.	New Richmond	1909-1910
Montgomery, L. C.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion	New Richmond	1909-1912
Montgomery, C. C.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1907
Montgomery, J. A.			Toronto	1905
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers	North Bay	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion	Oshawa	1906-1908
Morrison, A. M.	Pte.	C.A.S.C. Mech. Transport	Winnipeg	1915-1916
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	213th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1905
Mortimer, V. S.		2nd Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1902-1905
Morton, D. R.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1911
Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Roy. Can. Artillery	Toronto	1907-1912
Mulligan, W. R.	Trooper	Lord Strathcona Horse	Regina	1911
Munn, W. L. G.	Lieut.	Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1909-1913
Munn, R. S. E.	Pte.	1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1909-1913
Munro, H. E.	Lieut.	5th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1904-1909
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	36th Battalion	Dunnville	1906-1911
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon	Sergt.	29th Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.		28th Battalion, "D" Co.	Weyburn	1910
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1900-1902
Nation, Geo.	Lieut.	7th Can. Inf. Brigade	Victoria	1910-1913
Neil, R. H.	Lieut.	67th Battery	Peterboro	1913-1914
Nelson, G. V.	Major	18th Battalion, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren	Lieut.	24th Battalion	Montreal	1906-1913
Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. G. H.		14th Home Guards	Kingston	1906-1908
Nicol, H. L.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Vancouver	1909-1911
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner	48th Battery	Toronto	1909-1913
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sergt.	Div. Ammun. Park, A.S.C.	Toronto	1905-1908
O'Brian, Lewis	Sapper	Can. Eng., A Co., No. 2200.	L'Original	1907-1911
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	26th Battery, 7th Brigade	Ottawa	1905-1909
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill Gen. Hosp. No. 3.	McAdam Jct.	1908
Page, F. P.	Major	75th Battalion	Toronto	1902
Parsons, J. D.	Lieut.	Can. Military Sch., Crowboro.	Galt	1911-1913
Parsons, Myles		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Paisley, J. E. H.	Lieut.	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.	Ottawa	1908-1910
Paterson, G. O.		5th Div., C.A.S.C., No. 510721.	Toronto	1904-1913
Paton, W. H.		198th Battalion	London	1906-1907
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	216th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1909
Peuchen, G. A.	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
Phillips, Ralph	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Ottawa	1912-1915
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	Can. Forestry Corps	Belleville	1911-1915
Quigley, F. G.		Queen's Engineers	Winnipeg	1908-1909
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	8th Battalion (90th Rifles)	New Westminster	1912-1913
Ramsden, J. C.	Pte.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Raney, P. H.		Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Rice, H. F.	Gunner.	2nd Reserve Battery.	Toronto.	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion.	Toronto.	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.	Pte.	3rd Can. Div. Supply Column.	Portage la Prairie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	4th Division, Can. Train.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Riddell, A. R.			Toronto.	1900
Risteen, C. F.		Royal Flying Corps.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
Risteen, G. N.	Driver.	53rd Battery, 13th Brigade.	Vancouver.	1909-1914
Rogers, C. E.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1902-1909
Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	38th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1913
Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	4th Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto.	1906-1914
Ross, Dudley.	Surg.-Prob.	H.M.S. "Linnet"	Elora.	1908-1913
Ross, G. F.	Flgt. Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1901-1913
Ross, M. E.	Corp.	1st Inf. Brigade, 1st Can. Div.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.		47th Battalion.	Vancouver.	1910-1911
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Scott, D. S.	Sub.-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.	Vancouver.	1908-1911
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	19th Can. Battalion.	Toronto.	1900-1904
Shirriff, Q. S.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Silver, R. N.			Halifax.	1908-1910
Sinclair, D. C.		78th Regiment.	New Glasgow.	1902-1903
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Mounted Rifles.	Ottawa.	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P.	Lieut.	1st Battalion, "C" Co.	Cobourg.	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner.	271st Can. Siege Battery.	Montreal.	1910-1915
Slatyer, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion.	Toronto.	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	Lie.-Corp.	General Reserve Cyclists.	Kincardine.	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.	Flgt. Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1904-1910
Smith, J. A.			New Westminster.	1912
Smith, J. R.		15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Smith, K. B. F.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto.	1911-1916
Smith, L. F. W.	Sub.-Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1910-1912
Smith, N. M.		Artillery.	Vancouver.	1912-1914
Snelgrove, C. R.		Can. Army Service Corps.	Toronto.	1908-1913
Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1907
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Somerville, G. A.			Toronto.	1907-1915
Somerville, H. A.	Lieut.	25th Reserve Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1913
Spohn, H. G.		7th Battery, C.F.A.	Penetang.	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B., Dr.		Ontario Hospital.	Toronto.	1903-1906
Stavert, R. E.	Capt.	119th Battalion.	Montreal.	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Lieut.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	Royal Naval Air Service.	Toronto.	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery.	Farran's Point.	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C.		119th Battalion.	Fort William.	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.		Motor Transport.	Vancouver.	1909-1912
Stonchouse, C. E.	Lance-Corp.	No. 2 Can. Command Depot.	Toronto.	1903-1905
Stovel, E. F.		Strathcona Horse.	Winnipeg.	1914
Stokes, S. G.	Lieut.	129th Battalion.	Petrolia.	1910
Straith, J. L.		99th Battery.	Windsor.	1912
Struther, K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army.	Toronto.	1904-1909
Sutherland, J. F. P.		M-2-152736, A.S.C., 73 Siege Battery.	Vancouver.	1906-1911
Sutherland, W. E.		"B" Co., 28th Battalion.	Vancouver.	1906-1911
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	166th Battalion.	Toronto.	1905
Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.	Toronto.	1909-1910
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Signalling Co.	Toronto.	1908



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Borden's Motor Car Battery	Whitehorse	1908-1910
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	186th Battalion	Chatham	1913
Templeton, E. W.	Lieut.	178th Battalion	Vancouver	1910
Thompson, E. W.		Can. Army Service Corps	Toronto	1901-1910
Thompson, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Regiment	Halifax	1910-1913
Thompson, F. H.		Yukon Infantry Co.	Dawson City	1910-1912
Thomson, G. J.	Sub-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1907-1909
Thomson, R. A.		19th Alberta Dragoons	Paris	1905-1909
Tibb, J. C.		48th Highlanders	Toronto	1902-1904
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1907
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps	Montreal	1911-1913
Travis, C. W.	Lieut.	18th Brigade, M.G. Co.	Sydney, N.S.	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1905-1908
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	"B" Co., 135th Battalion	London	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner	43rd Battalion	Toronto	1910-1914
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	Officers Training Corps	Oakville	1912-1914
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps	Hamilton	1909-1911
Verner, W. S.		"A" Co., 35th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1910
Walker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion, "B" Co.	Fort William	1907-1910
Wallace, H. D. M.		Aviation	Blind River	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.		Army Medical Corps	New York City	1901-1904
Wallace, C.		5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade	Vancouver	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.		234th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
Wallace, N. E.	Lieut.	16th Battery, 6th Brigade	Hamilton	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	126th Peel Battalion	Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. L.	Lieut.	38th Battery, 10th Brigade	Brantford	1907-1910
Watson, H. E.		Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1915-1916
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1911
Webster, Harold	Sub-Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol Service	Vancouver	1910
Wemyss, R. H.	Gunner	59th Battery, 15th Brigade	Neepawa	1910-1913
West, G. H.	Pte.	28th Battalion	Wetaskiwin	1902
West, R. R.	Sapper	No. 425474, C.O.R.C.C.	Brandon	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mech. Trans., 3rd Div. S. Col.	Brantford	1908-1912
Whitaker, E. G.	Bomb.	1st Battalion	Brantford	1908-1915
Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner	22nd Howitzer Battery	Brantford	1908-1916
Whitney, E. C.		208th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1912
Wilkes, F. H.	Capt.	3rd Indian Cavalry	Brantford	1908-1909
Williams, J. M.	Pte.	A.S.C., M.T.	Winnipeg	1913-1914
Williams, W. D.		Ontario Mounted Rifles	Mexico	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B.	Sergt.	Saskatchewan Hospital Unit	Toronto	1911-1916
Wilson, A. C. H.	Pte.	15th Battalion	Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
Wilson, J. T.		5th Battery	Toronto	1910-1914
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	102nd Battalion	Vancouver	1904-1910
Winter, E. R.	2nd Lieut.	1st Nfld. Regt. (Posthumous)	St. John's	1912-1914
Winter, M. G.		Lance-Corp. 2nd Battalion Nfld. Regiment	St. John's	1912-1915
Wishart, Dr. D. E. S.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1901-1906
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C.	Sub-Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	New Westminster	1906-1909
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	2nd Reserve Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1907-1914
Wright, B. H.	Pte.	University Overseas Co.	Toronto	1910-1916
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lancashire Fusiliers	Toronto	1907-1912
Young, J. W.	Gunner	67th Battery	Superior, U.S.A.	1909-1912
Yuile, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Montreal	1906-1909
Yuille, W. B.		Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1908-1913

## Exchanges

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The following Exchanges are acknowledged :

*Western Canada College Review*—Western Canada College, Calgary.

*The Albanian*—St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.

*Acadia Athenæum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

*The Briar Cliff Spectator*—Holbrook School, Ossining.

*The College Times*—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

*The Windsorian*—King's College, Windsor, N.S.

*The Mitre*—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

*Blue and White*—Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.

*The Ramble*—New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

*The Black and Red*—University School, Victoria, B.C.

*Acta Ridleiana*—Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines.

*The Lake Lodge Record*—Lake Lodge, Grimsby, Ont.

*The Schoolman*—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

*The Ashburian*—Ashbury College, Ottawa.

*Red and White*—Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.

*The Elevator*—Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.

*The Cherry and White*—Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Pa.

*The Collegiate*—Sarnia Collegiate, Sarnia, Ont.

*Collegiate Outlook*—Collegiate Technical Institute, Moose Jaw, Sask.

*The Vox Lycei*—Hamilton Collegiate Lyceum, Hamilton.

*The Record*—North High School, Worcester, Mass.

*The Chronicle*—Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

*Trinity College School Record*—Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

*The Carlisle Arrow*—Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

*Boone Review*—Boone University, Muchang, China.

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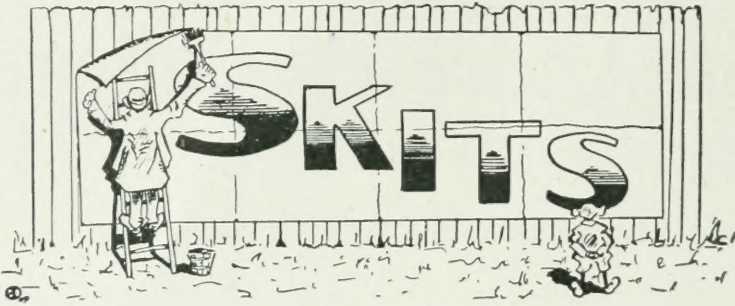
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Mr. L—— : "Now then, are you the teacher in this room?"

Larkin : "No, sir."

Mr. L—— : "Well then, don't act like a blithering idiot."

Lockhart (in A.A. meeting) : "I nominate Yuill."

Mr. Chapman : "Don't be foolish."

Holliday : "Sir, I studied so hard last night that I tore a page out of my book."

Citizen : "I see we have ordered a new aeroplane for our Army."

Secretary of State : "Why, I thought we had one."

Mr. Robinson : "Give me the imperfect of "sum."

Findley I. : "E-ram, e-ras, e-rat."

Pollock : "Hum ! Keep on and you'll have a whole circus parade."

The Host (to nervous guest) : "Have you seen the presents, old chap?"

Nervous Guest : "No, but I should like to, awfully."

The Host : "Well, just a moment, and I'll get a detective to show you around."—*Ex.*

"This afternoon," continued the man of science, "I heard a fly walking across the window pane. The noise resembled the hoof-beats of a cavalryman's mount."

"Perhaps it was a horse-fly," suggested a bright student.—*Ex.*



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Nodd : "Are you sure your wife knows I'm going home with you ?"

Todd : "Knows ! Well, rather ! I argued with her about it this morning for nearly half an hour."

A visitor, talking to a junior boarder about the school : "And have you a good curriculum in your school ?"

Junior (doubtfully) : "Why, it takes—it takes—well, now, I think it takes up almost the whole ground floor."



The Schoolboy of Fiction  
—after L. Baumer

Brutus : "How many apples did you eat, Cæsar ?"

Cæsar : "Et tu, Brutus !"

Mr. Mills : "I went down to the market to-day, and flour was \$10 a barrel."

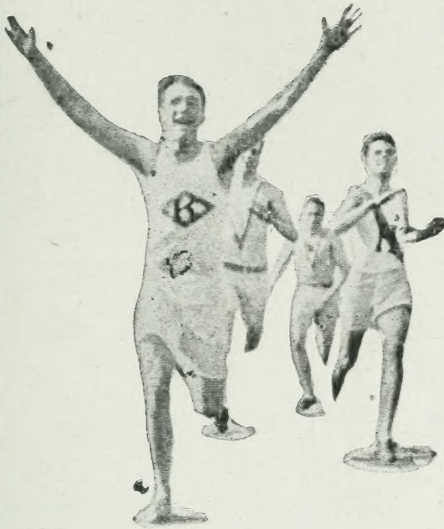
Mr. Chapman : "That's a lot of dough."

He : "Has the plumber finished his work yet ?"

She : "Oh, yes, over two hours ago. He is almost ready to leave."



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Father : "Daughter, did you have company last night?"

Daughter : "Yes—only Mary."

Father : "Well, tell Mary she left her pipe on the piano."

A certain Prefect : "I dreamed last night I proposed to a beautiful girl."

She (breathlessly): "And what did I say?"

Mr. M (in Upper Sixth) : "Look here, I wish you boys would let me get a word in here sometime."



"George Washington must have had a wonderful memory, father," said the bright boy.

"Why so, my son?" asked his father.

"Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."

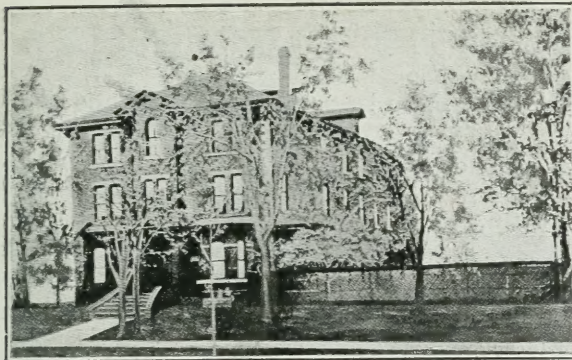
—Ex.

The Farmer : "How much are your rooms?"

Hotel clerk : "Two dollars up to twelve."

The Farmer : "How much until 9.30?"





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Stranger (over phone) : "Hello !—say—is that the day nursery ?"

Miss Brooks : "No, but it ought to be."

He : "Will you call for help if I attempt to kiss you ?"

She : "Yes, if necessary : but I don't see why a big strong man like you should require any help."

Recruiting Sergeant : "Well, are you going to fight for your country ?"

Pollock : "No ; I live in the city ; why should I fight for the country ?"

#### RECEIVED LAST WEEK.

deare teecher,—

Please excoose John becaus' he coodn't be to school yesterdy 'cause he got his self wet in the A.M. and was sick in the P.M.

Yours trully ———

Two fair munition workers were discussing their personal affairs.

"Got a fellow, yet, Madge ?" inquired one.

"Yes, and he's a regular dude."

"Is he very refined ?"

"Rather ! Why, he took me to a restaurant last week, and when we had coffee he poured it into his saucer to cool it, but he didn't blow it like common people would, he fanned it with his hat !"

Douglas (to shopkeeper) : "Are these night-shirts of good wearing quality ?"

Shop-keeper : "Sir, you can't wear them out."

Earl : "Say, what was Adam and Eve's phone number ?"

Syer : "Search me."

Earl : "2-8-1 Apple."

Break ! Break ! Break !

At the foot of thy crags, oh sea !

But though you've been breaking for ages past,

You're never as broke as we.



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Wiser : "Gee ! I was out shooting the rapids on the Humber on Sunday."

Pollock : "What kind of a rifle did you use ?"

"That professor has such an academic look."

"That's due to the pupil in his eye."—*Ex.*

Fourth Former : "How long can a person live without brains ?"

Master : "I don't know ; how old are you ?"

Hostess : "Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us ?"

Mr. Jones : "Ah, yes, indeed ! It is rather tough."—*Ex.*



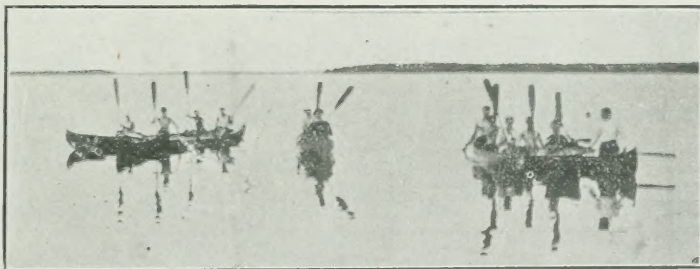


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Customer : "Well, I guess I have the right to change my mind."

Clerk : "Certainly ! You can change any unused goods !"

Beer : "Say, what do they do in guerilla warfare ?"

Lightbourne : "Oh, they just monkey around."

There's a metre in French and metre in German,  
And the metre that's sweet in tone ;  
But the metre that's sweeter, completer, and neater  
Is to meet her by moonlight alone.

(Found in Lightbourne's Algebra.)

From the Dictionary—as revised by Room 32 :

*Athlete*—A dignified bunch of muscles unable to roll the tennis-court or play cricket.

*Cauliflower*—A cabbage with a college education.

*Dance*—A brisk physical exercise, invented by St. Vitus.

*Hearse*—A handsome vehicle in which the man who has always been a tail-ender is finally permitted to lead the procession.

*Laundry*—Where they turn silk shirts into carpets, and collars into water-wings.

*Manicure*—The only person who can beat a carpenter soaking nails.

*Mosquito*—A small insect designed by providence to make us think better of flies.

Barber : "How would you like it cut, sir ?"

McKay (dreamily) : "Oh—duration of the war."

First First Former : "My dad's so tall he could look over that transom."

Second First Former : "So could mine with his hat on."

A woodpecker lit on S——'s head  
And settled down to drill ;  
He bore away for half a day  
And then he broke his bill.

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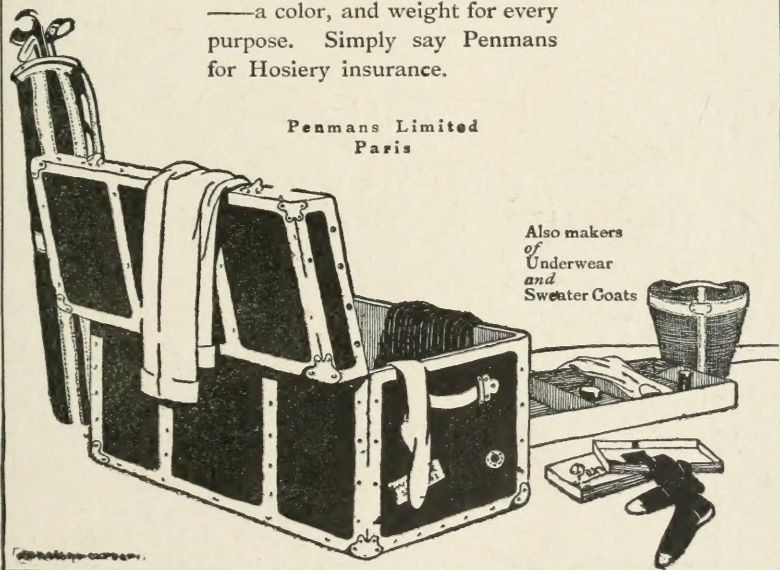


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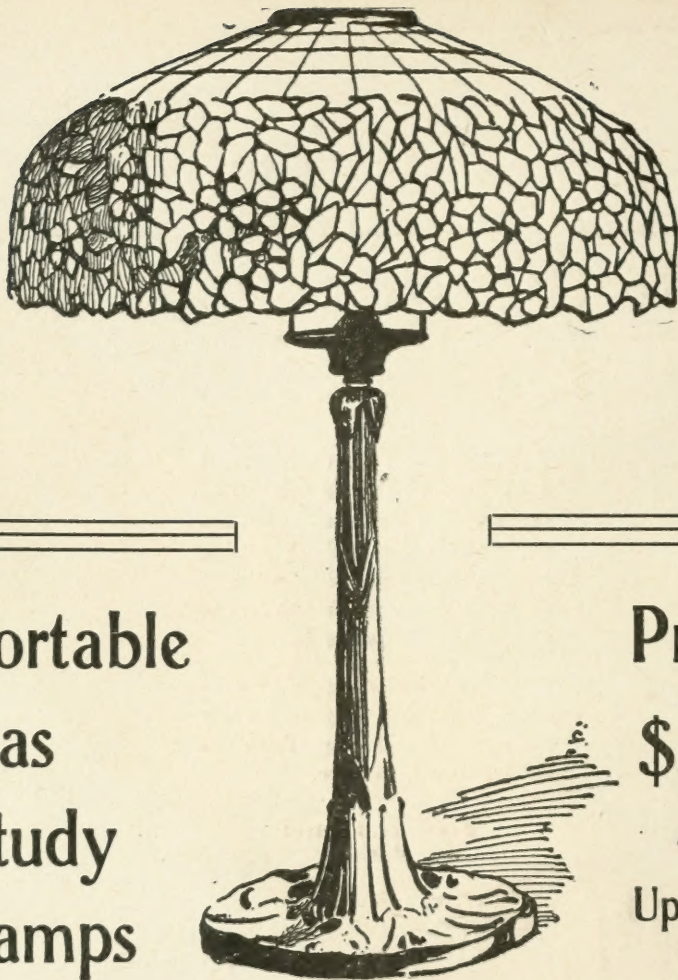
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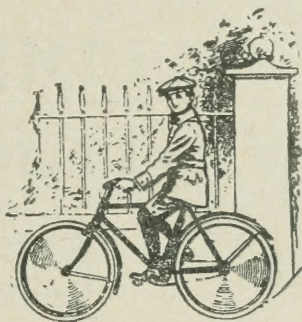
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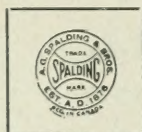
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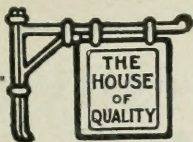
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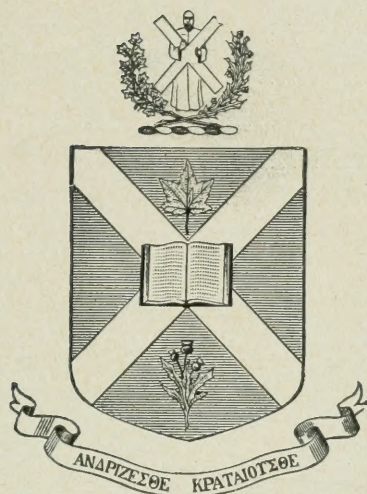
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## Christmas, 1917

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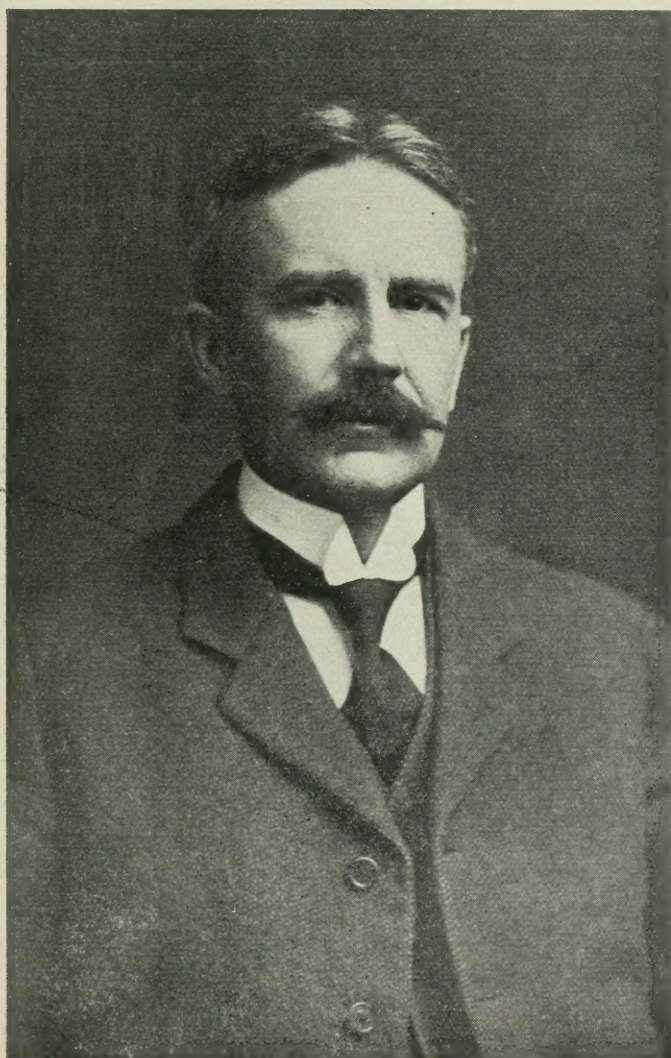
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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Christmas, 1917

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## SCHOOL LOYALTY

BY REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

(Reprinted from "*East and West.*")

THERE is an element in most men which gives them a feeling of peculiar attachment for that which they possess in common with others. Companionship possessions, if one may be permitted to use the expression, invariably create in men worth while a feeling of regard, which naturally develops into affection and loyalty. Are not the individual's home town, his home province, his native country, more to him than all others of their kind ?

The average boy knows his school is the best. He shares with pride in her scholastic honours, helps to produce her athletic victories, and enjoys satisfaction and honour in the achievements of her "old boys."

To endeavour to account for the existence of this element in the character of most men is not within the purpose of this article. Suffice it to say that its existence is one of the finer facts of human nature, and, that it is one of the most commendable characteristics of schoolboy nature, that the average boy is loyal to those possessions which he enjoys in company with his fellows, of which possessions his school life should be by no means the least.

The expression, school loyalty, probably has meaning for us, though the word "loyalty" is frequently used somewhat loosely. As related to school life we have no English word to convey just what is meant. The French call it "*esprit de corps*," and this expression is not unknown in the school life of our Anglo-Saxon world. However, when speaking to the Canadian boy of loyalty to his school, one likes to think of the word "loyalty" as akin in meaning to *faithfulness*, which in turn means the condition of being full of faith. The loyal boy is, himself, full of faith in his school and in turn is filled with the faith which his school has in him.

For there is undoubtedly a mutual exchange of benefit in school loyalty. The boy who does not inhale the spirit of the school, who does not become loyal, faithful to it, has something

missing in his make-up. He is only partly real boy, and as he grows up is very likely to become only partly real man. He should work for his school ; if need be, fight for her, and always be ready to speak on her behalf. As perfection is not known among the affairs of mankind, so no school is without room for improvement. If there must be criticisms, however, from her sons, as boys or men, let it be made sympathetically to those responsible for the welfare of the school. They have a right to expect the friendly counsel of those whose attendance has made them part of the place.

On reflection, one is not surprised that school loyalty is more intense among those who have been at a large boarding school, than among those who have been at day school only. The boarding school life is one more full of boyish activities from day to day. The companionship possession is more complete. Under the common roof the boys sleep, eat and go to school. In the common hall they attend prayers and engage in school functions. They are together in school chapel. On the one campus daily they join in common athletic activities. All this companionship is experienced at a plastic and impressionable age. Is it to be wondered at, then, that in later years they return with love in their hearts for the old place ? The man, who as a boy has not experienced the joys of such school life, can scarcely comprehend the intensity of school affection, or loyalty, which is the happy possession of those more fortunate.

Experience shows that those boys, who in their school days have given most of themselves to the school, are usually the most loyal. And for this there is an adequate explanation. No boy can live a community life in a spirit of loyal service and not be better and stronger himself for so living. He can not lead such a life and fail in later years to look back with gratitude to, and real affection for, the place where such development became his. Moreover, the boy who is loyal to his school is likely in later years to become the man who is faithful to his work and other associations, faithful to his country and to his King.

Let no boy imagine that the school alone reaps benefit from his loyalty. There is a direct return to the boy himself. For because of his loyalty a peculiar strength is added to his own character. The school herself can do more for him because of his faithfulness. The gifts of her regulated common life become his more readily and more fully. His own spirit makes him more



approachable, and more susceptible to the atmosphere of the school—an atmosphere, intangible, unseeable, yet nevertheless very real and most effective in its influence.

Yet it is not for the sake of self alone, or even first, that the loyal boy should earnestly strive and pray for the welfare of his school. There is a higher motive for loyal action than the mere selfish one. It is the motive which prompts the author in that Psalm of all loyal school men to write "For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say 'Peace be within thee.'" Not for the sake of self, but for the sake of others, those companions in possession, the well-being of the school must be sought. Nor are the "brethren and companions," the sharers with each boy in the possession of the school, merely those who may be with him at the time he is there himself. He is a sharer also with those who have gone before, and he must be a sharer with those who come after, long after his own earthly race has been run and he has gone the way of all flesh. There should be something ennobling to the lad who recognizes the great truth that he and the school fellows of his day are the connecting link between the past and the future. For the sake of those who have gone before, for the sake of those who will come after, for the sake of self, the welfare of the school must be sought.

But this is not all. The same writer goes further when he says, "Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good." Here he reaches the highest motive for action, because it is a truly Christian ideal. No man of God could content himself with wishing peace to his school because of himself, or because of his fellows alone. He must go further. For in all schools God's work must be done, and failure to recognize this truth will result in failure of performance. That God's work may be done, that boys may be a bit nearer to God for being in the school, should not only be the prayer of every loyal son of the place, it should also be the object of his efforts as he seeks to give something worth while to the common life of the school, to make his contribution to the school atmosphere.

The school may be large or small. It may be the boy's by day alone, and that only with considerable sacrifice and exertion on his part, or, it may provide him with the atmosphere of life in residence. Whatever it be, it is his *companionship possession*, for which there is implanted in his heart a seed of human affection. Let him then make the most of this natural sentiment, let him

give himself without stint to the activities of his school. In so doing he will help to justify the faith that is in him, and he will make the happy discovery that the more he has contributed, the more the school has given to him in return.

\* \* \* \*

"From the sunlit heights of life, the deep vales and hollows of its necessities look darkest ; but to the faithful whose path lies there, there is still light enough to show the way, and to no other eyes do the everlasting hills and blue heavens seem so brilliant."

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### MORNING AND NIGHT

The form of a world I trace  
With the cold, grey light o'er all,—  
And the sun with his shining face,  
Looks over the mountain wall.

There is crimson and gold,—and night,  
There's the purple curtain of sleep,—  
And then there's the dreamland light,  
Rest,—peace,—and a silence deep.

D. G.



## ELECTION AT MUKWA SHOOT

## I.

**B**LACK RAPIDS is, in a sense, a cosmopolitan centre. The crowd on the station platform awaiting the six-eighteen train was as varied as could be combed from the slums of any metropolis. Here, at the gateway of an immense timber district, men of many nations rubbed shoulders as they entered and left the bush wherein they toiled as shantymen or lumberjacks. The French-Canadian voyageur, the great hulking Slav, the majestic Indian, and the jabbering Austrian all assisted in the work of harvesting the immeasurable timber treasure of Canada's forests. Even the Celestial was there to minister to the appetities of the men in the camps.

The garbs of these people were characteristic of their heavy labor. Their feet were shod in the habitant "shoe-pack"; a short, thick mackinaw was worn over heavy woollen shirts, and a pair of picturesquely patterned knee-breeches disappeared in the top of their high moccasins.

Scattered around the platform were their "turkeys," gunny sacks containing each man's worldly possessions. These were tied with a rope so that they might be slung over the shoulder on the trail.

The far-off whistle of the approaching train set the loungers looking to their baggage, and by the time it came to a stop there was a concerted rush on the doors of the colonist coaches. Many altercations ensued as the passengers clambered on board.

But it is not with the outgoing mob alone our interest lies. The front cars of the train disgorged a crowd of similar type, who disappeared around the corner of the station. From the last car a porter appeared, carrying a bag, and followed by a tall young man.

Tipping the expectant porter, who stopped to flick a last speck from the traveller's mackinaw, the latter picked up his grip and strode off, disappearing in a few moments inside the swinging doors of the "Black Rapids Hotel."

After breakfasting in the hotel's dining-room, he sauntered back to the lobby and, lighting a cigar, smoked in silence. The air was charged with "electiontricity," for it was only two days before the Dominion elections of ——. Heated arguments were common, and these often resulted in blows. Opinion seemed to

be very evenly divided as to the respective merits of Garwick, the Liberal candidate, and of Bostley, the Conservative.

Having listened noncommittally for several minutes, Race—for that was the young man's name—moved over to the counter and secured a case from his bag. With this under his arm he left the hotel and walked up the street to the store of J. B. Haynes, General Merchant. Entering, he introduced himself :

"Mr. Haynes ? I am A. H. Race of the Jones Scale people of Toronto."

Mr. Haynes looked at him over the rims of his glasses and moved what he had been chewing from one side of his mouth to the other.

Around the store were gathered several men who seemed to be lumbermen of the "boss" class. As usual, the talk centred around the forthcoming election. After transacting a little business with the proprietor, Race joined in. From the way he expressed himself he was thoroughly in sympathy with the Conservative party and their candidate.

An hour or so elapsed before he took leave of the circle and returned to the hotel. There he found a telegram awaiting him.

It was addressed to A. H. Race, Black Rapids Hotel, Black Rapids—"Return at once to Swift River—believe Lake district O.K.," and was signed "B." After he had read the "wire," he replaced it in the envelope and stood for some minutes deep in thought. Then he strode out of the hotel to the station where he sent a message in reply.

That evening on the "mixed" train there arrived from the district town two stalwarts in the uniform of Dominion Police. They met Race and a consultation ensued. Arrangements were made for a hasty trip.

## II.

The early fall rains had set in and evening brought a heavy downpour. The crash of thunder and gleam of lightning made the prospect of a thirteen-mile trip on foot over a brush road not a very pleasant one. But the three men ploughed on, constantly sinking to the knees in the spongy clay of the tote-road.

But men with a set purpose are usually able to combat adversities, and by dawn they had reached the depot at Mukwa Lake. Bedraggled and tired as they were, the foreman was at once sought out.



"You were to have a motor-boat waiting to take me to the camp down the channel. Is it ready?" Race questioned, after introducing himself.

The man seemed surprised at the presence of the two constables, and his eyes rested alternately on one and then another. He seemed to be thinking hard and he regained his senses with a start.

"Why, yes, Mr. Race, one moment. I'll send a man to get it ready," he replied.

Calling to a chore-boy, he instructed him to look after the boat. That done, he invited the three men into a shanty breakfast. Over the meal of porridge, salt pork and pancakes, he casually inquired their business. They were going down the channel on government business,—that was all. This information brought a gleam to the eyes of the foreman, who shortly after this excused himself on the pretence of seeing to the starting of the day's work.

Twenty minutes later saw the three travellers with the foreman and chore-boy at the ramshackle wharf, with a "pointer," powered by a two-cylinder gasoline engine, tied to a nearby post. The boy started the motor and the strangers stepped in, followed by the camp boss. The latter moved toward the power-plant, and bending as if to make some adjustment, suddenly seized the ignition coil, and breaking the battery connection with a swift jerk, dropped the coil in the lake, where it sank with a hollow "glug!"

The officers made a leap for him, but he did not move. Instead, he grinned vindictively and said:

"I guess the men at Mukwa Shoot can run their own election."

Argument was useless, threats worse, so the government men left the boat. It was a dull outlook. Forty miles up the lakes they should be—but they weren't! And how to get there seemed an unanswerable question.

### III. .

About fifty yards down shore from the jetty an "alligator" or steam tug was moored to a boom of logs. Smoke rose slowly from her stubby smokestack, and, to a casual observer, she was unmanned.

Perceiving his visitors going toward the tug, the foreman began to shout a warning, but a rap in the short-ribs from one of

the policemen soon robbed him of all vocal desire. Leaving one of the officers in attendance, Race and the other went down and hailed the boat. A pointer which was tied to the stern was manned, and soon the two were on board talking to the captain.

This individual, however, did not seem to fall in with the views of the government men, but after a little demonstration of firearms and a glimpse of Race's hidden badge, he changed his point of view.

The other officer was brought on board, steam was gotten up, and the boat began its long journey down the lakes.

The trip was uneventful, for what little fight there has been in the crew disappeared. Even in the northern wilderness there is some respect for the law, and when it is personified by two officers and another determined-looking individual there is a very decided respect for it.

At last the channel camp was reached and the men landed. Here the presence of the two policemen seemed to bring consternation to the foreman. But he cheerfully gave them seats at the long table and assigned them bunks for the night.

Next morning was election day. The three, after breakfasting, repaired to the camp office which had been set up as a polling-place. The ballot-box was examined by the scrutineers, and everything was placed in readiness for the opening of the booth at eight-thirty.

As is usual in the woods, the foreman cast his vote first. Then came the laborers. A few were challenged, some were refused ballots, and as a result there were often heated arguments over the right to vote. But equilibrium was maintained by the presence of the two constables. At intervals during the day men arrived from outlying depots, and after questioning, these were either allowed to vote or refused ballots. The percentage of refusals ran very high, and upon each new instance the face of the foreman showed increased anger.

At five-thirty the polls closed, and with the ballot-box in their care the strangers returned to the bunkhouse for the evening meal. The hostility of the lumbermen now became marked. The foreman refused to give them supper, intimating they could sleep in the stables, if they wished, until the mailboat went up the lake in the morning. Angry and tired they went to the stables to spend the night.



## IV.

A moon gazed down on the still midnight of the forest. The pines, whispering in the pale light, shielded a slinking shadow that stole from out the dim wall of the bunkhouse. It picked its way with care, and only the occasional snap of a dried twig betrayed a presence. Slowly moving toward the stable, it approached the door and disappeared inside.

For perhaps twenty minutes the pale moon looked down upon a vacant scene. The waters of the lake, rippling slightly, lapped the heavily wooded shores. Not a sound disturbed the deep silence of the forest.

The creak of a board was heard and the moonlight flooded in the doorway as it opened to allow the passage of a man. In his hands he carried a black object and with it disappeared down a path. He was swallowed up in the darkness of the heavy timber. Once again the camp grounds were deserted.

## V.

Somewhere in the stable depths a horse pawed the floor. Race, stretched out on a pile of straw, awoke with a start. He turned over and was about to sink again into slumber, when he thought of the ballot-box.

Feeling for it at his feet he found only vacant space ! Pulling on his boots, he awakened the others, and after a few whispered instructions to them to search the camp thoroughly, he left the building.

To track a man in the inky shades of a forest along a brush road is easier in theory than in practice. But the determination of the Federal man kept him going. Minutes ran on into hours, and even the hours accumulated as the chase went on. The pursuer would jog along for a mile or so, then slow to a walk—and so repeat his performance, tireless and eager.

The gray of dawn was lighting the sky off to the left as Race perceived his quarry on a straight stretch of road. The man was not travelling with either caution or speed, as he evidently believed his theft undiscovered. Proceeding with infinite care, the government man began to close in.

Cutting across a marsh which the road skirted, he regained it ahead of the other, and concealing himself behind a stump

awaited his approach. Race drew an automatic from his pocket, and as the thief was about to pass his hiding-place, stepped forth.

"Throw them up, Cranmer !" he commanded. With every evidence of surprise the other dropped his package and raised his arms. It was the camp boss !

"It's a pretty serious business you are involved in, isn't it ? Will mean perhaps fourteen years," went on the "special."

His captive seemed thoroughly cowed. Bidding him shoulder the ballot-box they continued on their twenty-eight-mile trip,—the man in front wearing a mask of fear, the one behind smiling grimly.

## VI.

At the investigation two weeks later, Cranmer turned King's evidence, and by so doing involved the "Timber Clique," the men behind the Liberal candidate. Consequently, till this day, their lumbering activities are curtailed by an enforced absence,—in the "pen."

STAN. BEATH.

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## INDIAN SUMMER

A crimson leaf fell flutt'ring past my face,  
 As wafted downward through the smoky air ;  
 Above, the mother tree stood bleak and bare,  
 October's frost had robbed her of her grace.  
 And yet the forest, bathed in mystic trace  
 Of northern fires, sleeps in a beauty rare,  
 A beauty, stark, majestic, but yet fair,  
 That makes of earth an artist's trysting-place.

For lingering birds still carol to the queen  
 Of autumn, as she smiles her last adieu ;  
 Again the warm sun with the winter vies,—  
 And far behind the distant hills arise,  
 Clothed in a veil of dusky, autumn blue,  
 While all about float mists of wondrous sheen.

J. E. McDougall.  
 (L. VI.)



## GEOMETRY

**G**EOMETRY is one of the earliest forms of analytical deduction known to the uncivilized world. It sought to deduce one thing or line from another thing or line which was not there to be deducted from and which left something else that was pinched from some other source. As a financial venture for text-book makers it has been successful from its inception.

Of course it is an undisputed fact that Euclid, the man who invented it, did not know what he was talking about. He merely did it for want of something else to do coupled with a desire to provide his wife with hats and gowns to her liking.

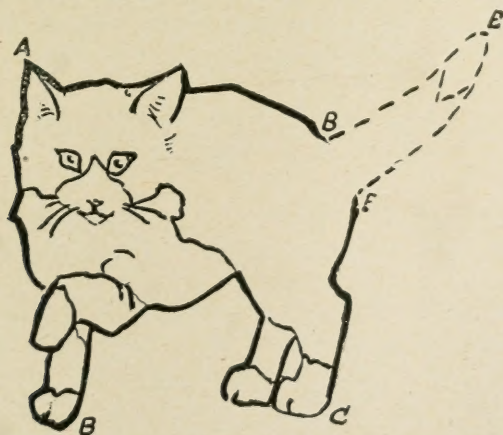
To show how utterly absurd the science is, let us take the well-known proposition which states, that when three or more sides of a triangle are supposed to be equal to three or more sides of some other triangle, the two said objects of our abuse are equal. Well, to begin with, the sides of the triangle are only *supposed* to be equal, and according to what is taught, a statement is not correct until proved correct; therefore they are not equal. In addition, it has been proved that nothing can possibly ever be absolutely correct. So again the sides are not equal.

Of course, someone is sure to say that the triangles were given equal. Well, how in the dickens can things be given equal when they have not been proved equal to be given as such? Of course we sympathize with Euclid in his desire to satisfy his wife's ambitions yet he should not have put that sort of stuff over on us.

However, it probably was Euclid who demonstrated the only sensible proposition in geometry, namely :



*One cat has three tails.*



Let ABCD be a cat. Required to prove that it has three tails.

*Const.* Draw a tail BEF.

*Proof.* Every cat has one tail ; also no cat has two tails, and  $\therefore$  because one cat has one more tail than no cat,  $\therefore$  one cat has three tails. Q.E.D.

This proposition is the only one in the whole science of geometry that can be stated without fear of successful contradiction.

Now let us go into the peculiar case of a point. *A point is that which has position but no magnitude.* That which has no magnitude occupies no place in space and therefore does not exist in space. So we see that a geometrical point, like the one supposed to be in a political argument, never has real existence.

One often wonders that with all the modern methods of curing disease, there has not been some method found of exterminating geometry. It is the dread of youth and is often fatal to a delicate minded exponent of the said malignity.

Regarding the contention that nothing is right until proved right and that geometry is a means towards this objective, it may be said that the statement itself is not right according to its own premises, and further that the statement that it is not right is not right for the same reason. Therefore nothing is right,—but again, this not having been proved right, is not right.

Of course, this is not pure geometry but it is largely the basis of geometric reasoning. Why, for the sake of the happiness of the student world, cannot all manageable and unmanageable forms of this subject be banished from the realm of education ?

G. L. KENT.



## A FOLLOWER OF ISLAM

*"We tread the steps appointed for us : and the man whose steps are appointed must tread them.*

*"He whose death is decreed to take place in one land will not die in any land but that."—Arabian Nights.*

"**A**LLAH HO AKBAR! Allah ho Akbar! There is no God but God and Mohammed is God's holy prophet !"

The shrill cry of the meuzzine from a minar of the mosque of Whazir Kahn, summoning all good Mohammedans to prayer, floated lightly over the housetops of the town of Durpoor.

The sun had barely risen and begun its work of dispersing the heavy river mists, which as they rose revealed barges of costly merchandise waiting for the river market to open, floating idly in the water.

It cast a beam of light through the skylight of the room of Abdul Mahb, situated at the back of the sweet-seller's, just as the morning call to prayer struck his ear. He arose from his couch and, producing a small prayer mat, he kneeled upon it.

Then in great solemnity, and with hands above his head, he bowed three times toward the East, each time repeating :

"There is no strength or power but in God, the High, the Great (whose name be exalted)."

His prayer finished, he arose and busied himself with preparing his breakfast.

This he ate slowly and then, throwing a white robe over his shoulders and arming himself with a light dagger, he set out through the bazaar to the mosque.

As he passed along on his way he was recognized by men of all classes. Mohmet Singh, the seller of precious stones, saluted him, while El-Babkuk, the porter, bowed reverently as he strode by. For Abdul Mahb held high office in the "Brotherhood of the Faithful."

The huge crowds were afoot by this time and the Mohammedans could be easily identified as they hurried to the place of worship.

Arriving at the mosque, Abdul Mahb washed his feet and entered the outer court where many thousands had gathered to worship.

At length a white figure rose, and, mounting a raised marble platform, covered with rugs, at the eastern end of the court, faced

the rising sun and with arms reaching forward made a low salaam toward the holy city of Mecca. Immediately three thousand faces were turned in that direction.

And then the great sea of white sank in perfect unison and rose, and rose and fell, while from the mass the chant came softly :

"Praise be to God, the Beneficent King, the Creator of the universe, who hath raised the heavens without pillars, and spread out the earth as a bed ; and blessing and peace be on the lord of apostles, our lord and our master, Mohammed, and his family; blessing and peace, enduring and constant, unto the day of judgment. Amen."

Abdul Mahb, as he rose to a kneeling position, after completing the prayer, raised a tile in the floor in front of him and from a small box underneath he took out a piece of yellow paper. This he quickly hid in his bosom and, replacing the tile, he rose and left the mosque.

So quickly did he rush through the streets that he did not heed the salutes of his friends and admirers and, not until he reached his room did he stop for breath.

In the seclusion of his own room, with the heavy curtains of the door drawn to, he produced the paper and read the following, written in the secret code of the desert :

"The British fort at the bend of the river will be blown up at midnight. You are detailed by the brotherhood to fire the charge. If you fail us to-night all is lost. It is our last chance."

Abdul Mahb smiled wickedly to himself as he looked out of his little window at the broad expanse of the Indus river.

An hour later he might have been seen in the bazaar, purchasing a torch from his friend Mir-ed-Din.

"The Brotherhood will be pleased in the morning," he said, looking darkly around to see if anyone had heard him.

## II.

It is a quarter before midnight and through the bazaar of closed shops a white figure darts.

It dodges quickly among the crooked streets and at length reaches the bridge. Here it slows its pace and comes to a stop in the middle.

Abdul Mahb—for he it was—looked down over the side. The dark, slowly moving water was rendered more dark by the



shadow of the great mosque of Whazir Kahn, with its many minars and minarets. Here and there the blackness was broken by splashes of moonlight which revealed the heavy laden barges, creaking as they gently tugged at their moorings, waiting for the morning.

The follower of Islam raised his head and a bright shaft of moonlight lit up his dark countenance. His face was of a heavy, Arabian, son-of-the-desert type, and the dark eyes, overhung with heavy black eyebrows, gave him a commanding aspect.

But now the imposing air was gone and a look of pain seemed to flash across his usually bold countenance.

He remembered the time—he was a boy then—when the French had stormed the town. He remembered how he and his mother had rushed madly about the streets seeking to take cover from the French sharpshooters ; and he remembered how a British captain had bade them enter his cellar, where they remained safely until the British arms had conquered. How well he could call to mind the delicious meals served to them and many other Mohamimedans by the members of that British Christian family during those days !

And now he was on his way to blow up a British fort.

The Mohammedans do not easily forget favours.

Just then the moon sinks behind the dome of the mosque, casting it into heavy black relief. Abdul Mahb climbs upon the side of the bridge and, calling upon Mohammed, the father, he hurls himself into the black water.

There is a heavy splash and then a silence, broken by the midnight call to prayer of the meuzzine.

“Allah ho Akbar ! Allah ho Akbar ! There is no God but God and Mohammed is God’s holy prophet !”

J. E. McDougall.

## FRIENDSHIP

I would not wholly understand my friend,  
Nor with the secrets of his heart confer ;  
To understand him would be but to end  
All interest, and friendship dreams inter.  
For where to me the profit if it were,  
That he the hidden mystery should unfold,  
And I his pictured thoughts, without a blur,  
As on a master's canvas should behold ?

He, like a book whose pages well conceal  
Thoughts deep and worthy from the common eye,  
Lures me to read : I read and reading learn  
For each particular mood what page to turn,—  
And as our mutual hours glide dreamly by,  
They bring new pleasures, new delights reveal.

ST. ANDREAN.



CAPTAIN GORDON HEWITT  
(Cadet Corps)



## SPANISH FOLK-MUSIC

**M**ODERN MUSIC is founded on two pillars, folk-song and church modes. The first developed from the songs of medieval troubadors, from the rough rendering of church music, and from the natural desire—as old as human nature—to impart, besides other unknown agencies.

Church music, and in particular Gregorian chant, were the church modes collected by Pope Gregory out of what was left of Greek scales. This is important for it was the base of poliphony. In a way, one could say that folk-music contributed the feeling, and church music the science of giving it form.

Nowadays there is a great revival of interest in the study of folk-music. It is employed with success in modern music, reset to new harmonic systems, “endowed with an entirely new tonality, very novel, agreeable and noteworthy.”

There are several sources of folk-song, the most important being the Keltic (Irish, Welsh, Scottish and English), Slav, Hungarian, German, Spanish, French, Italian, and others. I will say something about certain forms of Spanish folk-music, almost unknown outside of Spain.

Many compositions supposed to be Spanish music are anything but Spanish, excepting in the single characteristic of a few borrowed and not always well employed rhythms. The opera “Carmen” itself, supposed to be one of the best specimens of Spanish music, is not so, and when given in Spain, as Spanish music (apart from its musical beauties), it only makes us laugh. Spanish music—for the outer world—is something with castanets, tambourines, intricated and intoxicating rhythm and with some Oriental melody, by little bits. This is something like the music of the south of Spain, which, being tolerably known outside of the country, will not be discussed at any length. This part of Spain (Andalucia) was deeply influenced by the Arabs, and even to-day retain many Oriental characteristics, its people being dark, excitable, sensuous, fatalistic. Therefore their music (which is mainly intended for dancing) reflects these traits. It is of course Oriental in root with gipsy clothing. There is some melody, generally in a minor key, coupled with complicated rhythm, which is the main characteristic. A prototype of dance is the zapateados, or song of the saetas. There are many others of both kinds, seguidillas, zambras, etc.

But, though this is the only Spanish music known to foreigners, yet it is not the most important. There is the centre, the north, the east.

The people of the north of Spain are fundamentally different from those of the south. They preserve more primitive Celtic characteristics than any other, for being separated by mountains from the rest, they did not mix much with the different peoples that overran the peninsula. They are sturdy, simple, strong, liberty-loving, faithful, undisciplined. So is their music. It assumes the form of morning serenades, ballads, and several forms of dance.

The "alboradas," which come from the north-west, give the impression of a party of young folk, coming to serenade someone. Gradually they come nearer, sing their song and go away. The echo is carried through misty valleys and pine-clad hills

The principal dances are the "zortzico," which is danced in the Basque provinces, and the "nuiñeira," danced in Galicia. The first is danced in an unusual time, 7-8 or 5-8, and when compared with other Spanish airs, specially southern, it gives the impression of a manly shout, among a jumble of sickly and sentimental utterances. This northern cycle covers all the north coast. It should appeal more to people of northern races than should southern music on account of ethnological affinity.

But from Aragon comes a dance more national in character. I speak of the "jota," which, well danced and sung, is more of a national anthem than the "Royal March," to whose strains we are supposed to march. This dance, which probably came from Italy, developed mainly during the two sieges that Zaragoza (the capital of Aragon) withstood during the Peninsular War, and has become the expression of that city's indomitable spirit. It is always in a major mode, its melody being strong and straightforward in 3-4 time. The words are about something connected with the valour of the Aragonese people usually, though sometimes it is of humorous character.

Cataluña, the most progressive region of Spain, has a splendid collection of songs and dances. The principal dance is the intricate "sardana," but they have some curious specimens not well known, even in Spain. The "Contrapas Llarch" is danced in the principal square of the towns before the yearly fair. It is opened by the bachelor of most note in the town, who goes out and performs the most intricate dancing steps, being gradually



joined by everybody. The "Ball Cerdá," of Sardinian origin, differs according to the place where it is danced. If performed at some good house it is called "Ball de palau"; if the parish priest begins it, "Ball de Deu"; if marked with the feet, "Ball pla."

The only Portuguese songs I will mention are the "fados," which I heard in the north of the Lusitan republic. Their character can only be expressed by the Portuguese word "saudade," of which they are full. They are melancholy, tender, intimate. They reveal well the Portuguese,—born dreamers about a past greatness.

It has been said that the best Spanish music has been written by foreigners. I don't think so. Foreigners may have written brilliant works, with Spanish colouring, but these have not the spirit of Spain. Real Spanish music, with much more subtle and poetic spirit than it is supposed to have, may be found in the works of such masters as Albeinz and Granados, who are becoming better known every day, and in those of younger and less known men, like Falla, Turina, Campo, Urandizanga, Esplá, and a host of others whose efforts promise something good in the near future.

V. L. LORIENTE.



"Monsieur."

## Editorial

IT is an old greeting that, "Merry Christmas," but one fraught with larger wealth of happy associations does not exist in our language. The very little one lisps it to his mother, as she brings the bulging stocking to his bedside, on that morning of mornings in childhood life. The mother, repeating it, imprints a kiss which in itself ensures the fulfilment of the wish. Years pass and with them Santa Claus time, but never the magic of the Christmas season nor its traditional greeting.

CHRISTMAS in Canada is a wonderful time,—a time of evergreens and red berries, of white fields and frosty air, of sleighbell music mingled with laughter, of rosy cheeks and shining eyes, of long stretches of crystal ice over which happy skaters glide in perfect grace and freedom. "Surely 'Merry Christmas' is a needless phrase, for who could be otherwise than happy amid such surroundings?" we hear one say. True, in a sense, and yet not wholly true. Our white Christmas country is a splendid setting for happiness, yet, after all, it is only a setting. Happiness comes from within ; it is a gift of mind. Therefore there is no truer symbol of loyalty and devotion to one's friends, no richer Christmas gift than a sincere desire for their happiness. To its readers the ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW extends the old greeting,—old yet new with virile desire that it may find real fulfilment,—*A Merry Christmas!*

TO the Old Boys who are fighting amid the horrors of the war zone, we would say much by way of greeting yet find ourselves able to say but little.

"Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on  
the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor  
is hidden."

Before the REVIEW reaches the war zone Christmas of 1917 will have come and gone and another year will have swung into the field of time. Yet, though our greeting will be belated, it is none the less sincere on that account. Not a short season of happiness do we wish the boys overseas, but a lasting cheer that will not fade when the magic of the season of gifts has departed.



THE list of photographs of Old Boys, which we are reproducing in this issue, includes all that have been received at the school since the publication of the Midsummer number of the REVIEW. All additional ones which come to us in time for the Easter issue will appear therein.

NEEDLESS to say it is with keen regret that we find ourselves called upon to insert sixteen obituary notices of Old Boys of St. Andrew's who have been killed since the last issue of the REVIEW was published. As we go to press, yet other names, familiar to us, appear in the Casualty list. To the parents and friends of all these brave lads we tender our sympathy.

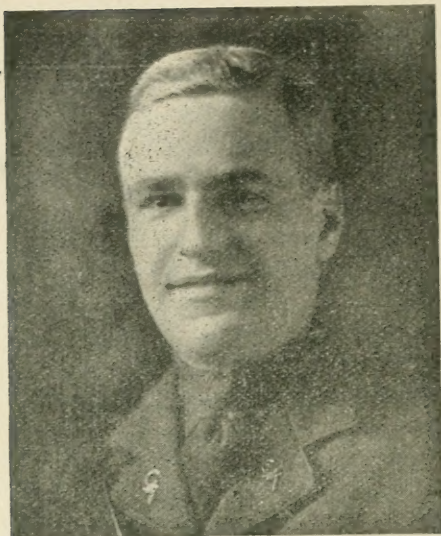


LIEUT. F. S. MILLIGAN  
152nd Field Co., R.E.  
S.A.C. 1901-1907



\*FLIGHT LIEUT. PAUL RANEY, R.F.C.  
S.A.C. 1906-1908  
Killed in action, Aug. 21st, 1917

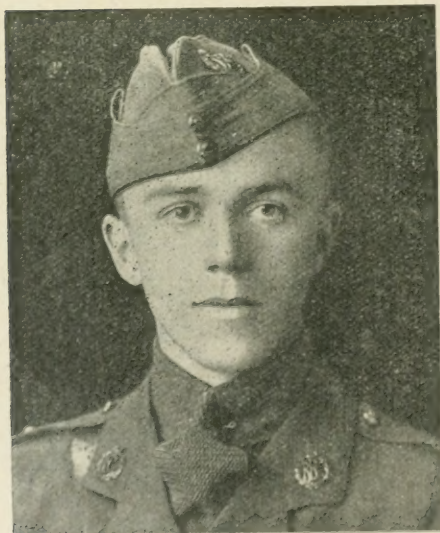




LIEUT. G. W. NATION  
7th Canadian Infantry Battalion  
S.A.C. 1910-1913  
Killed in action, July 25th, 1916



LIEUT. G. H. G. LASH  
7th Reserve Battalion  
S.A.C. 1910-1913



LIEUT. R. A. PHILLIPS  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1912-1915  
Accidentally killed on service, Aug. 14th, 1917



FLIGHT LIEUT. W. H. COMSTOCK  
Royal Naval Air Service  
S.A.C. 1909-1916





CADET W. G. F. GRANT  
11th Flight C. Squadron, R.F.C.  
S.A.C. 1909-1915



SERGT. A. McD. ALLAN  
C.A.D.C., C.E.F.  
S.A.C. 1915-1916

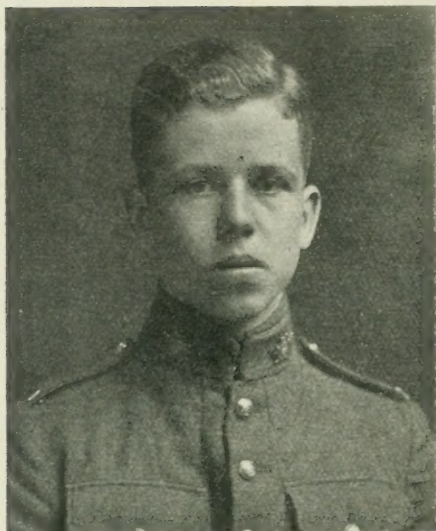


CADET PAUL V. MOSELEY  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1910-1917



SUB. FLIGHT LIEUT. H. L. CROWE  
Royal Naval Air Service  
S.A.C. 1908-1915  
Accidentally killed on service, June 22nd, 1917





PRIVATE E. B. LOWNDES  
University Co.  
S.A.C. 1909-1915



LIEUT. M. E. NEWMAN  
15th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1908



BOMB. J. S. GARTSHORE  
6th Siege Battery  
S.A.C. 1902



GUNNER A. D. AULT  
1st D.A.C., C.F.A.  
S.A.C. 1911-1912

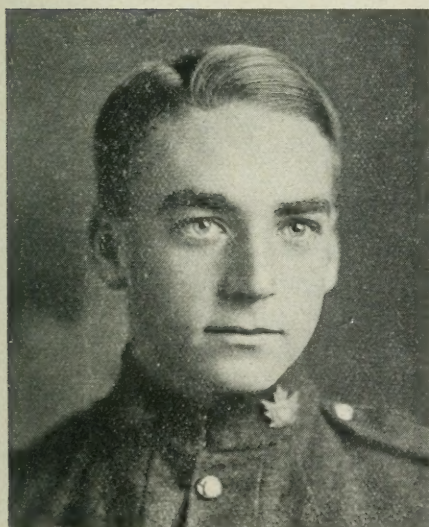




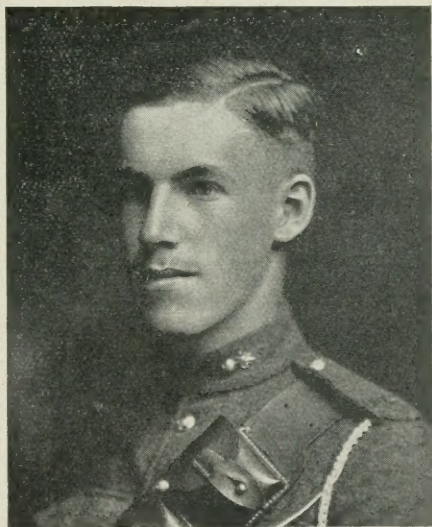
LIEUT. E. S. THOMPSON  
1st Canadian Regiment  
S.A.C. 1910-1913



CAPT. W. B. McPherson  
Adjutant, General's Branch  
Militia Headquarters, Ottawa  
S.A.C. 1902-1907



PRIVATE E. G. ROLPH  
C.O.T.C.  
S.A.C. 1907-1917



GUNNER JARDINE T. WILSON  
24th Battery  
S.A.C. 1910-1914  
Killed in action, Nov. 23rd, 1917



## OBITUARY

BIGWOOD, PAUL HERRICK, was born February 1st, 1894. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, going into the First Form, and left in 1909. He went overseas as an officer with the 162nd Battalion, and was transferred later to the Royal Flying Corps. He was serving in France with the 57th Squadron of the R.F.C., when on June 21st, 1917, he was killed in action.

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BOND, HEDLEIGH ST. GEORGE, was born in Toronto, December 25th, 1891. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1904, and went up to the Royal Military College in 1909. In June, 1912, he graduated from that institution with honours and obtained a commission in the Royal Canadian Engineers. In September, 1912, he went to England for a two years' course at the S.M.E., Chatham. On the declaration of war he was sent back to Canada and for some time was stationed at Halifax, and later at Quebec. His Captaincy was obtained in 1915 and he was sent to France early in July, 1917. Some six weeks later he was killed in action, on August 15th. In March, 1915, he married Miss Janet Crowley, of London, England, who, with a baby daughter, survives him.

Those who were with Bond during the five years of his attendance at St. Andrew's will remember him with affection as a steady worker, a warm-hearted boy, interested in school life, always loyal and possessing plenty of friends.

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BROWN, RICHARD AUSTEN, was born in Toronto on October 21st, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, going into the Second Form. His promotions were obtained with regularity each year, until in 1914 he obtained his Honour Matriculation from Form Upper VI., having passed his Junior Matriculation the previous year. Each year found him on the General Proficiency Prize List of his Form, for he not only possessed excellent ability, but also steady application. He early developed a facility for working in work hours and playing to the full in hours of recreation.

As an athlete "Bud" Brown was prominent throughout his school career. In Junior days he won his Lower School colours, and in due time, as he developed, he became prominent in the Upper School activities. He was a member of the First Football



Team, playing the position of outside wing in 1913. In 1914 he was a member of the Second Cricket Eleven and of the Second Hockey Team. For three years he was a member of the Gymnasium Team, captaining the Championship Team of 1913, and was one of the best gymnasts St. Andrew's College has produced. During his last three years he was in residence and was a Prefect in the last year. For four years he was a member of the Cadet Corps, becoming one of the officers in the fall of 1913.

At the conclusion of his first year at the University of Toronto he obtained a commission in the 48th Highlanders, and proceeded to train for overseas service. In August, 1915, he went to England from the Niagara Camp with a draft from the 58th Battalion, and in England was transferred to the 12th Battalion, and from there to the 15th, which Battalion he joined in France in November, 1915. With this Battalion he saw continuous service in France until June 3rd, 1916, when he was wounded at Zillebeke. On convalescing, he was given two months' leave of absence and came home to Canada, returning to England in September, 1916, afterwards soon rejoining the 15th Battalion in France. In June, 1917, he was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry at Vimy Ridge, and the following month was granted his Captaincy.

His service with the Battalion in all the hard engagements which followed was continuous until he was fatally wounded on November 9th, 1917, succumbing to his injuries on November 14th.

"Bud" Brown's career at school was unusually full and successful. His success in Class and all school activities made him influential, while his ready smile, betokening the happy nature of his character, rendered him popular with boys and Masters alike.

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CROWE, H. LAURENCE, was born April 12th, 1897. He entered the Second Form of St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, coming into residence in the Lower School. His progress through all the Forms was normal, and he successfully passed the Junior Matriculation Examination in June, 1914. During 1914-1915 he was in Form Upper VI., and obtained his Honour Matriculation in June, 1915, entering the Faculty of Applied Science at the University of Toronto that autumn. At the conclusion of his first year at the University he made preparations to join the

air service, and went to Newport News, Virginia, for his training. In September, 1916, he obtained his Flight Sub. Lieutenancy in the Royal Naval Air Service, and went overseas a few days later. He had been engaged in patrol work on the English Coast for some time, when, on June 22nd, 1917, he was sent out to scout for a submarine. As he was returning, after being out for a long time, something went wrong with his machine and he plunged in to the sea. His body was recovered later and brought home to Toronto for burial, the interment taking place with full honours on August 7th, 1917.

"Bertie" Crowe's career at the school was one of excellence, both in class and in outside activities. He was particularly keen on rifle shooting and was one of the most regular Saturday attendants at the school range at York Mills. His quiet, thoughtful and unselfish character made him popular with all who knew him during his seven years at school, while those who were his closer friends loved him well. Letters received from brother officers in England evidence the fact that the same attractiveness of character was still present. He was very popular with his men and in a marked degree had won their affection, as well as their loyalty. Of him one man writes, "As a friend I found him one of the best, every ready to oblige, no matter how far it took him out of his way. . . . I have never met amongst all the chaps I have met in the service, or, indeed, amongst any others, a cleaner, straighter chap."

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FERGUSON, RODERICK A., was born on May 5th, 1896. He was at St. Andrew's College but a short time, entering the Third Form in January, 1913, and leaving the following June. He went overseas in 1915 with the 20th Battery, and after fifteen months, service in France, was wounded by a defective shell. In the spring of 1917 he was invalided home suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. His condition did not improve and on September 9th, 1917, he succumbed. Though not "killed in action," he, too, gave his life for his country.

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GEGGIE, WILLIAM McC., was born on August 18th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College in September, 1907, entering Form IV. In June, 1909, he secured his Junior Matriculation and the following year took his Honour Matriculation from the Upper Sixth. After completing his University course, Geggie



entered on the study of Law and was in attendance at Osgoode Hall, when in April, 1916, he joined the U. of T. Officers Training Corps. In October of the same year he was sent overseas to join the Imperial Army. After further training in the 4th Officers Cadet Battalion at Hertsford College, he was appointed to the 227th Machine Gun Company in December, 1916. In July, 1917, he was sent to Flanders with his Company and was killed in action on October 27th, 1917.

While at school Geggie took a keen interest in the general life of the place, played his football regularly, and after leaving was often on hand to see the boys of the day play their school games. He possessed ability and as a worker was steady and thorough. Had he lived he would have made his mark in his profession.

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GOOCH, FREDERICK JOHN, was born January 4th, 1892. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and left school for business from the Fourth Form in 1908. He was deservedly a popular boy at school and was prominent in all sports. He won the 105-lb. Boxing Championship in his last year. Had he gone through the Senior Forms there is no doubt he would have obtained both Football and Hockey Colours. As he grew older and developed weight, he made a name for himself in both Junior and Senior O.H.A. circles, being a member of Championship Teams on more than one occasion.

On leaving school he received an appointment with the Canada Life Assurance Company, with whom he was still engaged when, early in 1916, he obtained a Lieutenancy in the R.C.H.A. In the autumn of that year he went overseas with the 54th Battery, and from there was transferred to the 6th Battery, then in France. For many weeks before his death he saw hard service at the front. On August 15th, 1917, it was his duty to go forward with the infantry as F.O.O. for his Brigade in the attack on Hill 70. He was killed by a shell as he went over the top.

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HANLAN, EDWARD GORDON, was born in Toronto on December 9th, 1890. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, and left at Christmas time to take a position in New York. For some time before the outbreak of the war he had been engaged in mining engineering. He returned to Toronto with the

object of going overseas, and obtained a commission in the 180th Battalion, from which he was transferred to the American Legion. Before going across, he obtained his Captaincy. Shortly after his arrival in England he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. On May 11th, 1917, he met with a severe accident and was in the hospital for some time. On August 9th, 1917, he was killed in an aeroplane accident.

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KILGOUR, ARTHUR WILSON, was born in Toronto on August 15th, 1891. He entered St. Andrew's College when only nine years old, going into the Lower Prep. He went through all the Forms in due course, leaving in June, 1911, and going to the Ontario Agricultural School. The year 1907-1908 he spent out of school owing to ill health. Kilgour was always keenly interested in the school activities. He played on the Lower School and Middle School Teams and finally captained the First Football Team in 1910. He won his First Team Hockey Colours in 1910 and also in 1911.

Soon after war was declared Kilgour made an effort to get overseas. He obtained a commission in the Governor-General's Body Guard, and later trained in the Curtiss Flying School at Long Branch. He was then sent to England and from there to the Indian Frontier, where he saw continuous service for more than two years. In May, 1917, he was returned to England, and on May 24th, shortly after his arrival, was married to Miss Edna Mutton of Toronto. While flying near Dover on July 27th, 1917, he met with an accident which caused his death. A few days before his death he had been gazetted a Flight Commander.

"Art" Kilgour will long be affectionately remembered by many an old St. Andrew's College boy. His readiness to enter into all the school undertakings, his success as an athlete and his always even temper made him a general favourite.

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MCLAGAN, P. DOUGLAS MACCLURE, was born on March 17th, 1890. He came up to St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and left in June, 1907, going to Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue. He was with the C.P.R. for two years and then with the Kilgard Fire Clay Co., where he was filling a responsible position when he resigned to go to the war. In August, 1916, he went overseas with the 103rd Battalion as a



Lieutenant, and later was acting as Transport Officer. He saw service in France for some months before being killed in action on October 15th, 1917.

"Doug" McLagan was well liked in his school days. Though he won no First Team Colours he played well, where he was needed, and showed consistent interest in all the sports. He was a member of the Cadet 'Corps during his two years at school. After leaving school he became a crack rifle shot and was well known for his athletic ability.

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MAY, THEODORE CHARLES, was born on August 27th, 1898. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in January, 1912, and went through the intervening Forms to Lower Sixth, leaving that Form at Easter, 1916, in order to train for overseas. In May he was sent to Kingston for training, being attached to "C" Battery, R.C.H.A. Later he obtained his release in order to train for the Air Service and went to Long Branch, where he obtained his Pilot's certificate, going overseas in December, 1916, to join the Royal Naval Air Service. In due course he was sent to France, where he did excellent service. On July 24th, he was reported "missing," and in October he was officially listed with those killed in action. In August a cable was received from one of his friends stating that there was not much hope, as his machine was seen to be hit by a shell and collapse.

"Theo" May was a very popular boy during his school career. He was always keen on football and hockey, and in 1915 obtained his Second Team Football Colours.

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MONTGOMERY, C. C. S., was born on April 19, 1895. He attended St. Andrew's College only for a few months in 1907, going subsequently to Ridley College, where he obtained First Team Cricket and Football Colours in his last year. On leaving school, he went into business in Victoria. In the spring of 1916 he obtained a Lieutenancy in the 67th Battalion, but transferred to the Royal Flying Corps in the summer of the same year. In June, 1917, he was sent to France, where he gave an excellent account of himself, being mentioned in despatches. On August 18th, 1917, he was killed in action.

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PHILLIPS, RALPH ABERDEEN, was born on February 23rd, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1912,

going into the Fourth Form. In June, 1915, he matriculated into Queen's University, where he was in attendance, when, in January, 1916, he joined the "Queen's" Battery. He went overseas on February 3rd, 1916. In May, 1916, he was sent over to France and saw continuous service there for some months. After being in the hospital for a time suffering from blood poisoning in the arm, he was given work in the Record Office in London. In February, 1917, he obtained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. He had just completed his training when, on August 14th, 1917, he was accidentally killed at Grantham Aviation Camp.

Phillips had an excellent school record. He was a Prefect in his last year and was Colour-Sergeant of the Cadet Corps. In 1913 and 1914 he won his Second Team Football Colours and 1915 his Second Team Hockey Colours. In 1915 he won both the Boxing and Wrestling Championships in the 145-lb. class.

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SMITH, LANGLEY F. W., was born on August 15th, 1897. He came to St. Andrew's College in January, 1910, entering the Second Form. In February, 1912, he left from the Fourth Form and went to school in Philadelphia for a few months. He had been in business some time when in October, 1915, he went into training in aviation. In February, 1916, he obtained his Sub-Lieutenancy in the Royal Naval Air Service, and not long afterwards was sent to France. On June 15th he was reported "Missing" and later as "Prisoner of War in Germany." On October 16th, 1917, the Admiralty issued the confirmation of his death. In November, 1917, information was obtained at the school from a brother officer that he had been shot down by a raider coming back from raiding England, one wing being shot off his machine. He fell behind the German lines. Later a German official report stated that he had been killed. He was awarded the D.S.C. in June. *The London Gazette* of August 10th, 1917, published the following :

"The King has graciously pleased to approve of the award of the Distinguished Service Cross to the undermentioned :

"Flight Sub-Lieutenant Langley Frank Willard Smith, R.N.A.S., (since missing) for exceptional gallantry and remarkable skill and courage while serving with the R.N.A.S., at Dunkirk, during May and June, 1917, in repeatedly attacking and destroying hostile aircraft. He destroyed eight German machines,



put two out of control and also put an observation balloon out of business."

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RANEY, PAUL HARTLEY, was born on December 25th, 1893. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, and left from the Fourth Form in 1908. In 1914 he graduated from the Faculty of Applied Science in the University of Toronto and was later with the G.T.P. In March, 1917, he joined the Royal Flying Corps. In June he went over to England and a month later was sent to France. On August 21st, 1917, he was killed in action when his machine was shot down out of control in an action with German airmen in Belgium.

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WILSON, JARDINE TURNER, was born on September 20th, 1897. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1910, going into the Third Form. He obtained his promotions with regularity, always being near the top, and matriculated into the University of Toronto in June, 1914. In his freshman year he joined the Officers' Training Company at the University and went into training with them at Niagara the following summer. In May, 1916, he enlisted as a Gunner in the 67th University Battery, and, after training at Petawawa, went overseas in October, 1916. In March, 1917, he was transferred to the 24th Battery in France. His service in France from that time was continuous. He was at Vimy Ridge, Lens and Passchendaele. On November 23rd, 1917, he was killed in action.

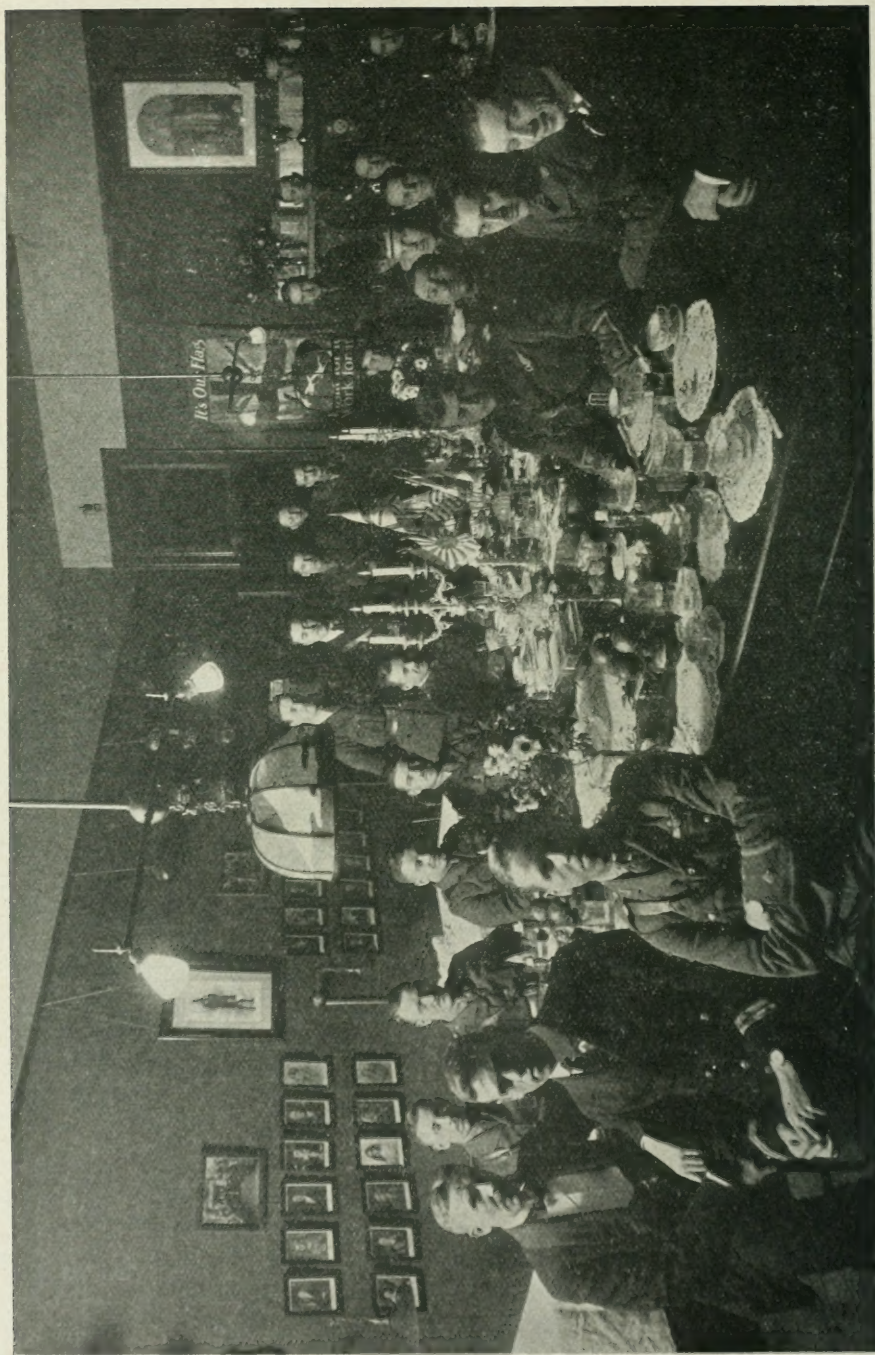
"Gerry" Wilson's record at school was an excellent one, both in Class and on the field. He did not win First Team Colours, but he was ever ready to play where the fellows wanted him and never failed his Team. In 1912 he won his Third Team Colours and in 1913 his Second Team. He was a lad of quiet determination and exercised an excellent influence.

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### MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S

ON Sunday morning, November the eleventh, St. Paul's parish church—Anglican—was the scene of a sad but impressive service. It was the occasion of the unveiling of tablets to the memory of Lieutenant Maurice Edward Malone and of Lieutenant Fredrick John Gooch, two old boys of St. Andrew's College, who fell on the field of honour in the present war.





Gathering of Returned Old Boys



Malone, 48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion, C.E.F., was killed while leading his men in a charge near Zillebeek, Flanders, on June 3rd, 1916; Gooch, 6th Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.F.A., C.E.F., while in discharge of duties as observing officer at the capture of Hill 70, near Lens, in France, on August 15th, 1917.

Doctor Macdonald, our Headmaster, who occupied a seat in the chancel, was principal in the unveiling of both tablets. In the unveiling of that to Malone he was assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Darling of the 48th Highlanders; of that to Gooch, by Captain Henderson, officer commanding the 6th Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.F.E., at Vimy Ridge.

An address was delivered by Archdeacon Cody, who sketched the careers of the two young heroes. They had taken their school courses together at St. Andrew's and were both students at the University of Toronto before enlisting.

Features of the service were the Marche Funèbre (Chopin), and the Dead March in Saul (Handel), played on the great organ of St. Paul's; the Lament, "Lochaber No More," played on the pipes by Pipe Major Fraser, and the sounding on the bugle of the Last Post and the Reveille—the note of resurrection.

The St. Andrew's College Cadets, in Highland costume and accompanied by their pipe and bugle bands, marched to the church and had seats in the east transept during the service.

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### GATHERING OF RETURNED OLD BOYS

ON Thursday evening, December sixth, Doctor Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald entertained a party of Old Boys returned from the front, at a dinner served in the school library. Twenty-five were present.

If it were possible to name a guest of honour among such an honourable company, the one selected must undoubtedly be "Ed." Whitaker. This boy—he is only eighteen—was captain of the St. Andrew's College First Rugby Team in 1915. He was probably the youngest football captain that ever headed a team in the "Little Big Four." Now he is back from the front, having sacrificed both legs in the discharge of duty.

At evening prayers the guests assembled in the chapel with the boys. After prayers a number of school songs were sung and a lusty cheer was given for those who had returned.

The guests were as follows : Geo. Dimock, Guy Rutter, Cecil Snelgrove, Drummond Matheson, Gren. Rolph, Christie Clark, Arnold Davison, Ken. Mickleborough, Watson Yuille, Ed. Whitaker, Donald Fraser, Ashley Kilgour, Mac. Murray, Maurice McPheebran, "Tod" Grant, "Art" Haywood, Jim Lockhart, Maitland Newman, Jas. Forgie, "Dug" McIntosh, W. McClinton, Ken. MacKenzie, Victor Diver, Stafford Rice, Reg. Morton.



The House of Lords



## Old Boys' News

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J. S. Gartshore, 57 Foxbar Road, city, who resigned his commission with the 48th Highlanders and underwent an operation that he might go as a gunner in the artillery, within two weeks of his enlistment he was on the ocean and after three months in England, during which time he was offered his commission in the Artillery, which he refused, he went across to France and is now bombardier with the 6th Canadian Siege Battery in Belgium. Another brother George has been in service for over two years in France, and his sister Jacqueline, who was nursing in England, is now in Egypt.

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Everyone will be pleased to learn that "Monty" Montgomery (Lieut.), who was reported to have been killed in action, is only slightly wounded and, according to a cable received by his mother, expects to return to duty in the course of a few weeks. This is the third time that "Monty" has been wounded. While home on leave this summer, he paid a visit to the school.

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Major Blaire Clerk, who attended the school in 1903-04, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery on the field. The official report reads :—"His resourcefulness, aggressiveness and cool courage were an inspiring examples to all ranks."

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Acting Captain "Alf" Lindsay, who left the school in 1914 and who joined the 75th Battalion as lieutenant in 1915, has been awarded the Military Cross for his gallantry and devotion to duty on repeated occasions under fire.

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The United States Government have planned the construction of an aviation camp at Lonoke, Arkansas, which is to be named Camp Melchior Eberts, in honor of M. M. Eberts, who attended S.A.C. in 1906-1908. Eberts was killed when his machine struck an air pocket and fell 15,000 feet while he was making a trial trip at Columbus.

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Word has been received that Cadet "Hilly" Willoughby has gone to Egypt with the Royal Flying Corps. He left us in April of 1916 to join the Saskatchewan Hospital unit.



"Monty"

We have heard that George McTaggart, who left S.A.C. in 1914 to attend the Royal Military College, has been awarded the Military Cross while serving with the 219th Royal Engineers. So far, however, no particulars have reached us as to the manner in which he received his medal.

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His friends will all be glad to learn that Flight Commander "Murray" Galbraith has been awarded a bar to his Croix de Guerre. This is Murray's fourth decoration. Shortly before receiving his last award he got his 35th Hun machine. Congratulations, Murray!

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W. S. Anderson, who left the school in 1910, and who went overseas in 1914 with a Newfoundland regiment, has been awarded the D.C.M. and the military medal. "Billy" Anderson has for some time been the commander of a tank on the Western front.



Captain "Ken" McKenzie, who attended the school from 1905 to 1909, and who, since the beginning of the war has been serving with the Army Medical Corps, has returned from Mesopotamia and has received an appointment at the North Toronto Military Hospital.

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"Ed." Whitaker passed through Toronto on his way home to Brantford last Saturday—1st December. We are looking forward to his return to the city, when we hope to renew acquaintances with one of the old boys of whom S.A.C. is, and has cause to be, very proud.

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Harold Scott, more commonly known to those who remember him, as "Scotty," and one of the finest rugby players that the School has turned out, has joined the Navy and, we hear, is at present in Halifax learning to "tackle" naval problems.

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Richard S. C. Webber (Lieutenant), who attended the school from 1903-1910, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry under fire. The official report reads:—"His coolness and determination on all occasions under fire have been most marked."

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Lieutenant Jack Kay, who left S.A.C. in 1909, has been awarded the Military Cross. He obtained his commission with the 48th Highlanders and went overseas in January, 1917, in the 3rd Brigade machine gun section.

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According to the latest report, Cadet Fraser Grant intends going to Egypt to conclude his course in the R.F.C. "Fraser" went overseas with the 67th (University) Battery and joined the Flying Corps in England.

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### BIRTHS

TO MR. and MRS. HOWARD H. BOWMAN, a daughter. June 23rd, 1917.

TO CAPT. and MRS. J. D. FRASER, a daughter. Oct. 11th, 1917.

TO MR. and MRS. WILLS MACLACHLAN, a daughter. Nov. 20th, 1917.

TO MR. and MRS. W. E. SWAN, a daughter. Sept. 23rd, 1917.

TO MR. and MRS. BRIAN B. MCCOLL, a son. Dec. 5th, 1917.

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### MARRIAGES

BICKNELL, JAMES W., to Miss Beatrice Francis Watson, of Toronto, on June 21st, 1917.

BOYD, LIEUT. J. ERROL D., to Miss Evelyn Carbery, of New York, in July, 1917.

BROWN, JAMES P., to Miss Agnes Helen Deans, of Smithville, on June 23rd, 1917.

DOUGLAS, ALECK M., to Miss Martha G. McClenaham, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on Oct. 25th, 1917.

ELLIOTT, ARTHUR L., to Miss Madeleine McCort, of Toronto, on October 10th, 1917.

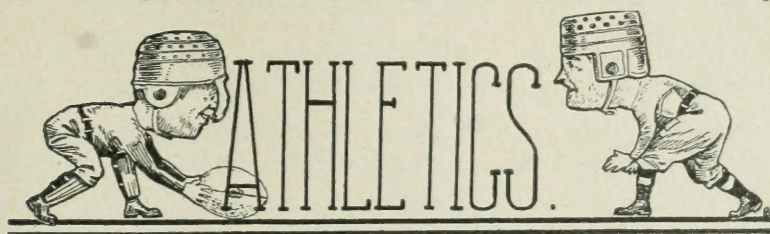
FORGIE, LIEUT. JAMES M., to Miss Constance Elizabeth Coulthard, of Toronto, on June 3rd, 1917.

HUNT, CAPT. GORDON C., to Miss Adele Talcott, of Los Angeles, on October 30th, 1917.

SKIDMORE, LIEUT. J. PAUL, to Miss Verda F. Cane, of Vancouver, in November, 1917.

YUILE, CAPT. J. WATSON, to Miss Quintina Winifred Muir, of Montreal, in September, 1917.





H. F. RENDELL  
(Captain first Rugby Team)

### PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

GORDON ("Gord.")—Quarter. Was left half on last year's team but played quarter this season. Was the fastest man on the team, and did some magnificent running in the T.C.S. and Ridley games.

GALLAGHER ("Shiner")—Right Half. Played only in the U.C.C. game, and on account of his sure catching and good running, he turned out to be our best half. Unfortunately, he hurt his knee badly on the last day of the season.

STONEHOUSE ("Bricks").—Centre Half. Played in all the league games and did some fine kicking in the T.C.S. game.

NERLICH ("Heinz").—Centre Scrim. Came from last year's Lower School team. Was an excellent tackler and did well in all the games.

BEATH ("Stan").—Right Scrim. Was on last year's Thirds, and by his steady and hard playing, he won his first team colours this season.

LIGHTBOURN ("Buster").—Left Scrim. Was on the Seconds last year, and with the rest of the scrim. played a fine game at U.C.C.

SYER ("Rufus").—Right Inside. Came from the Seconds. Was very good in breaking up opponents' line, and held well ; also a good buckler.

HOLLIDAY ("Doug").—Left Inside. Also from the Seconds, and was one of the best buckers on the team, fighting hard all the time, in spite of the fact that he was injured in all three games.

EARLE I. ("Morrison").—Left Middle. Another good buckler who knows how to use his weight. Was a substitute on last year's Firsts, and well earned his colours this season.

McMURTRY ("Mac").—Left Outside. Was on last year's Thirds. He played in all the league games, surprising everyone by his tackling and ability to follow up on the kicks.

THORLEY ("Chick").—Right Outside. With Seconds last year and was very light. It was due to his consistency that he played in our last game, in which he earned his colours.

STIRRET ("Petrolia").—Flying Wing. Coming up from the Thirds, he proved to be one of the best men on the team this season, because of his excellent running, tackling, and following up on the kicks.

KENT ("Leight").—Flying Wing. An old colour. Having injured his shoulder at the beginning of the season, he did not do as well in tackling as last year, but did some fine kicking in the U.C.C. game.

RENDELL ("Ren").—Right Middle. An old colour who well deserved his captaincy. Always played his position and used good judgment directing his team.





"Silent Rage."

### THE TRINITY SCHOOL GAME

On Saturday, October 20th, St. Andrew's met T.C.S. in the opening game of the "Little Big Four." A strong northwest wind gave the team working down the field a distinct advantage.

The teams lined up as follows :

T.C.S.		S.A.C.
Holbrook . . . . .	<i>Flying wing</i> . . . . .	Secord
Dreaves . . . . .	<i>Left half</i> . . . . .	Harris
Bradburn . . . . .	<i>Centre half</i> . . . . .	Stonehouse
Howard . . . . .	<i>Right half</i> . . . . .	Kent
Harper I. . . . .	<i>Quarter</i> : . . . . .	Gordon
Henderson . . . . .	<i>Left scrim</i> . . . . .	Lightbourne

Anderson.....	<i>Centre scrim.....</i>	Nerlich
Caprèol.....	<i>Right scrim.....</i>	Beath
Ryrie I.....	<i>Left inside.....</i>	Earle
Crispo.....	<i>Right inside.....</i>	Rendell
Simmons.....	<i>Left middle.....</i>	Holliday
Sjostrom.....	<i>Right middle.....</i>	Syer
Hough.....	<i>Left outside.....</i>	McMurtry
MacKenzie.....	<i>Right outside.....</i>	Stirret

T.C.S. won the toss and chose to kick against the wind. Lightbourne kicked off and T.C.S. ran the ball back fifteen yards. On the first down the ball changed hands on interference. After two bucks Gordon was sent around the end and broke away for a 50-yard run. On the first down Kent kicked for a rouge, Stirret making the tackle.

S.A.C., 1 ; T.C.S., 0.

T.C.S. chose to scrimmage at quarter way but lost the ball on an off-side. On first down Gordon broke through the line for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C., 6 ; T.C.S., 0.

Kent returned the kick-off. T.C.S. gained yards and kicked. On an exchange of punts, Gordon ran around the end and twice gained yards, but S.A.C. lost on interference. T.C.S. then kicked behind the line but Gordon cleverly ran the ball out and saved a rouge. However, T.C.S. got the ball on interference, but McMurtry recovered a fumble and quarter ended with S.A.C. in possession.

S.A.C., 6 ; T.C.S., 0.

T.C.S. fell on a loose ball behind the line for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C., 6 ; T.C.S., 5.

T.C.S. returned the kick-off to Gordon who ran the ball back from half-way to the T.C.S. 15-yard line, and on the next down Stonehouse kicked to the dead-line.

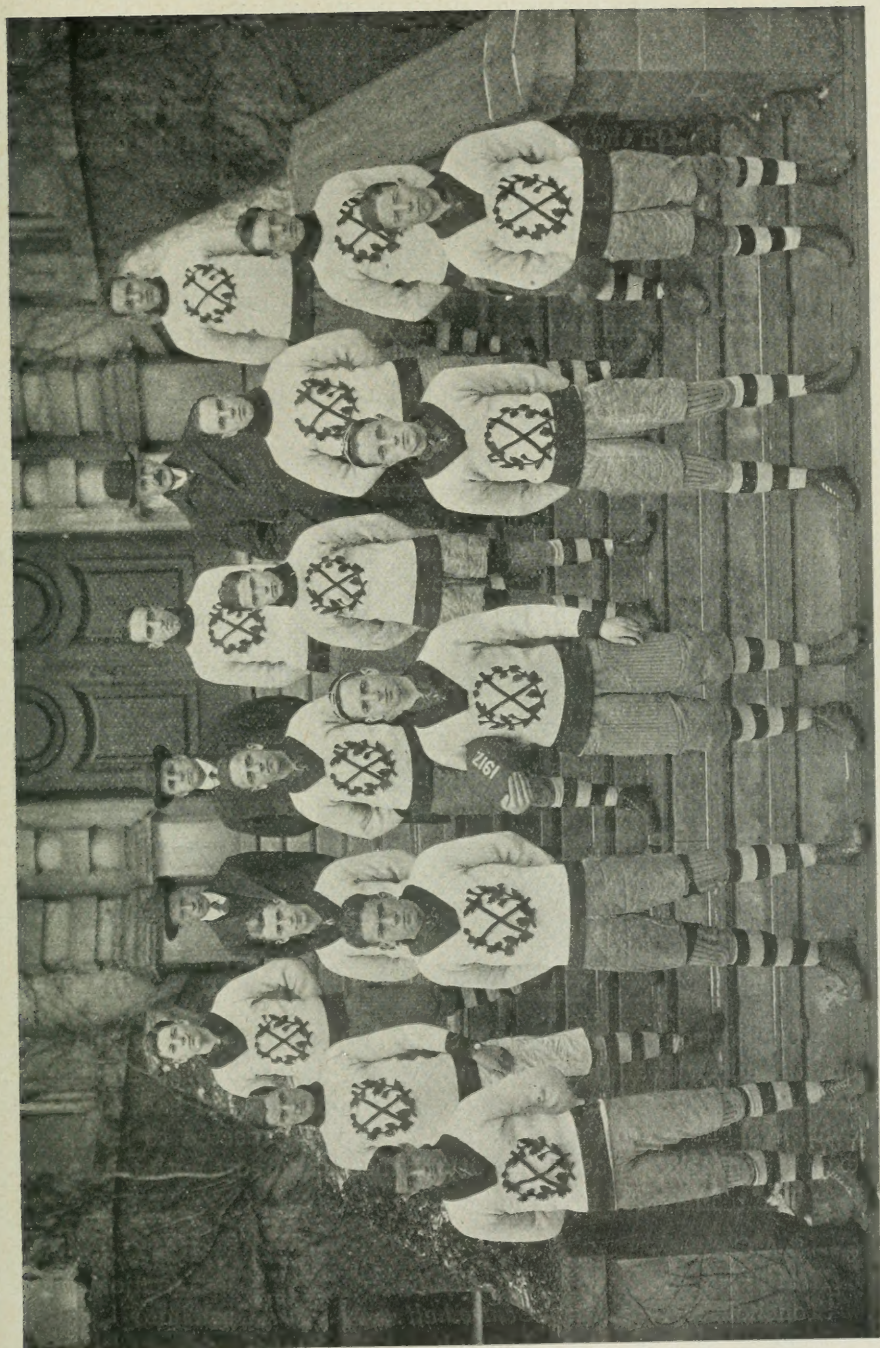
S.A.C., 7 ; T.C.S., 5.

Trinity then kicked the ball to St. Andrew's 25-yard line, and, the ball having changed hands on interference, T.C.S. bucked the ball over for a touch, which they converted.

S.A.C., 7 ; T.C.S., 11.

From this time until the end of the period the ball was kept near centre field and the half ended.





The First Rugby Team



S.A.C., 7 ; T.C.S., 11.

S.A.C. kicked off and Stirret fell on a fumbled ball near the Trinity line. On the first down, Gordon went through the centre on a fake play for a touch which S.A.C. failed to convert.

S.A.C., 12 ; T.C.S., 11.

T.C.S. kicked and again Gordon made a run to the T.C.S. 15-yard line. On first down, Stonehouse kicked a high spiral which slipped through Bradburn's arms and was fallen on by Nerlich for the winning touch. Rendell made a fine convert.

S.A.C., 18 ; T.C.S., 11.

The rest of the period was a punting duel in which the Saints had the better of the play.

End of third quarter : S.A.C., 18 ; T.C.S., 11.

Trinity lost the ball on interference near her own goal line but recovered it on a fumble. T.C.S. now set to work to buck St. Andrew's down the field ; they made 1st down twice and kicked to Kent, who ran the ball out and saved a rouge. On the next down S.A.C. lost the ball on their own 5-yard line. Trinity tried twice to smash through the line but St. Andrew's did not give them a yard and on the 3rd down Bradburn placed a neat drop between the bars.

S.A.C., 18 ; T.C.S., 14.

Trinity returned the kick-off, S.A.C. bucked twice and, just before the whistle blew, Stonehouse kicked for a rouge and the final point of the game.

Final score : S.A.C., 19 ; T.C.S., 14.

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### THE RIDLEY GAME

On Saturday, October 27th, S.A.C. met the team from Ridley on St. Andrew's campus. A strong west wind was blowing almost across the field. The defenders of the northern goal had, however, a slight advantage. As the game was expected to be an exciting one, there was a large attendance to support both teams.

The teams lined up as follows :

S.A.C.		B.R.C.
Harris.....	<i>Right half</i> .....	Glass (major)
Stonehouse.....	<i>Centre half</i> .....	Gartshore
Kent.....	<i>Left half</i> .....	Hyde



Beath.....	<i>Right scrim</i> .....	Marks
Nerlich.....	<i>Centre scrim</i> .....	Walten
Lightbourne.....	<i>Left scrim</i> .....	Golding
Rendell.....	<i>Right inside</i> .....	Goetz
Earle.....	<i>Left inside</i> .....	Wilson
Holliday.....	<i>Right middle</i> .....	Barr (major)
Syer.....	<i>Left middle</i> .....	Moore
Stirret.....	<i>Right outside</i> .....	Glass (minor)
McMurtry.....	<i>Left outside</i> .....	Barr (minor)
Secord.....	<i>Rover</i> .....	Wainwright

*Referee*—Burchart.

*Umpire*—Crawford.

S.A.C. won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. Ridley kicked to Stonehouse, who returned. The ball then changed hands on an off-side. Neither team had as yet settled down to steady rugby and twice S.A.C. broke away for 40-yard runs but on both occasions dropped the ball. Ridley kicked out of danger. Now ensued a kicking duel between the Ridley and St. Andrew's backs with the honours fairly even. After an exchange of half a dozen punts both teams settled down to line-smashing football. Holliday and Earle went through the Ridley line for 15 yards and won on 1st down. Gordon went around the end for 20 more. Then when Stirret covered two more white lines before he was pulled down, it looked as though St. Andrew's was not to be denied a touch. Ridley, however, got together and held hard for two downs and Stonehouse kicked for a rouge, McMurtry making the tackle.

S.A.C., 1 ; B.R.C., 0.

Ridley put the ball into scrimmage at quarter way and Gartshore, their centre half, went through the centre for 15 yards. Ridley then started to use her bucks and got 10 yards, St. Andrew's being caught off-side. Ridley was now on our 25-yard line and Gartshaw got away a beautiful drop which hit one of the upright posts. S.A.C. bucked twice and then Stonehouse kicked a fine punt which Ridley returned. The ball again changed hands just as the whistle blew for quarter time.

S.A.C., 1 ; B.R.C., 0.

Ridley kicked to Stonehouse and S.A.C. again began a march down the field, playing straight rugby—2 bucks and a kick. After an exchange of punts, Hyde of Ridley broke around the

end for a 25-yard run. Ridley then tried an extended pass but McMurtry made a brilliant interception and S.A.C. kicked to Ridley's 20-yard line. On first down Ridley kicked to Gordon, who got away for a 40-yard run. Holliday and Stirret then made 10 yards apiece through the line and Stonehouse made a fine kick for the second rouge of the game.

S.A.C., 2 ; B.R.C., 0.

Ridley now opened up a bag of tricks but owing to the lightness of her line these were not very successful. B.R.C. was to kick. Stonehouse returned. B.R.C. again booted and one of her outsides fell on a fumble behind the S.A.C. line for a touch, which Gartshaw converted.

S.A.C., 2 ; B.R.C., 6.

Ridley returned the kick-off and S.A.C. attempted to pull down the lead B.R.C. had gained over them. Gordon broke away for 20 yards. After two bucks, Stonehouse kicked for a rouge.

S.A.C., 3 ; B.R.C., 6.

Ridley scrimmaged the ball and after 2 downs, Gartshore made a wonderful kick for a rouge.

S.A.C., 3 ; B.R.C., 7.

At half time S.A.C. kicked off. Ridley returned and we began to work down the field, using our heavy buckers. S.A.C. worked the ball to the 25-yard line and Stonehouse kicked for a rouge.

S.A.C., 4 ; B.R.C., 7.

On first down Gartshore got away for a 40-yard run before he was nailed by Gordon. On the next down Ridley kicked for a rouge.

S.A.C., 4 ; B.R.C., 8.

The ball changed hands on S.A.C. 25-yard line and Gartshore kicked a fine drop.

S.A.C., 4 ; B.R.C., 11.

After an exchange of punts, Ridley secured a fumble just as three-quarter time was called.

Ridley secured the ball on a muff and Gartshore put over a wonderful drop from the 35-yard line.

S.A.C., 4 ; B.R.C., 14.

Lightbourne kicked off and Ridley got first down once and then lost the ball on downs. S.A.C. was penalized for interference and Ridley kicked behind the line but Kent ran the ball out and saved the rouge.



Gordon made 28 yards around the outside and Ridley was penalized for off-side. S.A.C. caught off-side. Ridley kicked to Gordon who ran back 40 yards before he was pulled down on Ridley 3-yard line. On the next down Stonehouse went through the centre on a fake for a touch.

S.A.C., 9 ; B.R.C., 14.

S.A.C. returned Ridley's kick-off and Ridley worked the ball back into our territory and Gartshore kicked a rouge.

S.A.C., 9 ; B.R.C., 15.

T.A.C. lost the ball on down and Gartshore again kicked a wonderful drop from nearly half way.

S.A.C., 9 ; B.R.C., 18.

Ridley fumbled the kick-off and St. Andrew's bucked the ball to B.R.C.'s 30-yard line where Stonehouse kicked for the last point of the game just before the final whistle blew.

S.A.C., 10 ; B.R.C., 18.

### THE UPPER CANADA GAME

On Saturday, October 20th, S.A.C. played the last game of the season with U.C.C. on the latter's campus. A strong west wind and the afternoon sun gave the defenders of the western goal a decided advantage.

The line-up was as follows :—

*S.A.C.*—Flying wing, Stirrett ; Halves, Stonehouse, Kent, Gallagher ; Quarter, Gordon ; Outsides, McMurtry, Thorley ; Middles, Holliday, Syer ; Insides, Earle, Rendell ; Scrimmage, Lightbourn, Beath, Nerlich.

*U.C.C.*—Flying wing, Hardaker ; Halves, Todd, Menendez, Zyback ; Quarter, McIntosh ; Outsides, Ross, Macdonald ; Middles, Beatty, Hyland ; Insides, MacKenzie, Davern ; Scrimmage, Richards, J. MacDougall and W. MacDougall.

#### THE GAME.

S.A.C. lost the toss and kicked off from the east goal. U.C.C. made yards but lost the ball on interference. S.A.C. then bucked the ball into U.C.C. territory and Kent opened the scoring with a rouge for St. Andrew's.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 0.

U.C.C. scrimmaged the ball at quarter, and Menendez broke away for a fifty-yard run but lost the ball on being tackled. Again the ball changed hands on an off-side and Todd broke away. A fine run opened the scoring for our opponents, with a touch, which was not converted.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 5.

After the kick-off U.C.C. again invaded S.A.C. territory and just before quarter time Todd kicked to the dead-line.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 6.

S.A.C. put the ball into scrimmage and after two downs Kent made a beautiful kick to the dead-line.

S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 6.

U.C.C. lost the ball near her 35-yard line and Kent kicked for a rouge, Thorley making a fine tackle.

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 6.

U.C.C. now began to force the play into our territory and bucked their way from U.C.C. quarter way to the S.A.C. 30-yard line, from which point Todd kicked a rouge.

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 7.

For the remaining five minutes of the half the ball was kept near the middle of the field, no further score being made.

Half time : S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 7.

Gordon kicked off and, after an exchange of punts, U.C.C. worked the ball far enough up the field to enable Todd to force Stonehouse to rouge.

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 8.

S.A.C. now set to work to buck the ball over the U.C.C. line and very nearly succeeded, losing it only a few yards from goal. Todd kicked out of danger and U.C.C. again got the ball on S.A.C. interference. On next down Menendez got around the end for U.C.C.'s second touch, which Todd converted.

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 14.

After an exchange of kicks Gordon ran forty yards and Kent kicked for a rouge, Lightbourne making a splendid tackle.

S.A.C., 4 ; U.C.C., 15.

Todd broke away for a fine run, and, after two bucks which gained yards, U.C.C. kicked to the dead-line. A moment later Kent returned and the score stood : S.A.C., 5 ; U.C.C., 15.

After five minutes' play Beatty secured a fumble behind the S.A.C. line for the final touch, which Todd converted.

Final score, S.A.C., 5 ; U.C.C., 21.



The team as a whole played a hard steady game, but special mention should be made of the playing of Gordon at quarter, whose speed and steady play caused our opponents much worry.

Gallagher also is to be complimented on the plucky, consistent game he played.

### THE TRINITY II. GAME

On Wednesday, November 7th, St. Andrew's seconds journeyed to Port Hope, there to meet the second team of Trinity College School. The teams lined up at 2.30 on a field rather wet from a rain of the preceding night, as follows :

S.A.C.		T.C.S.
Kerr I.....	<i>Right scrim</i> .....	Du Moulair I.
Clark II.....	<i>Centre scrim</i> .....	Cumberland
Ross II.....	<i>Left scrim</i> .....	Henderson
Richardson.....	<i>Right outside</i> .....	Cundell
McDonald I.....	<i>Left outside</i> .....	Murphy
Dingman.....	<i>Right middle</i> .....	Croll
Hendrie.....	<i>Left middle</i> .....	McColley
Munro.....	<i>Right inside</i> .....	Pullen
Shewan.....	<i>Left inside</i> .....	Harrison
Wood.....	<i>Quarter</i> .....	Harper II.
Secord.....	<i>Flying wing</i> .....	Panet
Loomis.....	<i>Right half</i> .....	Greaves I.
Harris.....	<i>Centre half</i> .....	Jones I.
Kerr II.....	<i>Left half</i> .....	Cayley

S.A.C. lost the toss and were forced to play with the sun in their eyes and a slight wind against them. In the first quarter Loomis carried the ball to the T.C.S. 1-yard line by a fine run, but S.A.C. lost it when interference was called. T.C.S., however, were offside immediately afterwards and Harris kicked for a safety touch. This ended the scoring for this period.

The play was very even now, although T.C.S. scored a dead-line on an attempted drop. Shortly afterwards T.C.S. missed another excellent chance to score when they were held only two yards out. S.A.C. were gradually pressing them back when the whistle blew for half-time.

S.A.C., 2 ; T.C.S., 1.

In the third quarter T.C.S. missed another excellent chance to score when it was their first down only one yard from our line. They were pushed back, but shortly afterward scored another dead-line. A few moments later Jones again kicked to the dead-line, when S.A.C. lost the ball on offside five yards out. S.A.C. lost the ball on the first down and Jones was successful in getting a drop over.

In the fourth quarter, T.C.S. put two trys across after some good bucking, one of which was converted by Jones. After this St. Andrew's also got in some good bucking, and Secord was sent across for a try, which Harris converted. Just before time, Jones kicked to the dead-line again.

Final score : T.C.S., 18 ; S.A.C., 8.

For St. Andrew's Shewan's bucking was worthy of note, and Jones was probably the most useful man for T.C.S. The game was very loose throughout.



Second Team



### THE UPPER CANADA II. GAME

On Tuesday, November 13th, St. Andrew's met a worthy opponent in U.C.C. Seconds. They won the toss and chose the north end of the field. This game was one of the best seen on our campus this season.

St. Andrew's scored all their points in the first half. In the first quarter Secord bucked over for a try, which went unconverted. Shewan duplicated a few minutes later. This gave St. Andrew's a 10-point margin. Harris punted and then fell on the ball for a try, when Tyrrell fumbled behind his own line.

In the second quarter U.C.C. punted for gains and secured a try, which was unconverted.

In the third quarter Tyrrell kicked four times to the dead-line for points, and in the fourth period notched another try, but failed to convert. The final moments were strenuous, but we were successful in retaining the lead.

Final score : S.A.C., 15 ; U.C.C., 14.

For St. Andrew's, Shewan's bucking and the running of Kerr II. and Loomis were conspicuous, while Tyrrell and Dennehy starred for U.C.C.

#### THE TEAMS.

*St. Andrew's*—Flying wing, Brown ; halves, Loomis, Harris and Kerr II. ; quarter, McDonald ; scrimmage, Kerr I., Patten and Ross II. ; insides, Shewan and Secord ; middles, Dingman, Larkin ; outsides, Richardson and Wood.

*Upper Canada*—Flying wing, Evans ; halves, Strickland, Tyrrell and Matchett ; quarter, Cross ; scrimmage, Tisdale, Creighton and Allen ; insides, Davis and Sime ; middles, Rutherford and Dennehy ; outsides, Higgs and Brigden.

Officials : Mr. Church and Hardaker.

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### UNIVERSITY SCHOOLS II. GAME

On Saturday, November 17th, S.A.C. II.'s met the second team of University Schools on the former's grounds. S.A.C. lined up as follows :—Halves, McDonald, Kerr II., Loomis ; flying wing, Brown ; quarter, Harris ; outsides, Richardson and Wood ; middles, Dingman and Hendrie ; insides, Shewan and Campbell ; scrimmage, Ross. II., Patten, Kerr I. S.A.C. won the toss and decided to defend the south goal.

In the first quarter U.T.S. secured a try which was not converted. Shortly afterwards they scored a touch-in-goal. This completed their scoring. Just before the end of the quarter, however, Harris got a try on a fake buck, which was not converted.

The second quarter was rather even, the good kicking of Kerr II. being responsible for two dead-lines.

On the last half, however, the St. Andrew's boys' better physical condition told heavily on their opponents so that they were able to make yards almost at will. The bucking of Hendrie and Shewan, and the running of Loomis and Kerr were responsible for five tries, none of which were converted. Kerr's kicking also got a rouge.

S.A.C., 33 ; U.T.S., 6.

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### THE THIRD TEAM

Owing to the fact that there was no fourth team to practice against, the third team did not have a very successful season.

In the first game with Upper Canada III., on October 31st, the good work of Curry and Hendrie on the half-line and Campbell on the line, prevented us from being beaten by a worse score than 18—5.

On Wednesday, November 7, we met Appleby I. on our own grounds. St. Andrew's won the toss and elected to play with the wind. Owing largely to the bucking of Campbell and Cross and to the tackling of Robertson, we were successful in holding our ground. The half-time score was : Appleby, 6 ; S.A.C., 5. In the second half S.A.C. got down to work. McMullen's running was a feature worthy of praise. The final score was : Appleby, 12 ; S.A.C., 6. The game was fast and clean throughout.

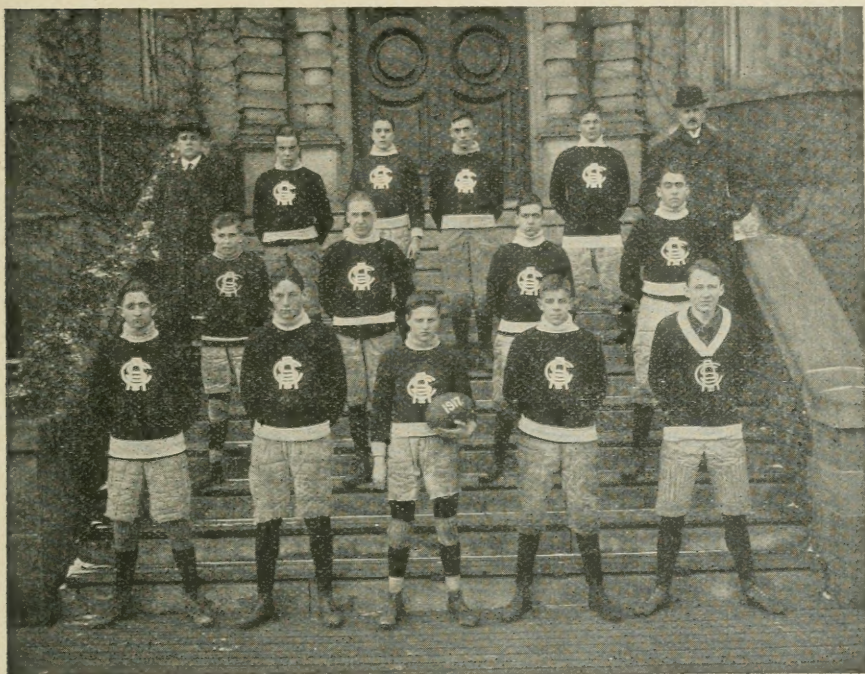
On Saturday, November 12, we travelled to Oakville to play the return match with Appleby. We had the misfortune to lose Hendrie and Campbell, two of our best players, which in part accounts for the bad beating we received. Earle II. and Robertson, as outside wings, played their places and undoubtedly prevented the score from being larger. The game ended : Appleby, 37 ; S.A.C., 0.

We shall always remember with thanks the kindness shown to us at Appleby.



The following were granted Colours:—Carrick, Cross, McMullen, Earle II., Robertson, Smith I., Smith II., Meikle, MacPherson, Thomson, MacKay, Curry (Mgr.), and Pollock (Capt.).

A. G. C. AND R. G. P.



Third Team

### LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY SEASON

The Rugby season in the Lower School this year has been a very successful one. Out of ten games played, we were successful in winning nine. The team, under the leadership of Skeaff, showed excellent form throughout the season, and displayed such team work, that it is difficult to single out any individuals for special mention.

However, Cameron deserves credit for his excellent punting and running, and Bradley has acquired fame as a line-plunger, and was responsible for more than one touch.

Early in the season a second team was organized with Patterson II. as captain, and this provided the necessary practice for the first team, which in no small degree, accounts for the success of the first team.

The season opened on Sept. 26th, Model School playing at St. Andrew's. The team played well and were successful in their first effort.

Score : S.A.C., 12 ; Model, 0.

The return game was played with Model on Sept. 28, ending in a second victory for S.A.C., although Model made a strong bid for victory.

Score : S.A.C., 10 ; Model, 0.

On Oct. 5th we were visited by a team from Rosedale, which was keenly bent on carrying off the honours, but were frustrated by a narrow margin.

Score : S.A.C., 1 ; Rosedale, 0.

A team from Highfield, Hamilton, played at St. Andrew's on October 13, and proved themselves easy victims for our valiant fourteen.

Score : S.A.C., 17 ; Highfield, 5.

Now we come to our only defeat of the season. Model School, bent on retrieving their lost fortunes of war, challenged us to another game, which was played on October 17th. Our boys went into the game with a feeling of overconfidence since we had already beaten them twice. Early in the game Model obtained a lead of 5 points, which, despite our heroic efforts, we were unable to overtake.

Score : S.A.C., 0 ; Model, 5.

Of course this defeat necessitated another game which we played on Oct. 25 at Model. The game was clean and fast throughout and was most interesting to watch.

Score : S.A.C., 8 ; Model, 5.

The annual match with T.C.S. was played at St. Andrew's on Nov. 5th. The T.C.S. line was slightly lighter than ours, and, as a result, T.C.S. was outclassed in every department.

Score : S.A.C., 49 ; T.C.S., 5.

On Nov. 8th we journeyed to Hamilton to play the return match with Highfield. The day was ideal for rugby, and the game was keenly contested. Owing to illness of Lumbers, Calvert



II. proved himself a worthy substitute. Cameron and Skeaff distinguished themselves by their running and tackling, and Bradley was also in evidence by his tackling and bucking.

Score : S.A.C., 7 ; Highfield, 0.

The last two games of the season were played against Upper Canada.

The first game played at St. Andrew's on Nov. 16 was most exciting, and apparently the teams were evenly matched, with the result very uncertain. In the last quarter St. Andrew's secured the ball about a yard out through a blocked kick and easily scored a try.

Score : S.A.C., 6 ; Upper Canada, 0.

The last game at Upper Canada provided a satisfactory "finale" for the rugby season. Although the team was somewhat weakened by the loss of Lumbers and Marsh, and their places had to be filled with Bernhard and Patterson II., it acquitted itself nobly. Cameron and Mackie got away with long runs and Bradley's bucking was again a feature. The victory, which we had been rather doubtful of, was indeed a surprise, and the team proved itself truly worthy of its colours.

Score : S.A.C., 18 ; U.C.C., 2.

Colours I.—Skeaff (Capt.), Findley II. (Mgr.), King, March, Nerlich II., Earle III., Carrick II., Bradley, Carrie I., Lumbers, Sloan, Cameron, Mackie, Calvert II., Lewis, Home II.

The second team played two home and home games with Model seconds, winning one 17—8 and losing the other, 1—7.

Colours II.—Patterson II. (Capt.), Black II., Ault, Rogers, Thurber, Van Winckel, Reid, Matthews, Cook, Blauvelt, Dayment, Bernhard, Foster.

F. M. C.

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## THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This annual event took place on Tuesday, November 20th. The contestants numbered twenty-four. This was a large increase over those participating last year, and, in view of the fact that the day was raw and wet, was a good showing.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the runners lined up. At the signal for starting, Smith II. at once sprang into the lead which position he kept till the end, thus winning first place and with it the gold medal.

In starting, Earl I. assumed second place and Syre third.

The other competitors at first were somewhat bunched but as the race progressed they gradually drew out in a long line. Munro forged ahead and finally passed Syre. This position was maintained during the rest of the race, Earl I. beating Munro by only five seconds.

Smith II., the winner, took second place in the race of last year.

Shewan, last year's gold medalist, also raced this year, but owing to the fact that he was prevented by a bad knee from training for the greater part of the season, and also that he met with an accident early in the race, he had to be content with fifth place.

Prizes were awarded as follows :—Gold Medal, Smith II.; Silver Medal, Earl I.; Bronze Medal, Munro ; First team cake, Syre ; Second team cake, Shewan ; Upper Flat cake, Campbell ; Lower Flat cake, Earl II.; Upper Sixth cake, Curry ; Lower Sixth cake, Clark I.; Fifth Form cake, Brown ; Fourth Form cake, Robertson ; Third Form cake, Bernhard.

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### THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

The Lower School cross-country run took place on Friday, November 23rd. The distance covered was about three miles.

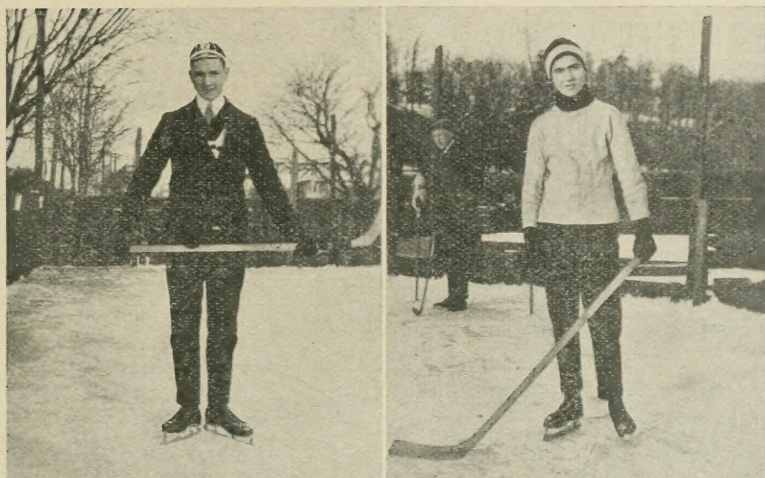
Twenty boys toed the line, and a very keenly contested race ensued. Not one, even of the youngest entrants, fell out, and all came in at the final closely following one another.

Skeaff and Bernhard had a very exciting struggle in the last 20 yards, but Skeaff just managed to sustain the lead he had gained, and came in first by about a foot, doing the run in 17 minutes 45 seconds, thus winning the Headmaster's Silver Medal, while Bernhard won the Bronze Medal. Lewis won the cake presented by Mrs. Macdonald to the first boarder after the medal winners, while Cameron won the Third Form cake, but, owing to some mistake, Findley, who followed Cameron, received the cake. Reid won the Second Form cake, Home II. the First Form cake, and Denison III. the Prep. Form cake. The stewards were the recipients of a very fine cake made and given by Mrs. Blomfield.

Mrs. Macdonald, with her usual geniality and kindness, gracefully presented the prizes to the winners at the close of the race.

R. C. P.





"On ye our hopes we fix"

#### HOCKEY PROSPECTS.

Once again we are entered in the Junior O.H.A., and the prospects for a good team, while not altogether bright, are by no means poor. Of last year's team there are back only Rendell and Gordon, but some of last year's seconds are available. Among the new boys we hope to uncover some good material but until they are seen on the ice nothing definite can be said about them. Everyone seems to be enthusiastic over hockey and if this spirit is maintained all season we should be able to make ourselves known. Practice hours have as usual been arranged for at the Arena, so we shall be able to make a start before Christmas.

## PRIZE DAY

ON the afternoon of St. Andrew's Day, November thirteenth, there was held in the Assembly Hall of the College the seventeenth annual presentation of prizes. Owing to inclemency of the weather the number present was not as large as that of the previous year.

At three-thirty the guests of honour, Sir John and Lady Hendrie, entered the Hall, accompanied by the Headmaster and Board of Governors. Following these were a party of Old Boys returned from service—representatives of our alumni overseas.

Among those upon the platform were Sir John and Lady Hendrie, Doctor Macdonald, Mr. J. K. Macdonald (Chairman of the Board of Governors), Sir Robert Falconer (President of the University of Toronto), Mayor Church, Archdeacon Cody, and the Rev. T. A. Little.

## PRIZE LIST, 1916-1917.

*A.—General Proficiency.*

## PREPARATORY FORM.

Group "A."—1st, Parker ; 2nd, Blaikie.

Group "B."—Dennison II. (E.W.).

## FORM I.

1st, Beer II. (W.A.) ; 2nd, Dennison I. (G.T.).

## FORM II.

1st, Easton ; 2nd, Skeaff.

## FORM III.

1st, Pringle ; 2nd, Calvert II. (L.P.) ; 3rd, Black II. (R.T.).

## FORM IV.

1st, MacKay ; 2nd, Davidson.

## FORM V.

1st, Gallagher I. (T.H.L.) ; 2nd, Black I. (S.R.) ; 3rd, McDougall ; 4th, Dewdney I. (D.R.).

## LOWER VI.

(Toronto Group).—1st, MacLeod I. (N.M.) ; 2nd, McLaughlin ; 3rd, Kerr.

(McGill Group).—1st, MacIntosh.

## UPPER VI.

1st, Harstone ; 2nd, Wright.



*Special Prizes.*

Governor-General's Medal—R. H. Harstone.  
Lieut.-Governor's Silver Medal—C. A. McIntosh.  
Lieut.-Governor's Bronze Medal—N. M. MacLeod.  
Chairman's Gold Medal—N. M. MacLeod.  
Cooper Medal in Science—A. G. Curry.  
Head Prefect's Prize—J. W. Taylor.  
Wyld Prize in Latin—N. M. MacLeod.  
James George Prize in English—D. R. Dewdney.  
Thorley Medal (for proficiency in shooting)—W. Campbell.  
Gooderham Medal (for proficiency in shooting)—E. Tyrer.  
Christie Cup (for proficiency in shooting)—H. Tugwell.  
48th Highlanders Chapter of the I.O.D.E.—J. H. Yuill.  
Royal Life Saving Awards—

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**UPPER FLAT SOCIETY NOTES**

Sir Bartholomew Zephaniah Ogletree Sissons, with Lady Sissons (*née* Hortensia Euphemia Choppin) held their post-nuptial "At Home" in Suite 29. Among the disgusted guests were the petite Mlle. Petrolia, attired in a chic suit of overalls also Capt. Campbell, S.O.S., of the Newfoundland Fire Brigade, Underground Division.

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Mrs. Goodwin R. Harris announces the engagement of her stepdaughter, Miss Kitty Calvert, to the noted young rabbi, Moses McLean.

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A miscellaneous shower was given in bathroom, on Dec. 1st, in aid of the starving Zulus of Iceland. Among the numerous guests were Ivoire Sope, who donated embroidered table napkins. We are sure this will relieve the hunger of the natives.

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Room 26 was the scene of a successful but absurd dramatic production, when some of the noted players from Sir Tirbert Hee's company presented "Lizzie on the Ice" in ten reels and a swing. The most prominent actor appearing was Stevedore Clark, representing the "Bloodhound," while his younger brother appeared as "Camou Flage." The disgusted audience came late and left early. Popular sentiment demands a refund.

**POLICE COURT NEWS**

The clerical circles of the College were shocked to read in Saturday's sporting extra that the Reverend Anastasius Curry was sentenced to three hours in the detention room for being in the bathroom without his book of rules.

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Morrison Earle was advised by the magistrate that he would have to contribute thirty cents per week to the support of his wife Algebia. Failure to comply with the ruling of the court will result in Earle's being asked out.

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Failure to keep his livestock out of the corridors caused H. Rendell to donate five and costs to the public coffers.

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J. Munro was hailed before the magistrate for being a public nuisance. The plaintiff was eating garlic in the recreation room.

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H. C. Brown sued the City Corporation at the District Court for damages caused by the construction of the civic trolley wire too near his head. Much interest is evinced in the case by six lawyers.

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Hendrie was pinched for speeding on the Upper Flat with lights out. He didn't have the necessary so will rusticate on the Farm.

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## HONOUR ROLL

The following is a list of the Old Boys who have joined the Colours, so far as we have been able to obtain information. We are well aware that the list is not complete and that it is possibly not exact in the information given. The Headmaster will be glad to receive information as to any corrections which should be made, as well as any additional names which should appear.

\* Denotes "killed in action," or "died on service."

† Denotes "wounded."

\*\* Denotes "missing," or "prisoner of war."

## Masters.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Allan, N. McD.	Sergt.	Canada Dental Corps.	Paisley.	1915-1916
Bell, Dr. A. H.		Army Medical Service.	Merrickville.	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles.	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers.	England.	1913-1915
Caverhill, E. A.	Gunner.	Roy. Art. Cadet School.	Toronto.	1915.
*Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Adjut. 4th Can. Battalion.	Sudbury.	1908-1911
†Grant, W. L.	Major.	20th Battalion.	Kingston.	1903.
Green, A.		Army Service Corps.	Ottawa.	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy.	England.	1912-1913
†Ker, A. W. W.	Capt.	O.C. 33rd Battery, 14th Brigade.	England.	1913-1914
*Knighton, G. G.	Major.	9th Oxford Bucks, L.I.	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Capt.	16th Battery, 6th Brigade.	Kingston.	1909-1914
**Macdonnell, H. W.		3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston.	1913-1915
Ralph, L. W. H.	Private.	244 Co., M.G.C., F. Lines.	England.	1913-1914
†Sinclair, Alex.	Major.	Provost Marshall of Toronto.	Toronto.	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.		Hdqr's. Staff, 9th Inf. Brigade.	Toronto.	1905-1914
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	13th Battalion, 3rd Brigade.	England.	1909-1915

## Old Boys.

Abendana, E. M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers.	Port Antonio.	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred			Campbellton.	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	12th Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto.	1904-1913
**Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Allan, J. R.		Ottawa Artillery.	Ottawa.	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co., R.E.	Toronto.	1903-1905
†Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	P.P.C.L.I.	Vancouver.	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Sergt.	198th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1911
Anderson, R. F.			Ottawa.	1906-1908
†Anderson, W. S.		1st Nfld. Regiment.	St. John, N.B.	1909-1910
†Angstrom, L. C.	Sub. Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1903-1908
*Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters.	Toronto.	1905-1906
Aspen, A.	Private.	1st C.R.T.	Toronto.	1906-1913
Atkinson, H. J. H.	Gunner.	Can. Res. Art.	Toronto.	1913-1914
†Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	C.F.A.	Toronto.	1904-1912
Ault, A. D.	Gunner.	B. Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.H.A.	Ottawa.	1911-1912
Allan, J. A. C.		R.F.C.	Newmarket.	1911-1913
Bastedo, R. H.	Private.	C.O.T.C.	Toronto.	1908-1911
Balfour, W. E.	Gunner.	46th Battery, 11th Brigade.	Regina.	1912-1914
Ballantyne, C. C.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1905

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Barclay, W. C.			Toronto.	1902-1906
*Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Oakville.	1905-1907
†Bath, C. L.	Capt.	Fl't. Com., 29th Squad., R.F.C.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub. Lt.	R.F.C.	Victoria.	1911-1912
Beath, M. G.	Lieut.	227th Battalion	Sudbury.	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Lieut.	Royal Naval Volunteer Res.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Lieut.	Royal Naval Volunteer Res.	Toronto.	1905-1910
*Beecroft, H. T.	Sgt.-Major	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Edmonton.	1912-1913
*Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal.	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1908-1915
*Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	27th Winnipeg Battalion	Winnipeg.	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Capt.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1900-1909
Bennett, F.	Lieut.	Nfld. Record Office	St. John's.	1911-1912
Bennett, S.	2nd Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	St. John's.	1911-1914
Bennett, R. E.	Corp.		St. John's.	1913-1915
*Bigwood, P. H.	Fl. Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto.	1906-1909
†Black, S. C.	Sergt.	C.F.A., 2nd Howitzer Brigade	Montreal.	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.	Vancouver.	1911-1913
*Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks, L.I.	Toronto.	1901-1902
Blake, Hume, Jr.	Lieut.	H'qs. Staff, Shorncliffe	Toronto.	1901-1902
†Blackstock, G.	Lieut.	British Army, A.D.C.	Toronto.	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.	Private.	60th Battalion	Toronto.	1913-1915
Bole, W. W. R.	Driver.	Mech. Transport	Toronto.	1909-1916
*Bond, H. St. G.	Capt.	Royal Can. Engineers	Toronto.	1904-1909
Booth, G. D.	Capt.	39th Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto.	1903.
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1911
Booth, D. W.	Capt.	169th Battalion	Toronto.	1902-1903
Bowden, A. W.	Private.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1916-1917
Bowden, H.	Corporal.	Army Service Corps	Toronto.	1908-1909
*Boyd, J. Errol.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto.	1902-1909
Bradley, T. B.		Royal Flying Corps	Hamilton.	1909-1913
Bradshaw, M. A.	Corporal.	67th Battery	Toronto.	1908-1910
Broderick, F. N.		York Rangers, Kapusasing.	Toronto.	1906-1912
*Broughall, Deric.		3rd Battalion, 1st Brigade	Toronto.	1904-1905
*Brown, R. A.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1908-1914
*Brown, Bernal B.	Private.	4th University Co.	Toronto.	1908-1914
*Burk, Gerrie.		8th Battalion	Port Arthur.	1906-1907
Burk, H. D.	Capt.	147th Grey Overseas Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1909
Bryan, F. W.	Sgt.	Can. Corps Hqr's.	Toronto.	1908.
†Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	20th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1908
Burns, G. K.	Private.	Cyclists Corps	Toronto.	1913-1914
†Burns, M. C.	Bombdr.	15th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto.	1906-1908
†Burton, R. B. S.	Major.	Headquarters Staff, Toronto	Toronto.	1902-1907
*Buscombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion	Vancouver.	1911.
Bullock, T. H.		9th Siege Battery	St. John, N.B.	1914-1917
Candee, C. N.		C.O.T.C.	Toronto.	1902-1909
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment	New Carlisle.	1905-1907
†Calvert, C. W. L.	Sub. Lt.	R. Naval Aviation Service	Toronto.	1912-1914
†Cameron, J. H.		51st Battalion, C.F.C.	Kenora.	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A.	Signaller.	4th, C.M.R.	Owen Sound.	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec.	Sergt.	2nd Div. Ammun. Col.	Toronto.	1905-1912
†Campbell, E. S.	Lieut.	Naval Air Service	Toronto.	1907-1916
Campbell, A. R.	Major.	216th Battalion	Toronto.	1899-1900
*Campbell, Geo. H.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	Halifax.	1906-1911
Cantley, C. L.	Major.	Special Duty	New Glasgow	1900-1902
Cantley, D. F.	Lieut.	208th Battery	New Glasgow	1911-1916
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto.	1908-1912
Carlyle, R. T.		Can. Inspection Co.	Toronto.	1905-1909



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Battery	Kenora	1907-1909
Carr, F. R.	Sapper	Divisional Signallers	Hamilton	1909-1913
†Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	B. Battery, R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1910
**Chase, D. B.		4th University Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Port Williams	1912-1913
†Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	C. Squad, 2nd Brigade	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H.		No. 7 Stationary Hospital	Wolfville	1910-1911
†Chesnut, B. F.	Sergt.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
*Chesnut, A. W.		4th University Co.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg Medical Corps	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Battalion	Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, E. K., Dr.		Queen's Can. Military Hospital	Toronto	1905-1911
†Clarke, N. D.	Private	P.P.C.L.I.	Toronto	1905-1909
†Clark, C. T.	Lieut.	4th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.	Lieut.	1st Motor Mach. Gun Brigade	Renfrew	1901
†Clark, A. R. S.		Dorsetshire Regiment	Toronto	1901-1902
Clement, D. W.	Private	R.F.C.	Kitchener	1913-1915
†Clerk, B. M.	Major	11th Can. Mach. Gun Co.	Toronto	1903-1904
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion	Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	England	Ottawa	1905-1908
**Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sub Lt.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1907-1910
Cocking, A. H.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Collins, F. H.			Peterborough	1903-1904
Cornstock, W. H.	Fl. Lt.	Naval Air Service	Brockville	1909-1916
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	Can. Forestry Corps	Toronto	1902-1906
†Copeland, R. C.	Bombdr.	4th Can. Siege Battery	Collingwood	1911-1912
†Corbould, G. B. B.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	New Westminster	1905-1908
†Corsan, T. W.	Corporal	7th Battalion	Victoria	1904-1906
Cosgrove, E. W.	Gunner	67th Battery	Toronto	1915-1916
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	19th Battery	Brockville	1913-1915
†Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	12th Brigade, M.G.C.	Toronto	1902-1904
†Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	1st Can. T. M. Battery	Toronto	1901-1905
**Cotton, H. H.	Lieut.	2nd Brigade, C.M.R.	Cowansville	1910-1912
†Coulthard, J. K. B.	Private	58th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.	Lieut.	50th Regiment	Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.	Driver	2nd Divisional Train	Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.	S. Sergt.		Toronto	1900
Crawford, H. A. C.		44th Battalion	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1911
*Crowe, H. L.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1908-1915
Crowe, J. A.			Winnipeg	1905-1909
†Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	Toronto	1913-1914
Crother, W. G.	Lieut.		Ottawa	1912-1913
†Cruikshank, W. J.	Corporal	Infantry	Matsqui	1911-1912
*Cunningham, L. E.		13th Battalion	Parry Sound	1901
Cutler, J. G.		Pay Office, London, Eng.	Halifax	1905-1907
Christie, Huntley		R.F.C.	Toronto	1905-1907
Dack, J. O.	2nd Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1915-1916
Dardis, G. D.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Morrisburg	1909
Darroch, J. C.		Troop 3, Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Davies, H. E.		Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1912-1917
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1912-1913
Davis, R. D.		United States Navy	Pasadena, Cal.	1911-1915
†Davison, J. A.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1902-1910
†Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Co., R.E.	Bridgewater	1906-1909

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Davison, R. F.		R.N.A.S.	Bridgewater	1906-1909
†DeBeck, C. V.	Private.	Infantry.	Penticton.	1911-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.		Toronto.	1903-1908
DeSherbinin, I.	Gunner.	69th Battery.	Toronto.	1911-1912
*Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.	Toronto.	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery.	Winnipeg.	1911.
Dickson, I. W.			Toronto.	1899-1900
†Dimock, J. H.	Lieut.	124th Battalion.	Toronto.	1910-1912
†Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto.	1910-1915
†Dineen, G. G.	Lieut.	9th Batt., Royal Berk. Reg.	Toronto.	1907.
*Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	87th Battalion.	Toronto.	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	1st Can. Motor Mach. Gun Brig.	Toronto.	1909-1913
†Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion.	Winnipeg.	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	92nd Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Donaldson, W. A.	Sergt.	C.A.S.C.	Prince Albert.	1913-1914
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	69th Battery.	Toronto.	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.	Lieut.	42nd Squadron, R.F.C.	Toronto.	1906-1910
†Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	7th Seaforth Highlanders.	Toronto.	1904-1907
†Douglas, G. K.	Gunner.	1st Reserve Brigade.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		Royal Flying Corps.	Moose Jaw.	1913-1915
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Winnipeg.	1904-1906
Duncan, J. H.	Eng. Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Dahlia".	Toronto.	1903-1906
Duncanson, A. E.	Major.	3rd Can. Infantry Brigade.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.	Sergt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1907-1912
†Dyment, I.		5th Field Ambulance.	Toronto.	1906-1912
Eskins, C. G.	Gunner.	4th Reserve Battery.	Napanee.	1911-1916
Easson, J. H.	Private.	C.A.S.C. Mech. Transport.	Toronto.	1913-1916
*Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	U.S. Army, Aviation Corps.	Little Rock, Ark.	1906-1908
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1907
Farquhar, T. D.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Halifax.	1907-1908
Ferguson, J. A.	Lieut.	17th Draft, Can. Engineers.	Massey.	1910-1913
Ferguson, W. R.	Private.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Brandon.	1911-1912
Ferguson, W. W.	Major.	228th Battalion.	North Bay.	1902-1905
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.	Toronto.	1899-1902
Fergusson, J. T.	Lieut.	241st Battalion.	Toronto.	1899-1906
†Fergusson, H. C.	Lieut.	4th Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1910
*Ferguson, R. A.		25th Battery.	Admaston.	1913.
†Findley, T. L.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	12th Reserve Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Firstbrook, N. R.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto.	1911-1916
Firth-Eagland, W.		Motor Cycle Corps.	Toronto.	1909-1911
Fisken, Sidney.	Capt.	Royal Flying Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.		Toronto.	1901-1909
Fleming, D. W.	Lieut.	Military Service.	Windsor.	1910-1911
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Ottawa.	1913-1916
Fleming, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Flemming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1907
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	A.S.C.	Toronto.	1902-1907
†Follett, A. H.	Lieut.	13th Battalion.	Oakville.	1900-1903
Forgie, J. M.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Pembroke.	1904-1907
Foster, H. L.	Sub. Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.	Vancouver.	1909-1911
Foster, W. F. T.	Sergt.	53rd Battery.	Vancouver.	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Capt.	H. G. School, Kingston.	Ottawa.	1903-1911
Frith, Ed. V.		3rd Div. Cyclists.	Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Frith, N. L. H.		Volunteer Rifles, Home Defence.	Hamilton, Ber.	1914-1916
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	94th Field Ambulance.	Toronto.	1900-1905



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Galbraith, J. S. ....	Lieut. ....	123rd Battalion .....	Toronto. ....	1906-1910
Galbraith, D. N. B. ....	Sub. Lieut. R.N.A.S. ....	.....	Carleton Place. ....	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. A. H. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	Royal Engineers. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1915
Galbraith, R. D. ....	Lieut. ....	75th Battalion. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1910
†Garratt, P. C. ....	Capt. ....	70th Squadron, R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1909-1910
Gartshore, J. S. ....	Bomb'dr. ....	6th Siege Battery, B.E.F. ....	Toronto. ....	1902.
Gartshore, L. B. ....	Lieut. ....	.....	Toronto. ....	1899.
Gauld, W. H. ....	.....	Cycle Corps. ....	Japan. ....	1911-1912
*Geggie, W. M. M. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	Machine Gun Corps. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1910
Gibson, Ira A. ....	.....	C.A.S.C. ....	Perth. ....	1911-1913
Gibson, W. O. ....	Lieut. ....	C.A.S.C. ....	Winnipeg. ....	1907.
Gideon, T. R. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	9th (?) 6 Lincolns, 11th Div. ....	Port Antonio. ....	1904-1906
Gill, R. J. ....	Major. ....	215th Battalion. ....	Bowmanville. ....	1904-1907
Gillespie, J. ....	Lieut. ....	170th Battalion. ....	Toronto. ....	1902.
†Gillies, A. R. ....	.....	3rd Battery, C.F.A. ....	Toronto. ....	1900-1902
†Gillies, C. C. ....	.....	Can. Engineers. ....	Clover Bar, Alta. ....	1900.
Gilmour, S. H. ....	Lieut. ....	158th Battery. ....	Vancouver. ....	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul. ....	Capt. ....	17th N. S. Battalion. ....	China. ....	1902.
*Gooch, F. J. ....	Lieut. ....	54th Battery. ....	Toronto. ....	1905-1908
Gooderham, G. ....	Sub. Lieut. A. Squad'n, No. 1 Wing, R.N.A.S. ....	Toronto. ....	.....	1906-1910
Gooderham, H. S. ....	Capt. ....	4th Infantry Brigade. ....	Toronto. ....	1901-1910
Gordon, D. W. ....	.....	R.F.C. ....	New York. ....	1908-1909
Gordon, H. M. ....	Lieut. ....	170th Battalion. ....	Toronto. ....	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F. ....	Lieut. ....	224th Forestry Battalion. ....	Pembroke. ....	1910-1914
†Gouinlock, G. R. ....	Lieut. ....	69th Battery. ....	Toronto. ....	1908-1910
*Graham, D. W. ....	Private. ....	5th Can. Machine Gun Co. ....	Renfrew. ....	1906-1907
Graham, R. E. ....	Lieut. ....	58th Howitzer Battery. ....	Belleville. ....	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R. ....	Lieut. ....	R.N.A.S. ....	Napanee. ....	1911-1912
Grant, D. A. ....	Lieut. ....	Royal Canadian Dragoons. ....	Perth. ....	1910-1912
Grant, E. H. ....	Lieut. ....	13th Battalion. ....	Halifax. ....	1905-1907
Grant, G. W. ....	Capt. ....	Can. Medical Service. ....	Halifax. ....	1905-1907
Grant, R. H. ....	Lieut. ....	2nd Canadian Command Regt. ....	Toronto. ....	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F. ....	Bomb'dr. ....	58th Howitzer Battery. ....	Toronto. ....	1909-1915
*Greer, W. C. ....	Lieut. ....	11th Irish Fusiliers. ....	Vancouver. ....	1910-1911
†Grier, C. B. ....	Lieut. ....	Headquarters Staff, Folkestone. ....	Montreal. ....	1904-1905
Guthrie, H. C. ....	Lieut. ....	14th Brigade, C. F.A. ....	Guelph. ....	1911-1912
Haas, M. S. ....	Lieut. ....	3rd Brigade, M.G. Co. ....	Toronto. ....	1903-1908
Hale, Thos. ....	Lieut. ....	224th Forestry Battalion. ....	Pembroke. ....	1905-1907
Hallam, M. ....	.....	French Red Cross. ....	Toronto. ....	1901-1910
Hamilton, C. D. ....	Driver. ....	Mech. Transport. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C. ....	Lieut. ....	53rd Battery. ....	Toronto. ....	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K. ....	Capt. ....	123rd Battalion. ....	Toronto. ....	1908-1909
†Hammond, J. E. C. ....	Sapper. ....	2nd Field Engineers. ....	Erindale. ....	1902.
*Hanlan, E. G. ....	Fl. Lieut. ....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1908.
Hanna, W. B. ....	Capt. ....	H. G. Staff, London, Eng. ....	Toronto. ....	1903-1907
†Hanna, W. N. ....	Lieut. ....	26th Battery, 7th Brigade. ....	Sarnia. ....	1908-1910
†Hardie, J. M. O. ....	Private. ....	2nd C.M.R. ....	Lethbridge. ....	1907-1909
†Hardie, W. E. G. ....	Private. ....	29th Battalion, 6th Brigade. ....	Lethbridge. ....	1906-1909
Harris, H. K. ....	Capt. ....	Imperial Army, 11th Sussex. ....	Toronto. ....	1899.
Harris, L. S. ....	Lieut. ....	Musketry Inst., Exhib'tn Camp. ....	Toronto. ....	1899.
Harrison, W. L. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	Royal Flying Corps. ....	Toronto. ....	1913-1916
†Hastings, J. O. ....	Capt. ....	5th Royal Grenadiers. ....	Montreal. ....	1906-1907
Hastings, G. E. ....	Lieut. ....	C.A.S.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1908-1909
†Hastings, V. J. ....	Capt. ....	Sec. Can. Overseas Forces. ....	Winnipeg. ....	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A. ....	Lieut. ....	Headquarters Staff. ....	Winnipeg. ....	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R. ....	Lieut. ....	Mech. Transport. ....	Whitby. ....	1910-1914
Hayes, B. Barry. ....	Sub. Lieut. R.N.V.R., H.M.S. "Hermoine". ....	Toronto. ....	.....	1904-1906
†Haywood, A. P. ....	Lieut. ....	Aviation. ....	Toronto. ....	1903-1904

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Haywood, C. U.	Capt.	198th Battalion	Toronto.	1904-1907
Hennessey, J. W.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Fort Coulonge	1912.
†Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	116th Ontario County Batt'n	Oshawa	1910-1913
*Herald, R. A.	Private	16th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
†Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Major	1st Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto.	1900-1904
†Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	7th Field Co., Div. Engineers	Toronto.	1899-1901
†Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto.	1906-1909
†Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1909
†Hodgson, D. E.	Gunner	14th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto.	1908-1909
Hughes, B. H.		Can. Engineers	Toronto.	1902-1904
Home, H. M.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1907-1917
Hume, R. F.		Can. Army Med. Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	London	1901-1903
Husband, G. C.	Pilot.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1914.
Hutcheson, B. W.	Capt.	25th Field Co., Can. For. Batt'n	Huntsville.	1911-1912
†Hutchings, D. J.	Corporal	Lewis Mach. Gun, 46th Batt'n	Calgary	1909-1912
Hutchings, H.		Bermuda Volunteer Rifles	Hamilton Ber.	1915-1916
*Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.	Toronto.	1912-1915
Hennessy, A. W.			Fort Coulonge.	1912.
Ings, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Charlottetown	1913-1914
Isbester, H.	Capt.	42nd Battalion	Port Arthur.	1900-1902
Jackson, James.	Sgt.-Maj		Toronto.	1908-1910
James, W. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto.	1904-1910
Jardine, R. A.	Lieut.	100th Battalion	Winnipeg.	1909-1911
Jenkins, W. S.	Driver	67th Battery	Madoc	1915-1916
Johnson, G. R.	Capt.	177th Co., Royal Engineers	Fernie.	1904-1906
Johnston, F. V.	Lieut.	Depot Regiment, C.M.R.	Toronto.	1908-1916
Johnston, H. A.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Montreal.	1908-1912
Johnston, K. B.	Gunner	66th Battery	Montreal.	1910-1914
Johnston, R. G.		77th Battery	California	1905-1909
†Jones-Bateman, J. B.		1st Div. Signal Corps	Toronto.	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, R. W.	Corporal	33rd Battalion, M. G. Section	Toronto.	1909-1913
Junkin, R. L.	Capt.	5th Field Co., Div. Eng.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1908-1912
*Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	Toronto.	1903-1907
*Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade Staff	Toronto.	1903-1910
Kay, Jack.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade, M.G. Co.	Toronto.	1901-1909
†Kelly, Chas. H. T.		No. 30876, C.E. Can. Corps	St. George's, Ber.	1900-1902
Keith, N. W.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit	Toronto.	1899-1904
Kemp, C. A.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	R.G.F.	Toronto.	1909-1913
*Kilgour, Arthur W.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1900-1907
†Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.		Toronto.	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.	Sgt.-Major	Y.M.C.A. Headquarters	Toronto.	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto.	1905-1907
Knechtel, K. D.	Gunner	D. Battery, Can. Art. Reserve	Hanover	1915-1916
Lafferty, Heber.	Major	R.C.H.A.	Calgary	1906-1907
Langton, W. T.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1911-1912
†Lash, G. H. G.	Lieut.	7th Reserve Battalion	Toronto.	1910-1913
Lazier, T. H.	Signaller	52nd Battery	Belleville	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	30th Ottawa Rifles	London	1903-1906
Leckie, C. P.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Vancouver	1911-1915
Leckie, H. S.	Sub. Lieut.	Royal Navy	Vancouver	1909-1914
Lee, S. B. D.		R.F.C.	Toronto.	1900-1906



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Leishman, G. M.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1905-1910
†Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.	Sergt.	5th Company, Res. Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery, Y.I.C.	Toronto	1905-1909
Leishman, N. G.	Private	Can. Res. Artillery	Toronto	1912-1913
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	H.G. School, Seaford	Dundas	1908-1910
Lightbourne, F. G.	2nd Lieut.	R.F.A., Preston, Eng.	Toronto	1903-1911
Lightbourne, G. O.		R.N.A.S. (Balloon Section)	Toronto	1903-1908
Lightbourn, A. H.		Volunteer Rifles	Paget, Bermuda	1908-1909
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1914
Livingston, R.	Lieut.	10th Battery, C.F.A.	Kingston	1911-1912
†Lockhart, J. W.	1st Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1909-1913
*Lockhart, N. B.		19th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Lockhart, R. A.	Lieut.	69th Battery	Toronto	1908-1912
Lorimer, H. H.	Lieut.	20th Battery	Toronto	1906-1908
†Loudon, L. B. H.	Capt.	5th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1902-1906
Lowndes, E. B.	Private	University Overseas Co.	Toronto	1909-1915
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Reserve Park	Toronto	1906-1912
†Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	50th Canadians	Calgary	1906-1907
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1908
†McAvity, P. D.	Major	26th Battalion	St. John	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
McCutcheon, J. G. M.		R.F.C.	Toronto	1914-1915
McDonald, G. C.	Driver	40th Battery	Chatsworth	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.	Capt.	174th Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corporal	160th Battalion	Walkerton	1915-1916
†McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion	Vancouver	1909-1911
McGregor, D. G.	Lieut.	153rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1910
†McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	1st Depot Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		Div. Ammunition Park	Winnipeg	1910-1914
McKenzie, K. G.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Moncton	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Convalescent Hospital, Epsom	Ottawa	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Ottawa	1904-1906
*McLagan, P. D. H.	Lieut.	103rd Battalion	Abbotsford	1905-1907
†McLennan, A. R.	Sergt.	2nd Can. Command. Reg't	Toronto	1907-1914
McLaren, G. B.	Sub. Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1903-1907
McMullen, R. P.		50th Queen's Battery	Vancouver	1910
†McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	R.F.A.	Toronto	1912-1914
McMurtry, U. B.	Lieut.	116th Battalion	Toronto	1915-1916
McMichael, J. E.	Gunner	3rd Can. Siege Battery	Toronto	1909-1914
McPhedran, M.	Capt.	Med. Officer, 12th Art. Brigade	Toronto	1902-1906
†McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, W. B.	Lieut.	Militia Headquarters, Ottawa	Toronto	1902-1907
†McQueen, H. M.	Private	58th Battalion	Petrolia	1912-1913
McRae, D. A.		R.N.A.S.	Winnipeg	1913-1915
†McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	219th Field Co., R.E.	Clinton	1912
†McTaggart, W. B.	Major	12th Battery, 3rd Brigade	Clinton	1908-1910
Maclure, L. C.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Kilgard, B.C.	1903
Macdonald, F. M.	Sub. Lieut.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto	1899-1907
*Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1900-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Winnipeg	1911-1915
MacDougall, J. W.	Driver	68th Battery	Vancouver	1912-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery	London	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders	Montreal	1900-1902
†MacGregor, I. C.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	New Glasgow	1912-1916

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
MacKeen, D. W.	Lieut.	273rd (Can.) Siege Battery	Halifax.	1907-1912
†MacKeen, H. P.	Lieut.	Can. Heavy Battery	Halifax.	1906-1910
MacKenzie, A. B.	Sergt.	255th Battalion	Toronto.	1906-1913
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Battalion	Washington.	1901-1902
MacKenzie, W. G.		R.F.C.	Vancouver.	1916.
MacLaren, Ian.	Lieut.	58th Battery	St. John.	1910-1913
MacLaren, K. B.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1907
MacNutt, P. I.	Driver	Can. Engineers	St. John.	1900-1901
†Macpherson, C.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co.	Glenallan.	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.	Young Soldiers' Batt. (Can.)	Amherst.	1913.
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Montreal.	1907-1908
Macnee, W. K.	Capt.	Barriefield, H.Q. M.D., No. 3.	Kingston.	1905-1908
Malcolm, E. B.		Service, Montreal.	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	Lieut.	Can. Forestry Corps	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, J.	Lieut.	R.F.C., Egypt.	Campbellton.	1910-1913
*Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Lieut.	65th Battalion	Prince Albert.	1911-1913
Marsh, P. C.		C.A.S.C. Supplies, T.D.	Huntsville.	1909-1910
Marshall, D. G.		52nd Battery	Vancouver.	1910-1912
†Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	25th Squadron, R.F.C.	New Glasgow.	1905-1910
Massey, A. B.	Fl. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1906-1908
†Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery	Toronto.	1911.
Massey, V.	Lt.-Col.	Ass't. Musk. Officer, Div. Staff.	Toronto.	1902-1906
*Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Ottawa.	1909-1910
Matthews, R. A.	Capt.	C.A.M.C.	Toronto.	1902-1903
May, G. H.	Lieut.	S.M.T.O., Can. Corps.	Ottawa.	1903-1905
*May, T. C.		R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.	Sapper	R.E. Signals, Advance Base.	Peterboro.	1907-1908
Meyer, C. H.		R.F.C.	Toronto.	1913-1915
†Mickleborough, K.	Lieut.	3rd Canadian Battalion	Toronto.	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	Lieut.	152nd Field Co.	Toronto.	1901-1907
Millington, C. A.	Private.	Ontario Mounted Rifles	Toronto.	1909-1914
Milne, J. K.	Private.	107th Battalion	Madoc.	1910-1911
†Mills, L. G.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto.	1907-1908
Mitchell, R. C.		28th Battalion	Weyburn.	1909-1911
Moffat, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.	Toronto.	1899-1906
†Montgomery, A. R.	Sergt.	4th Battery	New Richmond.	1909-1910
†Montgomery, L. C.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion	New Richmond.	1909-1912
*Montgomery, C. C. S.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1907.
Montgomery, J. A.		Montreal Grenadiers.	Toronto.	1903.
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers.	North Bay.	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major.	2nd Can. Pioneer Battalion	Oshawa.	1906-1908
Morrison, A. M.	Private.	C.A.S.C., Mech. Transport	Winnipeg.	1915-1916
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1905
†Mortimer, V. S.		2nd Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto.	1902-1905
Morton, D. R.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1909-1911
†Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery	Toronto.	1907-1912
Moseley, P. V.	Cadet.	R.F.C.	St. Hyacinthe.	1910-1917
†Mulligan, W. R.	Trooper.	Lord Strathcona Horse	Regina.	1911.
Munn, W. L. G.	Lieut.	Nfld. Regiment.	St. John's.	1909-1913
†Munn, R. S. E.	Private.	1st Nfld. Regiment	St. John's.	1909-1913
Munn, R. D.		Wireless Station, Cape Ray.	St. John's.	1913-1917
†Munro, H. E.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1904-1909
*Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	36th Battalion	Dunnville.	1906-1911
*Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon	Sergt.	R.F.C., 29th Squad.	Toronto.	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.	Private.	Can. Records Office	Weyburn.	1910.



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1900-1902
*Nation, Geo. W.	Lieut.	7th Can. Inf. Brigade	Victoria	1910-1913
Neil, R. M.	Lieut.	10th Battery, 3rd Brig., 1st C.D.	Peterboro	1913-1914
*Nelson, G. V.	Major	18th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren	Lieut.	24th Battalion	Montreal	1906-1913
†Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. C. H.		14th Home Guards	Kingston	1906-1908
†Nicol, H. L.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Vancouver	1909-1911
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner	48th Battery	Toronto	1909-1913
†Norris, C. E.	Staff Sgt.	Div. Ammun. Park, A.S.C.	Toronto	1905-1908
†O'Brian, Lewis	Lieut.	R.F.C.	L'Orignal	1907-1911
*Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	26th Battery	Ottawa	1905-1909
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill Gen. Hospital	McAdam Jet.	1908.
Page, F. P.	Major	75th Battalion, 4th Can. Q.C.B.	Toronto	1902.
Parker, Park		United States Army	New York	1907-1908
Parsons, J. D.	Lieut.	Can. Military School, Crowboro	Galt	1911-1913
Parsons, Myles		19th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Paisley, J. E. H.	Lieut.	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.	Ottawa	1908-1910
Paterson, G. O.	Sgt.	5th Div. C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1904-1913
Paton, W. H.	Corporal	198th Battalion	London	1906-1907
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Res. Div.	Toronto	1904-1909
†Peuchen, G. A.	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
*Phillips, Ralph A.		R.F.C.	Ottawa	1912-1915
Phippen, L. C.	Cadet	R.F.C., Texas	Sarnia	1916.
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	6th Reserve Battalion	Belleville	1911-1915
Phillips, M.		R.F.C.	Parry Sound	1903-1909
Quigley, F. G.		Queen's Engineers	Winnipeg	1908-1909
*Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	8th Battalion	New Westminster	1912-1913
†Ramsden, J. G.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
*Raney, P. H.		R.F.C.	Toronto	1906-1908
Rice, H. F.	Gunner	39th Battery	Toronto	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.	Private	3rd Can. Div. Supply Col.	Portage-la-Prairie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	4th Division, Can. Train	Toronto	1906-1909
Ridell, A. R.			Toronto	1900.
**Risteen, C. F.		Royal F. C.	Vancouver	1909-1911
Risteen, G. N.	Driver	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1909-1914
*Rogers, C. E.	Sub.Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1902-1909
†Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	38th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1913
†Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	4th Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Rolph, E. G.		O.T.C.	Toronto	1907-1917
Ross, Dudley		Surg.-Prob.H.M.S. "Linnet"	Elora	1908-1913
Ross, G. F.	Fl. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, M. E.	Corporal	1st Inf. Brigade	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.		47th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
†Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.		1905-1910
Rose, J. T.	2nd Lt.	3-C. Res. Brigade, R.F.A.	Toronto	1911-1916
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	19th Can. Battalion	Toronto	1900-1904
Scott, D. S.	Sub. Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1908-1911
Scott, H. H.		Navy	Toronto	1909-1915
Shirriff, Q. S.	Sub. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1906-1910
Silver, R. N.			Halifax	1909-1910
Sinclair, D. C.		78th Regiment	New Glasgow	1902-1903

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
**Skead, E. S.	.....	1st C.M.R.	Ottawa.	1909-1910
†Skidmore, J. P.	Lieut.	1st Battalion.	Cobourg.	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner.	271st Can. Siege Battery.	Montreal.	1910-1915
Slatter, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion.	Toronto.	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	L.-Corp.	Can. Reserve Cyclists.	Kincardine.	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.	Capt.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1904-1910
Smith, N. M.	Private.	C.A.S.C.	Vancouver.	1912-1914
Smith, J. A.	.....	.....	New Westminster.	1912.
Smith, J. D.	.....	R.F.C.	Port Hope.	1916-1917
Smith, J. R.	.....	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1910
Smith, K. B. F.	.....	.....	Toronto.	1911-1916
*Smith, L. F. W.	Sub. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1910-1912
Smith, S. H.	Sergt.	American Army.	Los Angeles.	1902-1910
Snelgrove, C. R.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1908-1913
†Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	R.F.C.	Toronto.	1904-1907
*Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Somerville, G. A.	.....	.....	Toronto.	1907-1915
†Somerville, H. A.	Lieut.	1st Battalion.	Toronto.	1907-1913
Spohn, H. G.	.....	7th Battery, C.F.A.	Penetang.	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B.	Capt.	Ontario Military Hospital.	Toronto.	1903-1906
†Stavert, R. E.	Capt.	19th Battalion.	Montreal.	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Capt.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	R.H.A.S.	Toronto.	1906-1909
†Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	R.C.H.A.	Farran's Point.	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C.	.....	119th Battalion.	Fort William.	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.	.....	Motor Transport.	Vancouver.	1909-1912
†Stonehouse, C. E.	L.-Corp.	No. 2 Can. Command Dept.	Toronto.	1903-1905
†Stovel, E. F.	.....	Strathcona Horse.	Winnipeg.	1914.
Stokes, S. G.	Lieut.	25th Reserve Battalion.	Petrolia.	1910.
†Straith, J. L.	.....	99th Battery.	Windsor.	1912.
Strother, K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army.	Toronto.	1904-1909
Stuart, J. F. P.	.....	73rd Siege Battery.	Vancouver.	1906-1911
†Sutherland, W. E.	.....	28th Battalion.	Vancouver.	1906-1911
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	12th Reserve Battalion.	Toronto.	1905.
†Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.	Toronto.	1909-1910
Syme, A. A.	L.-Corp.	Nfld. Regiment.	St. John's.	1912-1913
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Sig. Co.	Toronto.	1908.
*Taylor, J. S.	Private.	Borden's Motor Car Battery.	Whitehorse.	1908-1910
Taylor, J. W.	.....	C.O.T.C.	Guelph.	1907-1917
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	4th Can. Reserve Battalion.	Chatham.	1913.
Templeton, E. W.	Lieut.	178th Battalion.	Vancouver.	1910.
Thompson, E. W.	.....	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1901-1910
Thompson, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Regiment.	Halifax.	1910-1913
†Thompson, F. H.	.....	Yukon Infantry Co.	Dawson City.	1910-1912
Thomson, G. J.	Sub. Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.	Vancouver.	1907-1909
Thomson, R. A.	.....	.....	Paris.	1905-1909
Tibb, J. C.	Sgt.	1st Dept Reserve Battalion.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto.	1907.
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	A.S.C.	Montreal.	1911-1913
Travis, C. W.	Lieut.	18th Brigade, M.G. Co.	Sydney, N.S.	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner.	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade.	Toronto.	1905-1908
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.	London.	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner.	3rd C.D.A.C.	Toronto.	1910-1914
Tibb, R. C.	.....	American Army.	Toronto.	1899.
Thomson, G. G.	Gunner.	Can. Reserve Artillery.	Orillia.	1902-1905
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	Salisbury Training School.	Oakville.	1912-1914



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Vallance, A. ....	Lieut. ....	C.A.S.C. ....	Hamilton. ....	1909-1911
†Verner, W. S. ....	.....	35th Battalion .....	Toronto. ....	1909-1910
Walker, H. H. ....	Lieut. ....	94th Battalion .....	Fort William. ....	1907-1910
*Wallace, H. D. M. ....	.....	Aviation. ....	Blind River. ....	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H. ....	.....	Army Medical Corps. ....	New York City. ....	1901-1904
†Wallace, C. ....	.....	5th Battalion .....	Vancouver. ....	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E. ....	Lieut. ....	234th Battalion .....	Toronto. ....	1909-1912
†Wallace, N. E. ....	Lieut. ....	16th Battery .....	Hamilton. ....	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S. ....	Capt. ....	126th Peel Regiment. ....	Toronto. ....	1903.
Waterous, C. L. ....	Lieut. ....	38th Battery .....	Brantford. ....	1907-1910
Watson, K. E. ....	Lieut. ....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1915-1916
†Webber, R. S. C. ....	Lieut. ....	15th Battalion .....	Toronto. ....	1903-1911
Webster, Harold. ....	Sub. Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol Service. ....	Vancouver. ....	1910.
Wemyss, R. H. ....	Gunner. ....	59th Battery .....	Neepawa. ....	1910-1913
†West, G. K. ....	Private. ....	28th Battalion .....	Wetaskiwin. ....	1902.
West, R. R. ....	.....	R.F.C. ....	Brandon. ....	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B. ....	.....	Mech. Transport. ....	Brantford. ....	1908-1912
†Whitaker, E. G. ....	Bomb'dr. ....	1st Battalion .....	Brantford. ....	1908-1915
†Whitaker, G. E. ....	Gunner. ....	22nd Howitzer Battery. ....	Brantford. ....	1908-1916
Whitney, E. C. ....	.....	208th Battalion .....	Toronto. ....	1907-1912
Wilkes, F. H. ....	Capt. ....	3rd Indian Cavalry. ....	Brantford. ....	1908-1909
Williams, J. M. ....	Private. ....	A.S.C. ....	Winnipeg. ....	1913-1914
*Williams, W. D. ....	.....	O.M. Rifles. ....	Mexico. ....	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B. ....	Cadet. ....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1911-1916
†Wilson, A. C. H. ....	Private. ....	15th Battalion .....	Somenos, B.C. ....	1911-1913
*Wilson, J. T. ....	.....	5th Battery .....	Toronto. ....	1910-1914
*Wilson, J. H. ....	Lieut. ....	103nd Battalion .....	Vancouver. ....	1904-1910
Wilson, J. R. ....	Lieut. ....	.....	Glenora. ....	1911-1913
†Winchester, A. S. ....	Sapper. ....	Signal Corps. ....	Toronto. ....	1903-1907
*Winter, E. R. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	1st Nfld. Regiment. ....	St. John's. ....	1912-1914
Winter, M. G. ....	Sergt. ....	2nd Battalion, Nfld. Regt. ....	St. John's. ....	1912-1915
Wishart, D. E. S., Dr. ....	Lieut. ....	R.A.M.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1901-1906
Wood, R. S. ....	.....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1905-1907
†Wright, D. C. ....	Lieut. ....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C. ....	Lieut. ....	R.N.A.S. ....	New Westminster. ....	1906-1909
†Wright, H. R. L. ....	Lieut. ....	C.F.A. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1914
Wright, B. H. ....	Private. ....	A. E. ....	Toronto. ....	1910-1916
*Wrong, H. V. ....	Lieut. ....	15th Lancashire Fusiliers. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1912
Webster, W. L. ....	Corp. ....	C. B'y. R.C.H.A. ....	Toronto. ....	1907-1909
Young, J. W. ....	Sergt. ....	67th Battery .....	Gravenhurst. ....	1909-1912
Yuile, J. W. ....	Capt. ....	R.F.C. ....	Montreal. ....	1906-1909
Yuille, W. B. ....	2nd Lieut. ....	R.F.C. ....	Toronto. ....	1908-1913

### Honours Awarded

So far as information has been received at the school, the following Honours have been awarded :

#### D. S. O.

Kilmer, Charles E. Capt. .... Aug. 21st, 1916.  
Leishman, Harry. Lieut. .... Dec. 1916.

#### D. S. C.

Galbraith, Murray. Lieut. .... Nov. 1916. (Bar to D.S.C., Jan., 1917.)  
Smith, L. F. W. .... Lieut. .... Sept. 1917.

**MILITARY CROSS**

Allen, Ernest M. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	May 23rd, 1916.	
Auld, James C. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	June 1916.	(2nd Clasp to Medal, Oct. 18, 1916.)
Brown, R. A. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	June 1917.	
Cassels, G. T. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Oct. 1916.	
Coatsworth, C. P. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Jan. 2nd, 1916.	
Clerk, B. M. . . . .	Major. . . . .	Sept. 8th, 1917.	
Fisken, S. F. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Sept. 25th, 1916.	
Fraser, D. T. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	Jan. 1st, 1917.	
Gillespie, John. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	July 1917.	
Harris, H. K. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	April 1917.	
Hastings, V. J. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	Aug. 8th, 1916.	
Hertzberg, C. S. L. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Jan. 11th, 1917.	
Hertzberg, H. F. H. . . . .	Major. . . . .	Nov. 1915.	
Junkin, R. L. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 16th, 1916.	
Kay, Jack. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	June 1917.	
Lindsay, A. B. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	Aug. . . . .	1917.
Lowes, A. T. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	Dec. 21st, 1916.	
McClinton, W. S. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 1916.	
Macdonnell, J. M. . . . .	Capt. . . . .	June 5th, 1916.	
McTaggart, G. D. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 1917.	
Matheson, W. D. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	April 1917.	
Oliver, Allan. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 1916.	
Sykes, Hugh. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 1916.	
Webber, R. S. C. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Aug. 1917.	
Wilson, J. H. . . . .	Lieut. . . . .	Nov. 1916.	

**MILITARY MEDAL**

Anderson, W. S. . . . .	Oct. 1917.
Chase, G. A. . . . .	Sergt. . . . . Oct. 27th, 1916.
Lennard, H. G. . . . .	Lieut. . . . . Oct. 12th, 1916.
Montgomery, J. A. . . . .	Apr. 19th, 1917.

**D. C. M.**

Anderson, W. S. . . . .	Oct. 1917.
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**CROIX DE GUERRE**

Galbraith, Murray. . . . .	Lieut. . . . . Nov. 1916. ((Bar to Croix de Guerre, 1917.)
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## Exchanges

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We acknowledge the receipt of :

*The Branksome Slogan*—Branksome Hall, Toronto.

*Blue and White*—Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.

*The College Times*—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

*Boone Review*—Boone University, Wuchang, China.

*Vox Lycei*—Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

*The Windsorian*—King's College School, Windsor, N.S.

*The Black and Red*—University School, Victoria, B.C.

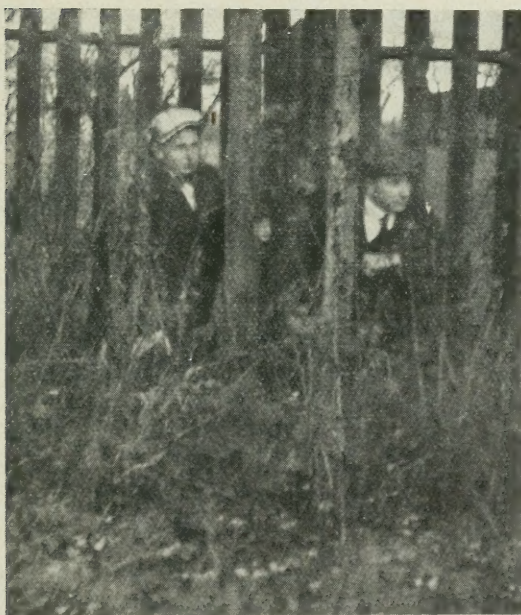
*The Schoolman*—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

*El Susurro*—Monterey Union High School, Monterey, Cal.

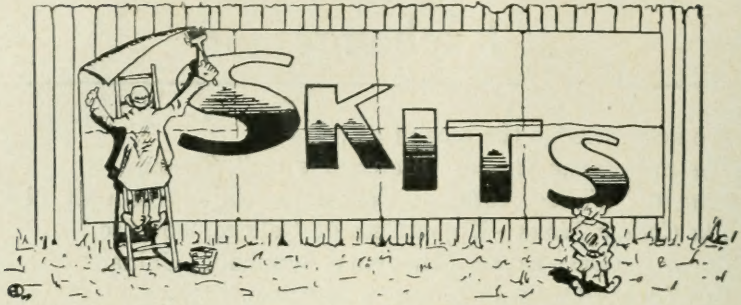
*Acadia Athenaeum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

*The Scotch Collegian*—Scot's College, Melbourne, Australia.

S. B.



"He didn't see us."



Extract from Mackie's essay on Oliver Cromwell : "His last words were, 'Oh that I had served my God as I have served my King'."

Mr. Laidlaw (in History class) : "Who said, 'England expects every man to do his duty' ?"

Richardson : "I did, sir."

Mr. Carmichael : "Well, Hendrie, I don't think you have prepared a single Latin lesson in a week."

Hendrie : "Yes, sir, I did ; but you keep asking different questions every day."

Master (in Prep. School) : "Now, boys, you have named most of the domestic animals. But there is one you did not name. It has bristly hair, is fond of dirt, and loves to get in the mud."

Tiny boy : "Please, sir, it's me."

Mr. Detweiler (showing his plants to Thompson) : "And this plant with the pink flowers belongs to the Begonia family."

Thompson : "I never heard the name before ; none of their boys come here, do they, sir ?"

Extracts from examination papers :

"Formerly bears and wolves roamed all over this country, but now they are found only in theological gardens."

"The climate is so cold that the inhabitants are forced to live elsewhere."

"He was seventy years old but looked twice that age."



"With one hand he caressed her hair and with the other he said : 'On this helmet waves a missing plume'."

"The adversaries were placed at equal distances from each other."

"He screamed in silent rage."

"The province of Quebec was first inhabited by the Israelites. Saul was the first king. Others followed him, the most important of which was Sir Lomer Guoin, who commanded the sun to stand still."

Mr. Findley : "Boles, construct a sentence using the word delight."

Boles : "The wind came in the window and blew out delight."

Brown : "Gated ?"

Larkin : "No, worse,—broke."

Bob D. (in barber shop) : "How long will I have to wait for a shave ?"

Barber (looking at him) : "Oh ! about two years."—*Ex.*

Mr. Church (in Geography) : "Lewis, where is the North Pole ?"

Lewis : "I don't know, sir, someone of the other fellows must have it."

Mr. Blomfield : "Who made the trees, fields and mountains ?"

Kennedy : "I don't know, sir."

Mr. B.— : "Why don't you ?"

Kennedy : "Please, sir, we've just moved into the city."

Mr. D. : "Clark, how did they discover silver ?"

Clark I. : "I'm not sure, sir, but I think they smelt it."—*Ex.*

McLean : "Sir, wasn't the liver the seat of affection at one time ?"

Stirrett : "I was in the Zoo this summer."

Pollock : "That's funny ; I didn't see you there. What cage were you in ?"

Clark : "Where does that railroad go?"

Harris : "It doesn't go anywhere ; we keep it here to run trains on."

Old Gent (to boy who has fallen into the stream): "Well, my boy, why did you come to fall in?"

Boy : "I didn't come to fall in ; I came to fish."—*Ex.*

Pollock : "What makes you so uneasy, Munro ; is it the thoughts of the Christmas exams.?"

Munro : "No, it's my winter underwear."

Smith II. : "I hear you and the master had some words."

Kent : "I had some but didn't get a chance to say them."

"My brother does not smoke nor frequent clubs and he goes to bed directly after supper."

"How old is your brother."

"Three months."

Lightbourne (coming about half-time)—"What's the score?"

Beath : "Nothing, nothing."

Girl : "Why, Buster, isn't that fine, we haven't missed a thing."

He : "Why, you look like a wash woman."

She : "Yes, if you don't look out, I'll clean up on you."

If Larkin was thirsty would he go to Boles for Beer ?

Brown : "Why is there water in watermelons?"

Clark I. : "I don't know?"

Brown : "Because they plant the seed in the spring."

Copied from Clark II.'s laundry slip.

"Two pairs of combustions."

Farmer : "Are you a steady worker?"

Kent (applying for a job) : "Yes, sir, I was in the V. Form for two years."



# St. Andrew's College

## TORONTO

### *BOARD OF GOVERNORS*

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Lightbourn : "Are you fond of indoor sports?"

M. : "Yes, if they know when to go home."

Mr. Church : "Can any one give me the name of a town in France?"

Skeaff : "Yes, sir, 'Somewhere'."

McMullen to floorwalker : "Do you keep stationery?"

F. W. : "Oh ! I walk around now and again."

Mr. Laidlaw : "What do you know about the people of London?"

Kerr II. : "They are very stupid."

Mr. L. : "Who told you?"

Kerr II. : "It says in the text-book that the population of London is very dense."

McDon. II. : "Doctor, I'm worried about my hair; it's coming out."

Doc. : "You'll have to diet."

McDon. II. : "Oh, doctor, the colour is all right."

McLean to Dingman on a street car : "Which end of the car do you get off at?"

Ding. : "At either end, they both stop."

New Boy : "What's the name of the dog, sir?"

Mr. B. : "'Blacksmith.' Every time I kick him he makes a bolt for the door!"

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"

She paused, then dropped a stitch ;

"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said :

"But really I don't know which."

—*Life.*

Emmerson : "She is the breath of my life."

Mr. Detwiler : "Did you ever try holding your breath?"

"Who is the straightest man in the Bible?"

"Joseph, for Pharaoh made a ruler of him."



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Mr. Laidlaw : "Why don't you learn your history?"

Calvert : "I'm waiting to hear it repeat itself."—*Ex.*

McMullen (discussing cars) : "The Haynes is gentle and easily controlled when in a woman's hand."

Sissons : "So's a man."

Skeaff : "What is the difference between a pill and a mountain?"

Calvert II. : "I dunno."

Skeaff : "One's hard to get down and the other is hard to get up."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Lightbourn, come up to the front seat, I can't trust you alone with Beer."

Clark I. : "What did you do with those cuffs I left on the table?"

Ding. : "Sent 'em to the laundry; they were soiled."

Clark I. : "Good night! the entire history of the British Empire was on them."

Cameron : "I dreamt that the world came to an end."

Black I. : "What was the cause?"

Cameron : "You treated me."

Currie : "I was thinking of you last night."

Emory : "Houzat?"

Currie : "The hypnotist told me to think of nothing."

She (at a dance) : "Hubert, I feel like crying."

He : "Well, let's go into the ballroom."—*Ex.*

Lady : "I wish to get a Victory Bond for my husband."

Clerk : "What size?"

Lady : "I really don't know, but he wears a fourteen and a half shirt."



Rendell (to Sissons, who is singing) : "Sissens, old man, I wish you wouldn't sing ; it's immodest."

Sissons : "Howzat ?"

Rendell : "When you open your mouth you're half undressed."

"Have you read Freckles ?"

"No, I have brown ones."—*Ex.*

Teacher : "How many revolutions does the world in a day ?"

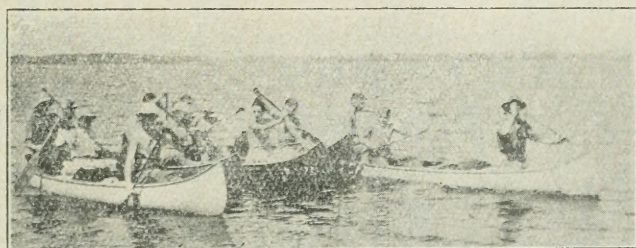
Pupil : "I can't say, sir, I haven't seen the morning paper."

Master : "Pollock, why is it that you make so much noise ?"

Pollock : "Sir, just you try to kick a jug from one end of the flat to the other without making a noise."







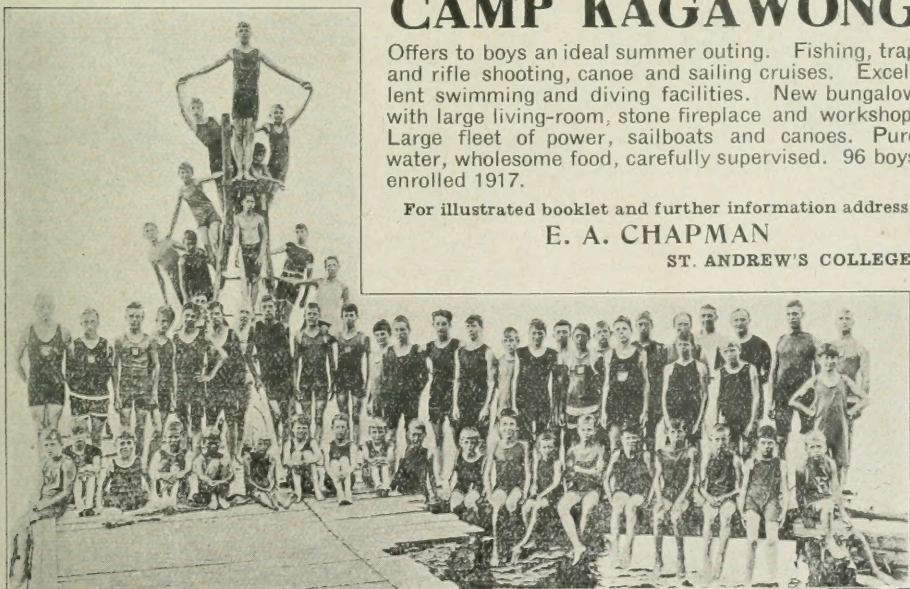
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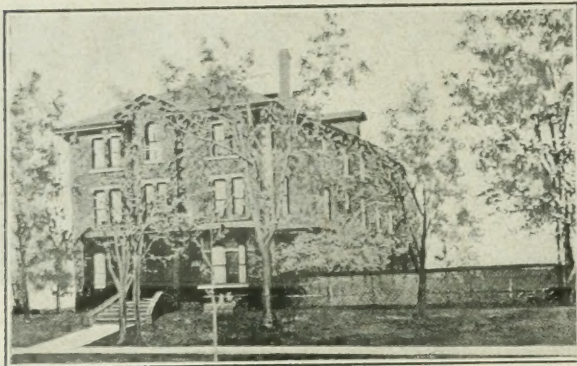
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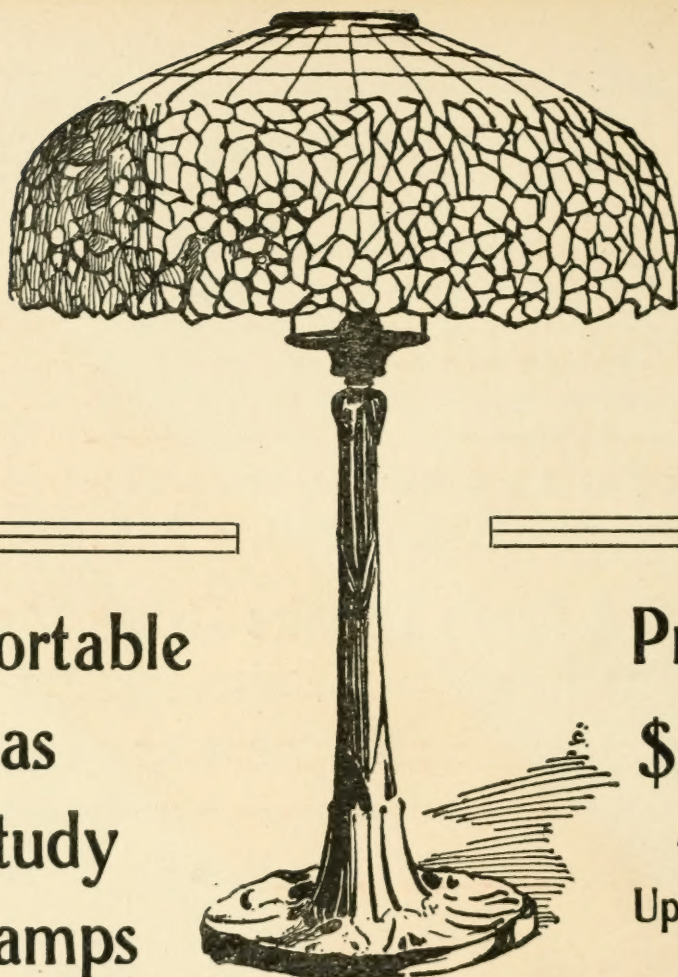
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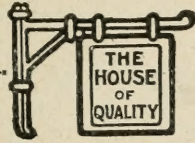
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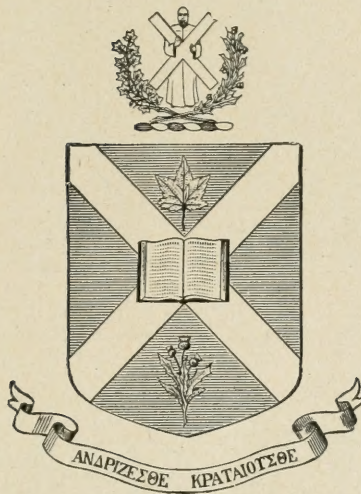
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1918

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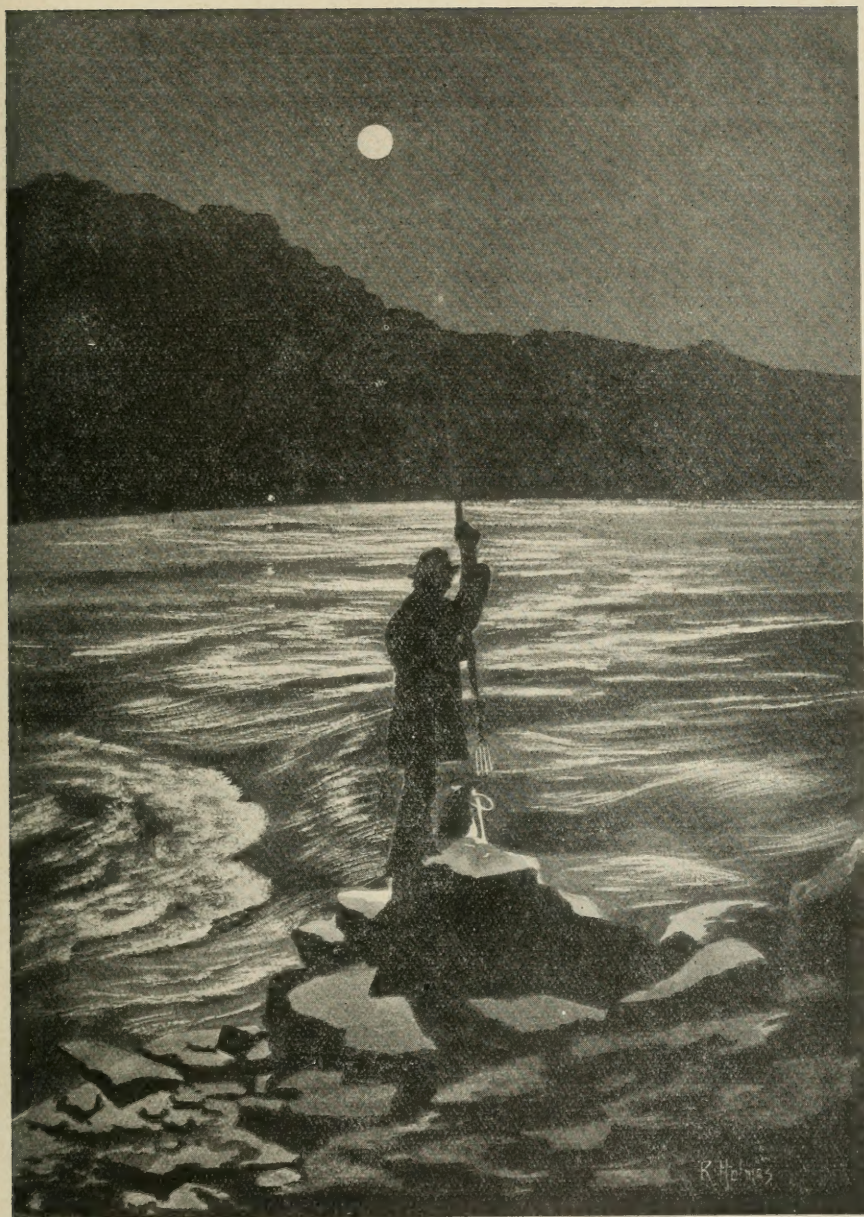
Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Easter, 1918

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SPEARING STURGEON ON THE NIAGARA RIVER

By Robert Holmes,  
Drawing Master, St. Andrew's College.





# St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1918

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## A LETTER FROM THE HEADMASTER

*To the Old Boys Serving :*

MY DEAR BOYS,—At my request the Editors of the *Review* have given me space in which to address to you an open letter. For some time I have experienced a desire to get more closely in touch with you than is possible in any general message that the school has been able to send. As I cannot hope to see you face to face until you return—and, alas, it cannot be expected that all will do that—I wish to greet you once again with a personal message through the School paper, if only to assure you that you continue to occupy a very big place in our hearts and in our prayers.

In the first place may I thank those of you who have written, for your letters from the front and from the camp. It is a great delight, and a privilege much appreciated, to hear from so many of you, and to know that in your days of activity the old associations are not forgotten. You will realize, I hope, that were it possible to write you individually, I would do so, but with the constant demands of school life to meet there is not the time.

As for the school, it continues to flourish. The spirit of the boys is good. There is no doubt that the achievements of her Old Boys in the time of their country's stress, have meant no mean contribution to the virile and healthy atmosphere of the School of to-day. In a moment, as it were, you have raised high a standard of tradition that will mean much not only to the present boys, but also, I doubt not, to the boys of generations

yet unborn. Of course we are proud of you all, for you are doing your duty, and doing it at the price of daily toil and suffering—yea, even to the giving of life itself. It is not only for myself, but for all who knew you in the old place, for all who are here now, though knowing you not in the flesh, that I salute you as worthy Andreians,—as those who “quit themselves like men.”

Our sincere congratulations are extended to the very considerable number of you who have received honourable recognition for gallant conduct in the undertakings of your warfare. Information of such awards is naturally received with rejoicing at your old school, but, may I add, that as large a place is preserved in our hearts for those who also toil, but for whom such outward recognition of worthiness has not come.

On another page of this number of the *Review* you will find the list of casualties. For many of you there will be real sorrow in the heart on reading the names of those heroic fellows, who once were boys at school with you, but who have paid the toll of supreme sacrifice in this gigantic struggle. How quietly and unostentatiously they went their way in duty's path, even to the end, and took upon themselves their great venture of entrance into the world beyond. It will be the privilege of those of us who remain when this conflict is over to erect in their honour such a memorial as will maintain their names in hallowed remembrance in the minds of all Andreians,—Andreians of the past, who knew them as boys in their own school days,—Andreians of the present, who stand in reverent respect at the announcement of their passing,—Andreians of the future, who have yet to enter the school and become heirs with their fellows of a most worthy tradition of service.

News of the School in detail I need not give you, for the *Review* contains the information, and no effort has



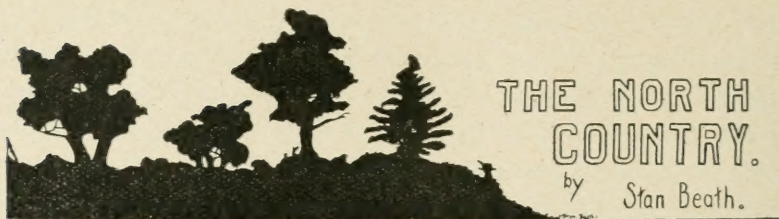
been spared in the attempt to place a copy of each number in your hands. That this has been made possible is due to the remnant of the Old Boys' Association left at home. These few have left nothing undone to raise the fairly large amount necessary to enable the boys of to-day to send a copy of each number to those of you who fight. Not one of you is forgotten in the old School whose honour you have helped to maintain. Indeed, you are much in our thoughts and continually in our prayers. Your courage, your steadfastness, and your faith do not go unrecognized, and the hearts of many of us are often heavy at the thought that it is not given to us to go down with you to the conflict. Please remember that your school stands ready to be of service to you whenever and however she can. I trust that in the Providence of God when you ask, your call will not go unanswered. May the blessing of God, the Father of us all, rest upon you in very rich measure to the very end. Whatever the issue may bring to you I know you will take it standing up ; and if it be God's will that the Grim Reaper himself should come, I doubt not that you will meet him with a smile on your face and faith in your heart.

We all look forward to a grand re-union when the war is over, and our dear lads are with us once more.

Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

St. Andrew's College,  
March 28th, 1918.



THE thunder, at first but a low moan in the black distance, rose in crashing crescendo and terminated in a deafening crash. Lightning, following instantly, flashed through wide cracks in the stable walls to produce a startling effect. And rain poured constantly down with a force that threatened to bore through the ramshackle roof. It seemed successful, for in spots—to the right and left—I could hear the steady drip of water.

A snore, which, in the comparative silence after the thunder, seemed to be trying to emulate its larger brother, broke forth from a shapeless bundle of blankets. At least one of the party was oblivious to the fury of the storm. The other two tenants of the stable loft were evidently also asleep.

The air was damp and cold, and I was hungry. These conditions were depressing and I longed more than ever to be back in my own bed at home instead of trying to sleep in the airy atmosphere of that lean-to. To lay there, listening to the shriek of the wind, the beating rain on the roof—with the picture of several weeks more of such experiences in my mind—was certainly not reassuring.

I tried to think of other things than the fury of the elements, but to my mind repeatedly came the words, "Ten weeks of this." In my loneliness I was tempted to wake the only other English-speaking person in the party—but fear of ridicule prevented that—and again I tried to forget the circumstances.

Forgetfulness finally came. Exhausted from the long day before, I dropped into a fitful sleep. And such a sleep! Through it all the jabber of the hybrid French of the locality could be heard. I pictured the other Englishman and myself surrounded by a mob of French-Canadians clamoring for our execution on account of the bi-lingual question! We were successfully holding them at bay when my friend lost his footing and they seized us—and began to tear us to pieces!



I awoke with a start—and a stranglehold on the neck of the French-Canadian foreman. He had come to wake me at dawn. The rain had ceased and a grey light was creeping in through the apertures of the walls. The others were awake—and the cook was preparing breakfast outside over an open fire.

Thus ended my first night with an Ontario Government road-making gang !

## II.

The day was much like the night. We soon finished the breakfast of "Chicago chicken" or salt pork, bread, cheese and tea. Then it began to rain again. In spite of this we were to move on to the site of the camp about two miles distant. During the meal members of the party began to arrive and report to the foreman. They were all French-Canadians from the surrounding farms. The construction of this road was a boon to them as it furnished a source of money in the slack season between sowing and harvest.

The teams were hitched up and we left the homestead of the farmer where we had spent the night. After following a half-discernable trail and overcoming the resultant difficulties, we reached the camp-to-be. Here were several more laborers whom the foreman immediately set to work at various jobs. Some unloaded the waggons of camp equipment and provisions, others cut tent poles and pegs.

The tents went up rapidly. Long, slender trees cut from the bush on the borders of the clearing soon supported the cooking utensils. The stove was set up and the cook began to prepare the noonday meal. Meanwhile the work of raising the other tents went on. The dining-tent was joined by a canvas passage to the cook-tent, and this job had scarcely been completed when several strokes on the big iron triangle summoned the men to lunch.

## III.

It was a lesson in efficiency to watch those men eat ! They ate for results, not for observation ! But the meal was appetizing and they had been working hard.

My friend, the English-speaking cook, very sourly remarked that it was the first square meal they had had since the previous deer season.

By night the camp was complete, and I, as clerk, was ensconced comfortably in the office tent. Too tired even to think of sleeplessness, I threw myself on the bed of spruce boughs to fall into a dead sleep. No dreams could disturb me that night !

#### IV.

The first ten days on location were filled with interest. As soon as the camp was well supplied with wood and everything was shipshape, the boss began to "run the line." This was the relocating of an old survey line. The work occupied nearly twelve days. The survey party had been striving to cover ground and their marking posts indicating the concession lines were nearly all obliterated. However, the resourceful foreman soon had the right-of-way lined up and the operation known as "brushing" was begun.

"Brushing" meant the removal of all underbrush and smaller trees. Gangs of ten or twelve laborers would be detailed as the cutters for the day, and another party would be sent out to follow them and pile the brush for burning.

Larger trees were felled, stripped of their branches and piled in separate stacks for the inevitable "corduroy" work. In one place on the "line" difficulty was met with in the shape of a beaver meadow and several of our industrious young friends were deprived of their watery palaces.

#### V.

Then came the "burning." A suitable day without wind arrived and along the four miles of right-of-way fires sprung up. Patrols of men were steadily on the alert to prevent the spreading of the fire. Such a thing might have been disastrous, and, as many of the piles were still burning fiercely at sundown, the foreman placed parties on night duty.

Now followed many days of monotonous "corduroying." The standard road allowance is sixty-six feet, but in the back districts such as we were operating in, only a thirty-foot swath is cut through the forest. Should the land be low and marshy, the process of the log corduroy is used. These logs, cut from the right-of-way and the surrounding bush, are placed across the middle of the clearing. They are sixteen feet in length, the standard width of such a road. Without resorting to this me-



thod, miles upon miles of country, in the northern part of Ontario, would not now be opened up for settlement.

## VI.

After the laying of the corduroy came the "ditching." At the ends of the corduroy the ditches were dug and the earth was thrown upon the logs. This process took several days, and it was still in progress when we were instructed to leave the work and move to another location.

## VII.

The interests of those weeks were many. Scarcely a day passed but some opportunity presented itself to study the strange men who formed our "outfit." The foreman, a French-Canadian, was a farmer himself—but on a much larger scale than the others of his district. Moreover, he could read and write—and also could speak English fairly well.

This last was certainly not a common accomplishment. For the first few days I was considerably surprised when I spoke to several only to have them shake their heads vacantly and say, "I don't know." But the greatest shock was when the pay-list came to the office on the fifth of the month. There were about forty-four names on the sheet—and opposite them about forty X's, followed by "his mark," and the witnesses' conception of the man's name. Those men could not write their own names! Yet they lived only eighteen or twenty miles from the district town and in a well-populated farming community at that. They voted—and ran their own township affairs! I could scarcely believe it was 1915 A.D.

## VIII.

During the long evenings the men amused themselves in various ways. They all smoked that variety of tobacco known in the north as "French shag." As a tobacco it may be alright, but as an incense—never!

Cards were not allowed. That is one of the regulations governing these camps. Some of the younger men of the party were very fair singers—and they used to while the evenings away with song—accompanied by an artist on the mouth organ.

It was a shock to see on different occasions these big, strong fellows crawling through the grass and making various threatening

noises while the others stood around and looked on in glee. I had thought that the enjoyment of games where persons represented animals was confined to the nursery—but in this I was mistaken. Our friends seemed to derive considerable enjoyment from it, and when it was begun there were always many laughing participants.

#### IX.

The camp was about seventeen miles from my home. Each Saturday I used to ride in on my bicycle for the week-end. It was a long, tiresome ride, and a very dusty one. The road crossed a height of land, the watershed of the district, and it was hard labor to climb that hill. Of course the long coast down the other side amply repaid one.

Occasionally I met with various specimens of the bush life on the road. I used to pass a solitary ground-hog, seated on a culvert, regularly each Saturday afternoon. At the first two meetings he disappeared, but afterward he began to trust me and would not budge.

One Saturday afternoon I was slowly pedalling along a level stretch under glowering sky that foretold a heavy rain. I was saving my energy for a final spurt, and was casually wondering whether or not the rain would catch me. I had passed my ground-hog friend a mile or so back when I saw a round-looking object moving slowly toward me about one hundred yards away. It was small, and at the instant I thought it was another hog. But as we got closer together I perceived it to be a bear-cub, apparently only a few weeks old. I dismounted, and pushing my wheel, approached it slowly.

The cub showed no signs of abandoning the road. There was a heavy bush on either side which would have hidden him in the twinkling of an eye. We were now about twenty feet apart, and I had all but decided to try and catch the little furry ball, when he veered to the right with a little grunt. I looked to see the cause, and behold! a big brown bear stood sniffing the air and scraping the ground expectantly.

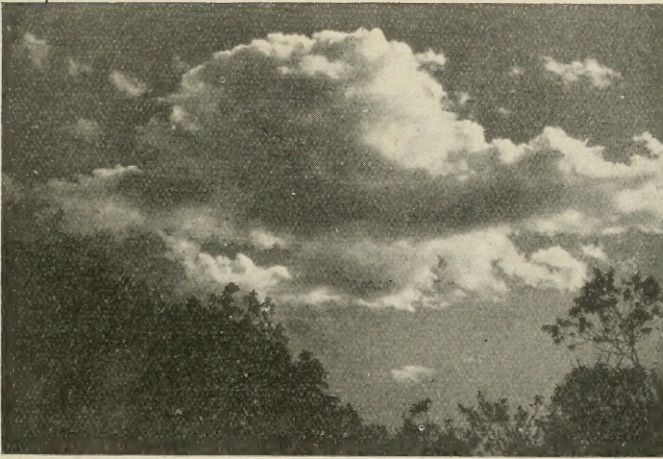
The rain storm, which broke soon after, found me safely in town!

#### X.

The "fly" offensive I omitted to describe. It may best be left to the imagination. Suffice to say that in the deeper bush



they last the summer through, intrenched in the swampy ground. Each night they make a sortie, and the wise backwoodsman, admitting discretion the precedence over valour, retires behind in fly-netting to a quiet repose. The moon rises, the stars twinkle—and the whippoorwill sounds the last few notes of "Lights out." Camp Number Two sleeps !



"I BRING FRESH SHOWERS"

## IN MONTREAL

THE evening train, which furnished Ayer's Flats its means of communication with the outside world, had just pulled in and deposited its only baggage and passenger, a mail bag looking rather thin and empty.

As soon as the engine had wheezed and coughed its slow way down the track, Sile Hatkins, who, with a few other residents of the town, always ambled down to meet the train as though expecting some one that never came, spoke : "Every time that 'er train pulls I recollects th' time I went down country to Montreal. It was nigh onto three year ago, but I still remember it as though it jist happened yisterday.

"I had made a mint of money, and see 't I had no lay-off for quite a spell, I say to myself say I, 'Here, Sile Hatkins, is where you take a vacation,' and it was some vacation, too, I'm telling y'u.

"So I fixed things up around the place so they'd be thar when I got back. Then I hauled down thet old green carpet-bag and put in a few spare duds to have in case something slipped.

"Wal, ev'rything went all right on the trip to th' city. But I never see'd sich a crowd afore in my life. I reckon thar must hev been som'thin' doing in Montreal thet day. I come purty near losing thet old bag, but I got it ag'in atter quite a fuss. As soon as I got off th' cars one of them little military lookin' fellers grabbed it up and started off with it. I took right atter him and finally got him. Wal now, let me tell you I gave him a good takin' to, one't he won't fergit fer quite a spell.

"I finally got to the hotel atter dogging and jumpin' around trying to get out th' way them automobiles, which whizzed around like greased lightning with no regard for human life.

"Wal, thet clerk in th' hotel was the smartest fellar I'd ever seen. Atter I'd put my name down on thet book to let people know yer in town, he asked me if I'd have a bath. Wal, that was where I sat down tight. I took a bath 'fore I left Ayer's Flats and put on clean clothes, but thet t'want none of his business, so I says, 'If it was all the same to him I wouldn't have one.' So he says, 'All right mister.' He got a key and gave it to one of them military fellows, who picked up my bag and started on with it, while I trailed on behind with my weather eye on thet bag."



"We walked along a piece until we came to a glass door whar thet fellow stopped and pushed somethin' white near th' door. In about a minute the door opened, and we got in a cage. B'fore I'd had time to think, thet cage began to go up and up and up. Wal, I wondered why we wa'nt sailing around in the sky, but I couldn't see out to know what we were doing.

"Finally the cage stopped and we got out, but we were still in the hotel. I learnt later thet it was an elevator and went right up through the centre of the b'ildin'. Well, finally, after a heap o' turning and twistin', we arrived at m' room. Finding your way around them halls was as bad as findin' your way around in the city.

"Thet room was lighted by the funniest arrangement I'd ever seen. Right up in the centre o' the room on the end of a piece of braided rope hung a red hot hair-pin in a glass bottle. How it got hot I don't know, but it sartinly gave quite a mint o' light.

"I hadn't been in my room a great while 'fore that boy poked his head in the door and hollered, 'Did you ring, boss?' I says, 'No, you go on back to bed.' Well, in about five minutes he came back and said, 'Did you ring, boss?' I says, 'No, you'd better be gittin' back to bed or you won't want to go to school in the morning.' I didn't have no time t' bother with him, as I was busy tryin' to pick a little white button off the wall.

"Wal, when I got ridy to git into bed I couldn't git thet blam'd light out. So I had to lug th' dresser in my room up under where it hung and after unbraiding quite a piece of thet rope, drop it into one of the drawers and close it up so's th' light wouldn't bother me.

"When I came down in the morning I asked thet clerk if I could get somethin' to eat. 'Well,' he says, 'We don't serve meals, but you kin git somethin' right across the road in Mr. Child's resturant.' Wal, I went out and saw the place. Why, you could look right into it through the window. I see Mr. Child's in there walkin' around with his hands in his pockets and a lot of his datters waiting on table. Wal, I walked right in and sat down to a light stand there was there. I'd sat there a while and, as all there was to eat on the table was some sugar, mustard and a bottle of pepper sass, I got up and told Mr. Childs. He called one of his datters over and she sat me down agin, while she gave me a piece of paper with some readin' on it. I says,

'No thank ye, I don't care to do no readin' 'fore breakfast, fetch me in somethin' t' eat, will ya.' Wal, she went out and in a little while brought in a piece of meat about two inches square. 'Wal,' says I, 'thet's jist the kind, Sis, fetch in some, will ye.' So she did. I couldn't eat half there was on thet paper, it was a bill of what they had to eat. I ate as much as I could of what was on my plate, and then I got up and asked Mr. Childs what the damage for the breakfast was.

" 'Where's your ticket,' says he.

" 'Oh, I gave thet to the conductor on the train comin' up,' says I.

" 'Oh, I mean your check,' he replied.

" 'I left thet on my trunk in the hotel.'

"That seemed to tickle him, so he called over one of his datters, who handed him a little slip of paper.

" 'Your breakfast comes to fifty cents,' he said atter he'd looked at thet paper. I handed him a ten cent piece, as I didn't eat half there was on thet paper, but he wouldn't take off a cent, —regular swindle, thet's what it was.

"For the next week or more I jist wandered around Montreal, seeing the sights and other things in ginerel. On my last day there I was walkin' down some street when I came upon a sign what said, 'Skatin' Inside,' so I lou'd I'd hev. a skate agin. I used to be right smart on skates when I was a boy down hum. Wal, now I could cut most any kind o' caper on skates. Land sakes, I could out-skate any fellar on our pond.

"So I went on the inside, and a fellar come up to' me and said, 'Kin you skate?' 'Wal,' says I, 'Reckin I kin.' Wal, he handed me somethin' looked like th' wheels off a toy wagon nailed t' a board. Then a boy put 'em on my feet, and atter quite a fuss got me started. He says to me, 'Don't forgit to skate Si.' Wal', I didn't !

"I lou'd I'd show them city folks what real skatin' and cut a few capers for 'em and, heavens t' betsy, I did.

"I lou'd I'd do th' two stip fust. Wal, I did two stips and thet was all. Thet floor was slicker'n greased lightnin' and them wheels was th' most uneasy little critters I'd ever seen. Wal sir, one foot went shootin' northeast, while t'other'n went southeast, and I don't know where th' rest of me went. Land sakes, I went all over thet floor in less than a minute. I did the pigeon wing, figger eight, the inside roll, the outside roll, spread eagle and



Philadelphia twist, all in one and so blamed quick thet nobody knew jist what I was doin'. Then there was a spell I don't quite remember what did happen.

"Wal, when I came to and got my think-box to workin' agin, there was a crowd standin' 'round me. One fellar had some ice water and 'nother some linement and then one had some-thin' to smell in a bottle. They got me on ma' feet d'rectly and told me t' try it over agin. 'No thanks,' says I, 'once is enough for me.' My ambition was gone, and so was ma' watch and chain.

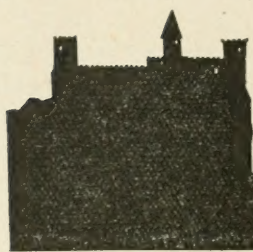
"Wall, I got on th' outside of thet place about as quick as I could. At fust I had a little trouble walkin', ma' feet felt funny and my head funnier. I felt jist like a fellar does on th' morning atter the night before.

"I got t' thet hotel finally and went up t' ma' room and packed ma' bag, and then went down and paid thet smart fellar at the desk a little deposit so's t' leave no hard feelins' atter me. Then I went t' th' depo' and caught th' next train for hum.

"Now I kin tell yu' I was right smart glad t' get hum agin. Montreal is too fast a place for me. I like it right here in Ayer's Flats, where a man has time t' think once in a while. Down there in Montreal people don't think, cause if they did stop t' do thet, they'd git so far behind they'd niver kitch up agin."

J. W. SLEGHT (Form V.)





# THE LAIRD OF STONOWEY.

by JEM<sup>d</sup>Dougall.

King Donaldbane sat in his castle hall,  
Surrounded by his nobles, brave men all ;  
With gloomy brooding writ upon his face,  
He meditated as if some disgrace  
Or woe had fallen on fair Scotia's shores ;  
As if Ill Fate had stept within the doors  
Of Scotland's castle royal, to remain  
And stain the noble court of Donaldbane.

About the room hung tapestries of wool,  
Which here caressed the wall and there swelled full,  
And told their tales, a multi-coloured sight,  
Of Scotland's vict'ries in the bloody fight ;  
The broadsword there, used by some ancient king,  
And Duncan's targe that once with blows did ring ;  
Here hung the mounted head of elk and boar,—  
Emblems of peace and trophies of the war.  
Before the throne the nobles standing by,  
Did seek the royal grief to pacify ;  
And yet the king would not permit a smile  
To light his noble face ; and all the while  
Sad grievances distressed his royal mind,  
Nor could he in his nobles respite find.

The Princess Margaret, beautiful and fair,  
His only child and to his throne the heir,  
Did spurn with proud contempt and haughty mien  
A rich though aged Laird from Aberdeen ;  
Weak in all manly arts and strong alone  
In manners of the court, he sought the throne.  
Now all the Lairds knew well the princess fair,  
In 'all the land, for but one man did care ;  
A youthful Laird, a follower of the chase,



As courteous in war as 'fore the mace.  
In all, the man a princess would desire,  
Yet met he not the pleasure of her sire.  
For he, known as the Laird of Stonowey,  
Lacking in worldly gifts was thought to be,  
While all knew well the young Laird's rival old  
Held in his highland fastness wealth untold,  
Which, added to the coffers of the king,  
Would pay all debts and many comforts bring.

One night, with merry face and steady stride,  
A minstrel came before the king and cried,  
"Sire, let me try, I wager I'll not fail,  
Thy trouble to divert with a short tale."

The troubled monarch raised his care-worn head,  
"Good minstrel, tell to me thy tale," he said.  
"I'll sing thee, sire, the story of a fight,  
Wherein the Scots did win their cause of right."  
"Nay," said the king, "I've heard it ; rather tell  
Of some new theme, of how defeat befell  
Fair Scotland's army with disaster dire."  
And so the minstrel, having tuned his lyre,  
Began with wav'ring voice the ballad old,  
Of Brave Sir Rupert and Lord Crompton bold.

*The Ballad of the Bold Sir Rupert and the Brave  
Lord Crompton*

THE CAPTURE

'Twas midnight in Glenstenshaw wold,  
Nae moon shone in the sky,  
A knight, wi' twenty henchmen bold,  
Again' the toun did hie.

The bold Sir Rupert was the knight,  
A man of English birth ;  
Wi' twenty men, the selfsame night,  
He landed in the firth.

They scarce had reached the open way,  
 Before Dunrobin toun,  
 Where 'bides my Laird of Tain, they say,  
 A man of great renown,

When from the bracken at their side,  
 Which o'er the fen did spread,  
 Four arrows sang, of scarlet dyed,  
 For each a man fell dead.

What boon thy broadsword now, knight fair ?  
 Alas, my noble sir ;  
 Now four more arrows cleave the air,  
 Twelve stand where twenty were.

"To cover fast, wi' a' your might,  
 My noble men," quo' he ;  
 The wounded in their sorry plight,  
 Cry out most piteouslie.

Nae hope ! Nae hope ! they've ta'en him noo,  
 They use him muckle sair ;  
 Wi' doughty blows his blood they drew,  
 Matting his gowden hair.

And as the midnight air was rent,  
 Wi' blasts both loud and shrill,  
 Twa hundred men, their forms uphente,  
 Wi' broadsword, hook and bill.

Thus was the king's bold messenger  
 Seized by the Laird of Tain,  
 And a' his henchmen wi' their blood,  
 The Scottish ground did stain.

#### THE VOYAGE

Lord Crompton bold, of Hexham toun,  
 A man of noble height,  
 A steadfast follower of the crown,  
 Was father of the knight.



When good Lord Crompton heard the tale,  
Of how his son was ta'en,  
Then put he on his suit of mail,  
With greaves and coat of chain.

Now as the toun is in the North,  
And open to the sea,  
To man the ships, the word came forth,—  
This did they merrilie.

Three saucy ships wi' flags atop,  
A-flapping in the breeze,  
Put out to sea at nought to stop,  
Till Tain was on his knees.

They hadna gone a mile, a mile,  
A mile, but only twa,  
When in the west the storm-clouds pile,  
As if to sink them a'.

They hadna gone a mile, a mile,  
A mile, but only three,  
When, on a lonely rugged isle,  
An armed host they see.

Thus spake the bold Sir Arthur Clay,  
The master o' the "Boar,"  
"The storm will sink us if we stay,  
Now let us seek the shore."

Alas, and while the master spake,  
They on the rocks were cast,  
The ships in many pieces brake,  
And now were sinking fast.

The water rushed into the hold,  
And nought its force would stay ;  
Then was it many a warrior bold  
Would nae more see the fray.

Of good Lord Crompton's merrie band,  
But three score reached the shore ;  
Right glad were they to have the land  
Beneath their feet aince more.

Lord Crompton and his three score men,  
Stood stagg'ring on the sand,  
They cursed, and yet they cursed again,  
This thrice accursed land.

#### THE FIGHT

Twa hunderd foemen on the height  
Did jeer wi' them and scoff ;  
The master said, "Come, let us fight  
And soon we'll drive them off."

So then, wi' broadsword, hook and bill,  
Again' the foe they sped,  
Nor did they sheath the broadsword till  
The ground wi' blood was red.

The battle raged wi' cry and shout,  
Until the sun did set,  
And till they'd driv'n the foemen out,  
No rest did any get.

Wi' shout and bang and clash and clang,  
The blows fell fast and free ;  
The arrows, striking wi' a tang,  
Did rattle merrilie.

The English drew themselves in line  
And did defie them a' ;  
The English archers, nine and nine,  
Did make the Scots to fa.'

The Scots were trapped wi' in a vale,  
They couldna' use their bows ;  
The arrows fell a biting hail  
Frae their relentless foes.



## AFTER

Then, of twa hunderd, eight score slept,  
For a' their open e'e ;  
The rest had fled afar and lept  
Into the moaning sea.

Then searchéd they among the dead,  
To see wha should be there ;  
They found the Laird Tain, long since sped,  
Wi' fixed and steady stare.

But see my Lord of Crompton bold,  
The tear-drops in his e'e,  
Sir Rupert in his arms doth hold,  
Dead as a stone is he.

Lord Crompton strokes his gowden hair,  
That red wi' blood is dyed,  
Then, for it grieves him muckle sair,  
He drops dead at his side.

The minstrel stopped and gazed upon the peers—  
Steady they stood, with eyes that filled with tears.  
Then said the king, the while his eyes did shine,  
“Good minstrel, ask thy wish and it is thine.”  
The minstrel bowed, and then did bare his head ;  
“Thy daughter, Sire, I now would have to wed.”  
Then stood the court aghast, for now they see  
The minstrel is the Laird of Stonowey.

## PICTURES

THERE is nothing new about the art of picture-making. The first writing of which we have any record was pictorial. We find numerous illustrations of this in the tombs of Egypt, where whole stories were told in pictures.

As human expression developed, first word symbols, then sound symbols took the place of picture writing.

The earliest modern engravings were made on wood, this being the easiest material with which to work. Also wood was easily handled in the printing, and the text and illustrations could be printed at the one impression.

Later we find engraving on metal. The two metals used for this purpose were copper and steel. Engraving on copper was an easier operation than engraving on steel, the former bring a softer metal than the latter. On account of this it became quite popular with illustrators. This popularity was increased when it was found that by using acid a soft effect could more easily be produced. Engraving by the use of acid is called etching. While usually done on copper there are a few cases of etching on steel. Another very beautiful effect was produced by the roughening of the copper plate before the engraver commenced to cut out for the picture. The picture produced by this process was known as mezzotint. The peculiarity of this process was that the longer the plate was worked on the lighter it became. It was thus possible to produce many beautifully soft effects.

Engraving on steel was of course a much more difficult process. The lines in a steel engraving are all hard and generally straight. Illustration on steel being difficult was expensive. This form of illustration could not become popular on this account.

There are two distinct methods of engraving. One is by working the plate from dark to light and the other by working it from light to dark. In the case of the former, that part of the metal that is left, holds the ink and prints like type. By this method the plate and type can be set up together and printed simultaneously.

When the plate is worked from light to dark, only the lines print. These are filled with ink, while the flat surface is bare. In this case a separate impression is necessary. Because of this we sometimes find pictures in books on an angle and occasionally



even with a small piece of the picture on the top of the reading matter.

The amount of work done by these methods was limited because the engraving had to be done by hand. Even in the case of etching, where acid was used, the picture had to be traced by hand on the wax surface before the acid was applied.

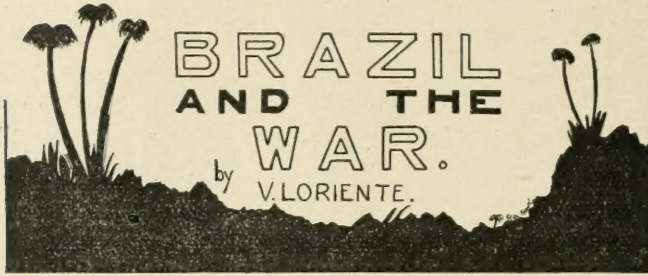
But modern mechanical methods have changed the problem of illustrating. Now a book can be published with hundreds of illustrations more cheaply than could previously have been done with but three or four. Consequently illustrated books can be placed in the hands of all at a very low cost. This has done much to create a taste for art among those who previously could not afford even the poorest pictures. But the modern mechanical illustrations have not the quality of the old hand-made engravings. This is a great loss, which can only be understood by those who have studied carefully the old engravings. Etchings and mezzotints have always been in favor with those who appreciate good pictures.

The desire for pictures has grown and although many admire the new illustrations, no longer are people altogether satisfied with cheap modern prints. They desire reproduced pictures of real beauty, and although the taste for these was acquired through the medium of the cheaper, the latter no longer satisfy.

S. PARKER DENOVAN (Form V.).



WINTER



**B**RAZIL is the largest of the political divisions of South America. Its area is 8,307,518 square kilometers and it has four thousand miles of seacoast. Among other notable features, Brazil contains the Amazon river, the largest in the world. This river has thirty thousand miles of navigable waters.

The country was discovered in 1499 by Pinzon and afterwards visited by Cabral and Amerigo Vespuccio, but it was not colonized until the time of Joao III., who inaugurated a system of capitanies that had previously given good results in the Azores and Madeira Islands. It remained a Portuguese colony until 1806, when on account of the French invasion of Portugal, the royal family moved to Brazil. In 1815, the status of the country was changed from that of colony to an integral part of the kingdom, and in 1821, King Joao VI., having renounced his rights to Brazil and having returned to Portugal, his son Pedro I., was proclaimed emperor. But in 1831 he was forced to abdicate the crown and his son, Pedro II. (then six years old) succeeded him, under a council of regency. He proved to be a good and progressive sovereign, but after a prosperous reign, the prospects of succession not being very hopeful, he was forced to abdicate by the revolution which converted Brazil into a Republic in 1891. In spite of two serious revolutions which the country suffered (one in 1893 and the other but a few years ago) it progressed steadily to the present day.

To-day Brazil is a federal republic. It consists of twenty states and a federal district in which the capital is situated. The population is from twenty to twenty-five millions. The capital, Rio Janeiro, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, has over a million inhabitants. Other important cities are Bahia, São Paulo, Pará. The principal products are coffee, sugar, rubber, and wheat. There is gold and other minerals around Bahia and Minas Garaes. Stock-raising also is an industry.



This country is the third largest in the world. With Argentina and Chili it forms the so-called A.B.C., which is an entente to preserve peace in South America and protect the continent from foreign interference.

Among other neutral countries which protested to Germany, when the unlimited submarine campaign was enforced, was Brazil. The grounds of the protest were that submarine warfare was against international law, and that Germany's means of enforcing it were not in proportion to the extension of the forbidden zones.

Afterwards the Brazilian legation in Berlin informed the German government that the maintenance of friendly relations between the two countries depended on the immunity of Brazilian ships from submarine attack.

This was the situation when, on the night of the third of April, near Barfleur, France, the Brazilian ship *Paraná* was torpedoed and the crew mercilessly shot. Then diplomatic relations between the two countries were broken. This does not mean that Brazil declared war against Germany, but simply that the state of neutrality was at an end and that the country was free to defend itself against further German aggressions.

As reprisals for the loss of the *Paraná*, for the great quantities of coffee which Germany took over in Antwerp and Hambourg, and for the harbour tolls owed by the German ships interned in Brazilian waters, the Brazilian government took over forty-six German ships, with a total tonnage of two hundred and thirty thousand tons. These ships had been in Brazilian waters ever since the beginning of the war.

Relations broken, Brazil took over the patrol of her own waters. For this she employed a navy of an adequate size, including among other ships three modern dreadnought battleships of twenty thousand tons, and thirty torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats.

The army is small in peace time, just thirty-five thousand regulars and eighteen thousand militia, but it is said that if necessary about six hundred thousand men could be raised. It is not likely that Brazil will send troops to Europe. But work for the army may be found at home. There is, in certain parts of the country, a large German population which, by buying all the land they could, have attempted to gain a hold on the country. This they accomplished in some places, for there are districts which are entirely German. Among these German districts

trouble for the Brazilian government could very easily be brought about. In fact, records of German plots have been discovered in the papers of Count Luxburg, the German minister at Buenos Aires. The Brazilian people will stand to a man behind the government, which, by the proofs of wisdom so far given, seem capable of dealing with the situation with energy and success.

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OLD TIMERS



## THE HALIFAX DISASTER

**H**ALIFAX is situated on the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia, about midway along the seaboard of the peninsula. It has long been famed for its wonderful harbour, which for size, accessibility and safety, is second to none other in the world.

The importance of this harbour to the Empire is fully realized. Since the beginning of the war thousands of troops have sailed to Europe from its docks. Nor have the sailings been confined to British and Canadian ships only for those of American register also usually made Halifax a port of call especially since that country entered the war.

The explosion—and it will long be known as “The Explosion”—took place a few minutes after nine o'clock on the morning of Thursday, December the sixth, nineteen hundred and seventeen. The historic clock, in the old clock tower, stopped at the moment of its occurrence, and so the true time of the disaster was registered.

The accident was the result of a collision between the Belgian relief ship, *Imo*, loaded with supplies for the Belgians, and the French boat, *Mont Blanc*, loaded with high explosives. It is claimed to be the result of a mistake in the signals.

Seventeen minutes elapsed between the collision and the explosion. During this time the *Imo* drew off and headed for the Dartmouth shore, where she was beached.

The inhabitants of the city were, of course, ignorant of the impending danger. It was not until the sound rent the air that they knew their city was to be destroyed. Then people were killed outright, houses crumpled up like packs of cards, stoves and furnaces started fires. What the explosion failed to destroy was finished by the flames. Scarcely a pane of glass was left unshattered in the city.

In a short time the greater part of this old city was a mass of wreckage and of smouldering embers and everywhere were to be seen crowds of terror-stricken people seeking for loved ones in the vicinity of where their homes had been. There are many instances of whole families being killed and buried unidentified. Soldiers present who had returned from the trenches in Europe, said that never in their experience had they seen anything so appalling.

Many of the docks used for deep water shipping were totally destroyed but the new piers, situated farther to the south, were only damaged and can be repaired.

A tidal wave followed the explosion. This carried large boats right up on the shore, leaving them high and dry many yards inland.

For a time communication with outside places was cut off. It is due to the good work of the civic authorities that a greater loss of life did not result. No immediate relief was possible and so the whole burden of caring for the wounded fell to the terror-stricken ones who escaped.

Snow fell on the night after the disaster and a cold wave swept the city. This made the work of relief doubly difficult. People wandered about the streets—men, women and children—either seeking for friends or seeking a place of shelter.

The military authorities proclaimed a state of martial law throughout the city. After this they took full charge of the situation. As the bodies of the victims began to be collected, morgues were established where every opportunity for identification was given. One of the largest of these was at the Chebucto School. There over three hundred bodies lay for almost two weeks. Some were identified but the faces of most were beyond recognition. Indeed there were only two or three of the whole lot where the faces were in perfect condition.

After about two weeks a military funeral of the unidentified was held. They were all buried in one grave not far from the graves of the victims of the *Titanic* disaster.

As soon as news of the accident reached outside places aid was immediately sent to the stricken city. Toronto alone sent more than eight hundred engineers, plumbers, mechanics and surgeons to the scene. These, of course, were all enlisted men. But, as might be expected, the organization was bad. One instance of this is seen in the fact that a Montreal unit had attended to eighteen hundred dressings without even the knowledge of the military authorities. They had set up a splendid dressing station without orders and certainly deserve great credit for their work.

Aid also came from the New England States. Many of the victims had relatives in Boston and surrounding towns and this no doubt was an incentive to relief work. They sent clothing, medical supplies, food, motor trucks and money. Also many



doctors came from the States and were a great help to our own British surgeons.

The total damage done runs into millions of dollars. Over two thousand persons were killed. Then there is the damage to shipping caused by the destruction of piers and terminals.

The Halifax explosion, while it only directly affects a small portion of Canadians, yet, in a larger way, is keenly felt by the whole Dominion. It was indeed a national tragedy. The horrors of France and of Belgium were brought home to us in this very terrible manner. The explosion has also made known the importance of Halifax harbour to the allied cause. Facts have been disclosed which otherwise would have been kept secret until after the war. Among other things we have learned that it was the British navy that made possible the transportation of American troops to France.

Halifax is being rebuilt. Phoenix-like a larger and better city is rising from the ashes of disaster. In time all evidence of ruin will have disappeared. But never will be effaced from the minds of the survivors the horror of that morning in December nineteen hundred and seventeen.

J. L. McLEAN (Form IV.).

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## WHO GATHER GOLD

They soon grow old who grope for gold  
In marts where all is bought and sold ;  
Who live for self and on some shelf  
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf ;  
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold—  
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold  
Whose springs awake and flowers unfold ;  
Whose suns arise in joyous skies  
And fill the soul within their eyes.  
For them the immortal bards have sung ;  
For them old age itself is young.

## THE "MOVIES"

**S**LANG and improper abbreviations are characteristic of careless speakers. Some time ago in a competition to secure a universal name for moving pictures, "photoplay" was selected. However suitable this name may be, it does not meet with general acceptance. Indeed "photoplay" is so seldom used now, that it may soon be discarded altogether. At present it is the "movies" that we go to see.

Before cinematography was developed, motion or animated pictures were made and exhibited in England as early as eighteen hundred and thirty-three. The machine used was a mechanical device known as "the wheel of life." One looked through a slot and observed the movements of a galloping horse, formed from several drawings rotated in quick succession.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five, fifty-two years later, Mr. Friese Green held an exhibition of his work at Bath, England. His picture was projected on a screen and showed a girl moving her eyes from side to side. But the cinematograph was not made possible until the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. Then it was that the celluloid roll film was invented. In the same year the very first animated picture resembling a modern film was produced by Mr. Friese Green. The picture showed the traffic passing Hyde Park Corner, London, England, and it ran to about twenty feet of film. The showing of the picture took about a minute but it was a wonderful triumph in photography and twenty-five years ago created a real sensation.

Since that time great progress has been made in cinematography. Numerous wealthy companies have been formed in North America and in Europe for the purpose of developing the new art. They rival each other in their efforts to produce mammoth pictures and photoplays.

The vast work connected with the "movies" entails much labour, and thus the companies have given work to thousands. Many an obscure person has achieved distinction by the silent drama. Many masters of the art have been produced but none so great as is David W. Griffith. He is admitted by all to be the greatest genius of the screen. His masterpiece is the famous American drama, "The Birth of a Nation."

Moving picture theatres are becoming community centres of patriotism. Producers are giving to us films which reflect the



war spirit, and theatre owners are devoting a part of each programme to subjects which tend to arouse the enthusiasm of the people and to fan into a flame the glowing coals of patriotism. In addition to this the theatres throughout Canada and the United States have thrown open their doors to the "four minute men," who are exercising a very great influence in combating German propaganda, stimulating war loans, and arousing the sympathy of the people to the need of the hour.

It is just possible that Thomas A. Edison dealt a terrific blow to Germany years ago when he invented the perfected moving picture machine. He has helped to make it possible to place before the public such intensely patriotic photoplays as "The Slacker," "The Spy," and "Draft 258."

And what of the war tax? Moving picture men are of the opinion that this tax will bring in an annual revenue in the United States of over \$65,000,000.00 and in Canada \$25,000,000.00 on the price of admission alone. This is no paltry sum to aid in financing the common cause.

In the jostling crowd issuing from a movie theatre one often hears a thin voice pipe out: "Oh, yes! isn't he grand, but why isn't he in khaki?" It must be remembered that all movie actors have fulfilled their obligations in regard to the Military Service Acts of both United States and Canada. Even our friend Charlie Chaplin, who offered his services in the army, was asked by the United States Government not to forsake the shadow stage. It is quite evident that he is doing his bit to a greater extent in "civies," by cheering the boys "over there" just behind the lines with his mirth-provoking antics, than he could if he were a fighting man.

The spirit of patriotism is only one of the vital roles that the "movies" are now playing. The young, the old, the rich and the poor sit side by side in the "movie" theatre, which is thus becoming a bond in the union which binds together the different elements of our democracy.

WILLIAM J. KERR II. (Lower VI.).

**EMPIRE FIRST**

[John Talon Lesperance was for years a recognized force in Canadian periodical literature. He was of French-Canadian origin, but was born in the United States and fought on the side of the South in the Civil War. In 1868, when he was thirty years of age, he settled at St. Johns, Quebec. While there he wrote for the St. Johns News, the Montreal press and the magazines. Later he became connected with the Montreal Gazette and afterwards had charge of the Illustrated Canadian News. His poetry has never been collected or preserved. Perhaps much of what is best has been lost. I will quote the patriotic gem, "Empire First." It shows the high imperialistic ideals of a gifted French-Canadian. D.E.C.]

Shall we break the plight of youth,  
And pledge us to an alien love ?  
No ! We hold our faith and truth,  
Trusting to the God above,  
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland !

Britain holds us in her flank,  
Britain nursed us at our birth,  
Britain reared us to our rank  
'Mid the nations of the earth,  
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland !

In our hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above our head  
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.  
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland !

O triune kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girt islands of the free,  
O empire of the land and wave,  
Our heart, our hands, are all for thee!  
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland !



### THE PHILADELPHIA MINT

THE United States Mint in Philadelphia is considered, by visitors to that city, a chief point of interest. There are several other mints in different parts of the country but this is the largest one. It supplies the whole northeastern part of the republic. That at Denver, Colorado, is the branch for the southwest, the one at New Orleans is for the south, while that at San Francisco supplies the Pacific Coast.

The building in Philadelphia occupies a large block not far from the centre of the city. Its architecture is modern Greek. Leading up to the main entrance is a flight of imposing stone steps. Immediately inside this entrance is a large rotunda with indirect lighting effect. This serves as the centre of the executive portion of the building. Doors on all sides lead into private offices. Everything in this hub is very artistic, and the broad carpeted staircase leading up to the gallery is quite in accordance with the whole effect. At one side of this gallery is a beautiful waiting room where visitors are requested to remain until certain times when guides lead parties around.

As a guide leaves on a tour of inspection every quarter of an hour, one is not obliged to wait long.

First of all visitors are taken to a room where they can leave their hats and coats ; then the trip begins. As the party is on the second floor, when they come to a large window they can see down into the workrooms below. Each step in the process of producing the coins is done in a separate room. Each of these rooms is large, and in most of them about fifty experts are busily engaged at machines.

At one side of the first room one sees a pile of gold bricks. These are put in iron flasks, filled with water, and placed in a blast furnace. A thermometer on the side of each flask indicates when the brick should be removed. Workmen wearing large aprons and face guards take the bricks with large tongs and run them through steel rollers. These flatten them out to about half their former thickness.

After passing between several pairs of these, each pair set closer together, the brick becomes a large sheet of discoloured gold, measuring three by four feet.

The guide then leads his party to another window where they see large stamping machines. The gold sheets are fed into these

by two men, one at each side of a table-approach. About fifteen hundred five dollar gold coins can be cut by this stamper at one stroke.

The perforated piece which is left is melted up again, while a stream of plain coins comes out of a tube in never ending line.

The floor of this room is formed by pieces of one-inch pipe, cut in three-inch lengths, standing up side by side on end. Any fragments of gold which fall from the machines drop into these pockets. Over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of metal is saved in this way each year.

The next step consists in putting the value and inscription on the coins. This is done by feeding them into a machine which automatically stamps five hundred at a time.

Then they are dipped in an acid which removes the oxidization from them. A machine then polishes them with powdered pumice and water.

Here the coins are scooped into a machine which lays them on a large slowly moving felt belt. On each side of this girls are busy examining them as they pass by to make sure that no imperfect ones are allowed to enter circulation.

After this a novel way is employed to count them. A man called a counter places a handful of coins on a large square board which has a great many depressions cut in it just the size of a coin. He slides the coins around until they fall into the holes and then throws the loose ones off. Each boardful is counted as a thousand.

The coins are then placed in canvas bags, and piled on electric trucks which take them into the treasury department.

When the party of visitors return everyone is invited into a large museum which contains a wonderful collection of coins of all the countries. As this collection is very valuable, it is constantly guarded by blue-coated officers of the mint.

When leaving the building visitors may exchange their old coins for brand new money. The whole trip takes a little over an hour. Since war has been declared visitors are required to get passes which let them through the armed guard on duty outside the building.

F. ROPER DAYMENT (Form III).



## Editorial

WHEN Tennyson referred to the Round Table of King Arthur as "an image of the mighty world," he employed a phrase as applicable to a modern residential school as it was to the mystic company of medieval knights around which he has cast the halo of his genius. All the factors of real life are to be found in an institution such as ours,—human beings, with the virtues and frailties of such, ambition and human indolence, potentialities for good and for evil, opportunities to win honour and, not less important in the scheme of universal ethics, opportunities of slipping backward. As the second term of the school year draws to a close we are better able to observe our successes and our failures than was possible at an earlier date. Failures? Yes, we all have entries on the debit side of our account with the world. But there is no cause for worry, if there be such entries on the credit side as to render a balance in favour of success. Daily this balance must become greater else failure places her trademark upon us. Never a year are we of the same value to ourselves and to the world as we were the year before. There is always progression or retrogression. Constant movement marks every phenomenon of life. We gain power else we lose it. We are being better fitted for "the last of life for which the first was made," or we are facing an uncertain and tortuous future with lessening powers to meet its difficulties. The best that any school can give is the opportunity to become strong. High moral influences of course are necessary; but these influences must not take the nature of coercion else their value will be destroyed. Individual choice is necessary in order that virtue may be possible.

That Saint Andrew's College furnishes an ideal environment for character building has been well proved since the beginning of the war. Over seven hundred Old Boys are now overseas, and of their records the School is justly proud. The boys now in residence are undergoing the same kind of training as their predecessors. If failure should mar the record of any one now here, the onus of it will be upon himself. In this also is the School a miniature world. One's failures and successes are personal matters, and really measure the true worth of the individual. But though personal, in the matter of achievement or of non-achievement, there is an objective side to a boy's standing in the school.

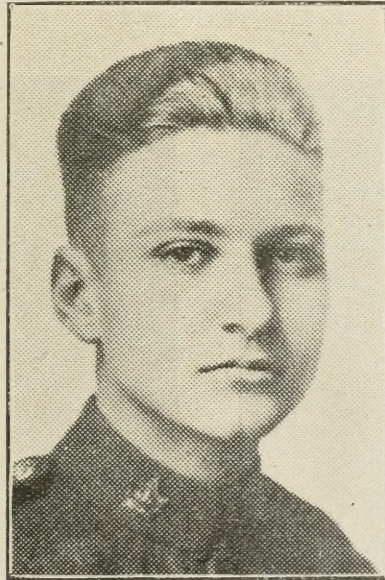
Other fellows are watching—and after all is it not the successful one who is the real hero?—Parents and friends outside the School are watching—hoping. Success will bestow happiness on those who are worthy of all gratitude and affection; failure will cause regret and sorrow where it is least deserved.

THE list of casualties, which we are publishing in this number of the REVIEW, contains the names of all Old Boys who have been killed in action since the beginning of the war, and also of those which have been wounded since the publication of our last Christmas issue. Also, in this number, will be found a complete list of honours awarded to Old Boys who have served or are now serving overseas. To the parents and friends of those who have made the great sacrifice we extend our sincerest sympathy. We realize, however, that sympathy is scarcely the word to use in this connection. As our young soldiers have willingly yielded themselves to their country's welfare, so, we are assured, have their dear ones left behind kept nothing back in the matter of sacrifice. A real aristocracy of patriotism and self-sacrifice is being created in our country, and those who hold its most distinguished titles are the fathers and mothers of boys who will not return.

DEAN SWIFT, that great Irishman, has said that he who makes two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow, where but one grew before, contributes more to the race of mankind than does the whole race of politicians together. Attila, the Hun—a ethical kinsman of the present German Kaiser—boasted that grass never grew on ground which his horse once trod upon. Here are two ideals each of which has been kept alive until this very hour. The Hun is again abroad and his destroying hoards have devastated many of the richest food-producing fields of France and of Belgium. Also many men, who used to devote their energies to food production, in our own country, are now overseas fighting in the interests of civilization. The result is world food shortage. We, at home, who are living in the security and peace afforded us by our soldiers, should contribute all we can to the general good. And we can do this in no better manner than by causing the two ears of corn and the two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before. Should we retire to some obscure rural community and work on the land from sunrise to sunset, for the entire period of the war, we would then be doing but a trifle



compared to what is being done in our behalf by the men who are in khaki. Every schoolboy, no matter what the financial position of his parents may be, should become a food producer during the coming seasons of seed time and harvest. Farmers are asking us for help, and, if they do not get it, production will suffer. It is rumoured that the Government may conscript labour for the farms, but no coercion should be necessary, especially in the case of boys who usually are unemployed during the long vacation. No one should consider it an arduous task to spend a summer in the invigorating environment of the country. A boy can have no finer asset in the struggle for success, in any field of activity, than a wholesome, strong body. And this can be gained more easily while working on the farm than in any other manner. At times the work may be arduous, but big muscles are not attained except through the agency of hard exercise. Surely when patriotism, human kindness and personal interest, all point to the fresh farm lands of Canada, with the entreaty to "go and help," it will be a poor type of boy indeed who will turn a deaf ear to this opportunity of doing his share.



PTE. D. W. CLEMENT  
Royal Flying Corps  
S.A.C. 1913-1915

Killed in action on December 3rd, 1917



LIEUT. P. D. M. McLAGAN  
103rd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907  
Killed in Action, October 15th, 1917



LIEUT. F. J. GOOCH  
6th Battery, 2nd Brigade  
S.A.C., 1905-1908  
Killed in Action, August 15th, 1917

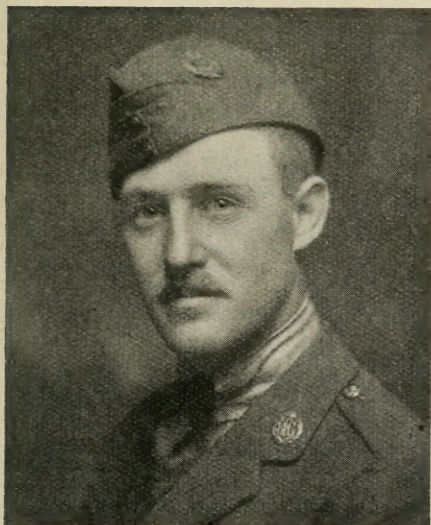


2nd LIEUT. W. B. YUILLE  
R.F.C.  
S.A.C., 1908-1913



LIEUT. J. T. ROSE  
R.F.A.  
S.A.C., 1911-1916

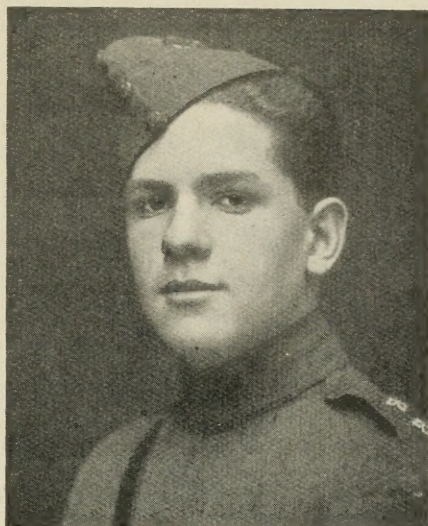




FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. SHAW WOOD  
R.F.C.

S.A.C., 1905-1907

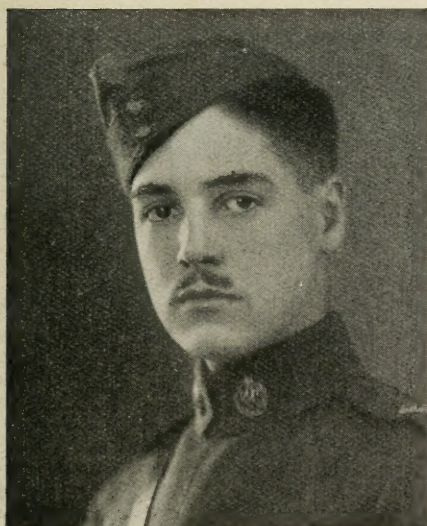
Killed in flying accident in England on March 17th, 1918



2nd LIEUT. H. E. DAVIES  
R.F.C.

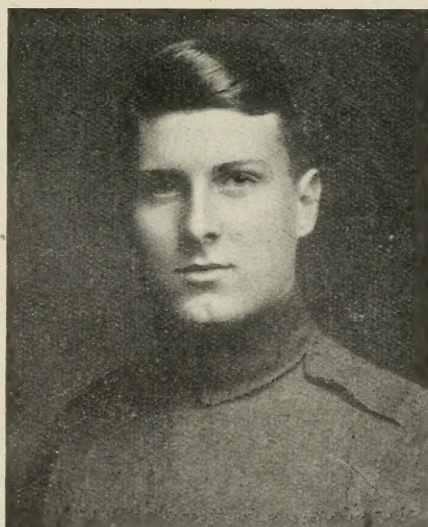
S.A.C., 1912-1917

Prisoner of War in Germany



LIEUT. G. E. LEISHMAN  
R.F.C.

S.A.C., 1907-1914



2nd LIEUT. J. D. SMITH  
R.F.C.

S.A.C., 1917





LIEUT. T. C. MAY  
Royal Naval Air Service  
S.A.C., 1912-1916  
Killed in action on July 24th, 1917



SERG. G. O. PATERSON  
C.A.S.C.  
S.A.C., 1904-1913



LANCE-CORP. A. SYME  
Newfoundland Regiment  
S.A.C. 1912-1913



P.F.O., J. W. TAYLOR  
R.N.A.S.  
S.A.C. 1909-1917



## HONOUR ROLL

## DIED ON SERVICE

Bastedo, R. H.....	Pte.....	Died from diphtheria, Feb. 19th, 1918.
Chesnut, A. W.....	Pte.....	Died from pneumonia, Sept. 6th, 1916.
Ferguson, R. A.....		Died from rheumatism, etc., Sept. 9th, 1917.
Greer, Ward C.....	Lieut.....	Accientally killed, July, 1915.
Hyde, L. B.....	Lieut.....	Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915.
Kappele, G. R.....	Lieut.....	Accidentally killed, July, 1915.
Lockhart, N. B.....	Pte.....	Died from meningitis in camp, Mar. 24th, 1915.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Andrews, F. C.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, March 16th, 1915.
Beecroft, H. T.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, Sept., 1916.
Bell, A. L.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
Bell, Trevor S.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, September 14th, 1916.
Bigwood, P. H.....	Fl. Lieut...	Killed in action, June 21st, 1917.
Blake, G. E.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, July 23rd, 1916.
Bond, H. S.....	Capt.....	Killed in action, August 15th, 1917.
Broughall, Deric.....	Pte.....	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
Brown, B. B.....	Pte.....	Killed in action, Sept., 1916.
Brown, R. A.....	Capt.....	Died of wounds, Nov. 14th, 1917.
Buscombe, R.....	Capt.....	Killed in action, June 19th, 1915.
Campbell, G. H.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, May 20th, 1916.
Clement, D. W.....	Pte.....	Killed in action, Dec. 3rd, 1918.
Cockburn, G. A. R.....	Sub. Lieut.	Died in German camp, Jan., 1918.
Crowe, H. R.....	Fl. Lieut...	Killed in action, June, 1917.
Cunningham, L. E.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, June 13th, 1916.
Eberts, M. M.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, May 15th, 1917.
Devlin, H. S.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, Sept. 9th, 1916.
Diver, F. G.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Geggie, W. M. M.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, October 4th, 1917.
Glover, J. D.....	Capt.....	Killed in action, April 25th, 1915.
Gooch, F. J.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, August 5th, 1917.
Graham, D. W.....	Pte.....	Killed in action, May, 1917.
Hanlon, E. G.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, August 9th, 1917.
Harris, H. K.....	Capt.....	Killed in action, February 22nd, 1918.
Herald, R. A.....	Pte.....	Killed in action, April 22nd, 1915.
Kappele, E. R.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, April, 1917.
Kilgour, A. W.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, July 27th, 1917.
Knighton, Gerald G.....	Major.....	Died of wounds, May, 1917.
Malone, M. E.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, June 3rd, 1916.
Masson, R. G.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, June, 1917.
May, T. C.....	Fl. Lieut...	Killed in action, July, 1917.
McLagan, P. D. M.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, October, 1917.
Montgomery, C. C. S.....	Lieut.....	Killed in action, August 18th, 1917.

Munro, W. M.	Fl. Lieut.	Killed in action, May 8th, 1917.
Nation, G. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 25th, 1916.
Nelson, G. V.	Major.	Killed in action, March 5th, 1917.
Oliver, Allan.	Lieut.	Killed in action, November 24th, 1916.
Phillips, R. A.	2nd Lieut.	Killed in action, August 14th, 1917.
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action, May 4th, 1917.
Raney, P. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, August 21st, 1917.
Rogers, C.	Sub. Lieut.	Killed in action, June 18th, 1916.
Smith, L. F. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, June 15th, 1917.
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Killed in action, October, 1916.
Williams, W. D.	Pte.	Killed in action, June 2nd, 1916.
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action, April 11th, 1917.
Winter, E. R.	Pte.	Killed in action, July 1st, 1916.
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	Killed in action, July 28th, 1916.
Wallace, H. D. M.	Fl. Lieut.	Killed in action, June, 1917.
Wilson, J. T.	Gunner.	Killed in action, November 23rd, 1917.
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action, December, 1917.

### HONOURS AWARDED

The following Honours have been awarded, according to information received at the College.

#### D.S.O.

Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	January, 1918.
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	August 21st, 1916.
McTaggart, W. B.	Major.	January, 1918.
Morphey, J. A.	Major.	January, 1918.

#### D.S.C.

Galbraith, Murray	Lieut.	Nov., 1916. (Bar to D.S.C., Jan., 1917.)
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	September, 1917.

### MILITARY CROSS

Allen, Ernest R.	Lieut.	May 23rd, 1916.
Auld, James C.	Capt.	June 13th, 1916.
(Clasp to Medal, Oct. 18, 1916.)		
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	June 1st, 1917.
Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	October, 1916.
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	January 2nd, 1916.
Clerk, B. M.	Major.	September 8th, 1917.
Fisken, S. F.	Lieut.	September 25th, 1916.
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	January 1st, 1917.
Galbraith, J.	Lieut.	January 24th, 1918.
Gillespie, John	Lieut.	July, 1917.
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	April, 1917.
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	August 8th, 1916.
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	January 11th, 1917.



Hertzberg, H. F. F.....	Lt.-Col.....	November, 1915.
Junkin, R. L.....		November 16th, 1916.
Kay, Jack.....	Lieut.....	June, 1917.
Lindsay, A. B.....	Capt.....	August, 1917.
Lowes, A. T.....	Capt.....	December 21st, 1916.
McClinton, W. S.....	Lieut.....	November, 1916.
McTaggart, G. D.....	Lieut.....	November, 1917.
Macdonnell, J. M.....	Major.....	June 5th, 1916.
Matheson, W. D.....	Lieut.....	April, 1917.
Montgomery, L. C.....	Lieut.....	January, 1918.
Oliver, Allan.....	Lieut.....	November, 1916.
Riches, S. C. R.....	Lieut.....	January 20th, 1918.
Stewart, A. E.....	Capt.....	January 20th, 1918.
Sykes, Hugh.....	Lieut.....	November, 1916.
Taylor, W. W.....	Lieut.....	January 25th, 1918.
Webber, R. S. C.....	Lieut.....	August, 1917.
Wilson, J. H.....	Lieut.....	November, 1916.

**MILITARY MEDAL**

Anderson, W. S.....		October, 1917.
Chase, G. A.....	Sergt.....	October 27th, 1916.
Lennard, H. G.....	Lieut.....	October 12th, 1916.
Montgomery, A.....	Sergt.....	January, 1918.
Montgomery, J. A.....		April, 1917.
Winter, M. G.....	Sergt.....	January 10th, 1918.

**D.C.M.**

Anderson, W. S.....		October, 1917.
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**ORDER OF THE CROWN (BELGIAN)**

(Commander)

Smith, L. F. W.....	Lieut.....	March, 1918.
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**CROIX DE GUERRE**

Galbraith, Murray.....	Lieut.....	Nov. 1916. Bar to Croix de Guerre, 1917 (French)
Smith, L. F. W.....	Lieut.....	March, 1918, (Belgian).

**MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES**

Duncanson, A. E.....	Capt.....	February, 1917.
Hertzberg, H. F. H.....	Lt.-Col.....	January 1st, 1918.
Galbraith, D. M. B.....	Fl. Com.....	1916.
Knighton, G. G.....	Major.....	May 24th, 1917.
Leishman, W. H.....	Lieut.....	Mentioned three times.
McLagan, P. D. M.....	Lieut.....	January 1st, 1918.
McTaggart, W. B.....	Major.....	January 1st, 1918.
Morphey, J. A.....	Major.....	January 1st, 1918.
Taylor, A. E.....	Major.....	January 5th, 1917.

(Has been mentioned 3 times.)

Winter, M. G.....	Sergt.....	December, 1917.
Wishart, D. E. S.....	Capt.....	December, 1917.

The following Old Boys have been reported on the Casualty List since the publication of the Christmas Number of the REVIEW.

#### KILLED IN ACTION

Bastedo, R. H.	Pte.	Died from diphtheria, Feb. 19th, 1918.
Clement, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action, December 3rd, 1917.
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Lieut.	Died in German camp, January, 1918.
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Killed in action, February 22nd, 1918.
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action, December, 1917.

#### WOUNDED OR ILL

Ault, D. A.		December, 1917. Reported ill.
Bath, C. L.	Lieut.	March 16th, 1918. Injured.
Cameron, R. A.	Pte.	Feb. 22nd, 1918. Wounded.
Chase, W. H.	Pte.	February 25th, 1918. Gassed.
Hachborn, E. W.	Major.	March, 1918. Wounded and gassed three times.
Hardie, W. E. G.	Pte.	March 16th, 1918. Gassed.
Livingston, Ross.		—————, 1918. Wounded.
McMichael, J. E.	Pte.	March 1st, 1918. Wounded.
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	March 7th, 1918. Gassed.
McQueen, H. M.	Pte.	January 1st, 1918. Gassed.
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	February 18th, 1918. Wounded.
Willoughby, H. B.	Lieut.	January, 1918. Wounded.
Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	December, 1917. Wounded.

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#### LOYALTY

All hail to the day when the Britons came over,  
 And planted their standards with sea-foam still wet ;  
 Around and above us their spirits will hover,  
 Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.  
 Beneath it the emblems they cherish are waving—  
 The rose of old England the roadside perfumes.  
 The shamrock and thistle the north winds are braving.  
 Securely the mayflower blushes and blooms.

—Joseph Howe.



## OBITUARY

BASTEDO, ROY HAROLD, was born in Toronto on May 15th, 1895. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, coming from St. Alban's School. His promotions were obtained with regularity and he was in the Honour list in 1909. In June, 1910, after completing his year in Form IV. A. he left school to enter business and was with the Imperial Bank when he enlisted. After having made several attempts to join the Royal Flying Corps, he enlisted in the Officers Training Corps, from which unit he later transferred to the Machine Gun Corps, with which branch of the service he was training when he was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Later, diphtheria developed and he died at the Isolation Hospital on February 19th, 1918.

During his three years at St. Andrew's College, Bastedo was always keenly interested in the various school undertakings and was a very popular boy. His old school friends will learn with deep regret of his passing, for he was ever loyal to friends and school.

CLEMENT, DAVID WARD, was born on September 2nd, 1897. He came up to St. Andrew's College from the Kitchener Collegiate Institute in April, 1913, entering Form III. A. He won his promotions with regularity, and in the autumn of 1915 was in the Lower Sixth preparing for matriculation. In August of the same year he had enlisted, but owing to a recent operation for appendicitis was for the time being rated as medically unfit. In January, 1916, he felt it his duty to try again and this time was successful, being taken on the strength of the 118th Battalion. In November of the same year he obtained a transfer to the 1st Re-inforcing Company of the Fifth Royal Highlanders of Montreal, and went overseas shortly afterwards. He had seen considerable service in France when he transferred to the Royal Flying corps. On December the third, 1917, word was received that he had been killed in action.

Clement had many friends at school. He was a steady worker, an earnest player in all the games and thoroughly interested in every phase of school life. His sense of duty was unusually well developed, so that masters and boys learned to place reliance upon him. Many old school friends will experience real

sorrow on learning that he, too, must be numbered with those who have given their all in the fight for right and country.

COCKBURN, GORDON ALAN R., was born on January 19th, 1895. He came to St. Andrew's College from Huron St. Public School in September, 1907, going into Form III. B. He won his Form removals with regularity, being in the Honour list, and matriculated into the University of Toronto in 1910. In September, 1911, he entered the Faculty of Applied Science, and early in 1915 enlisted in the 26th Battery. After training at Kingston he was sent overseas. Later he was with the 43rd Howitzer Battery and was wounded while serving in France in October, 1916. He was also in hospital at Boulogne for a short time suffering from bronchitis. On recovering, he rejoined his battery and was with them at Vimy Ridge. In the autumn of 1917 he obtained his appointment to the 19th Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. Not long after going back to France he was engaged with an enemy machine when he went down and was reported "missing," under date of November 8th, 1917. Early in January word reached Toronto that information received from German sources had brought news of his death.

Cockburn was deservedly popular as a boy at school. He was keenly interested in all school activities and ready to be used wherever wanted by the others. Many of the boys of his day, who knew him as Day Boy and Boarder will read with sincere sorrow of his death.

HARRIS, HOWARD K., was born on January 14th, 1887. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1899, when the school doors were first opened. At that time he was but twelve years of age and was in Form I. His promotions were obtained with regularity until he left in 1903. He then spent a year at Lawrenceville before going to the University of Toronto. In due course he obtained his University degree and later graduated from Osgoode Hall. When war broke out he was with Baillie, Wood and Croft. Obtaining a commission with the 48th Highlanders, he qualified for overseas and went across to England, where he joined the 3rd Essex Regiment as a subaltern. It was not long before he was sent over to France, where he won his promotion on the field, being transferred to the 11th Essex Regiment. On May 29th, 1917, he was gazetted as having won the Military Cross, the official announcement stating that "he



assumed command and control of operations with great coolness and skill, and was of the greatest assistance both in preparations for and execution of the assault." On February 22nd, 1918, word was received that he had been killed in action "while inspecting an advanced German trench."

Many boys of the old guard will read with real regret that Howard Harris has been numbered with those whose lives have been given as the price of liberty. He was a moving spirit in the old school days, active in everything going on and was always a good worker.

WRIGHT, DOUGLAS R. C., was born on July 9th, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, coming from New Westminster, B.C. He spent three years in residence in St. Andrew's College, leaving in June, 1909, after writing on the University of Toronto matriculation examination. On leaving school he went into the real estate business in Saskatoon. Shortly after war broke out he enlisted and went overseas with the Eaton Machine Gun Battery, subsequently seeing considerable service in France. Early in 1917 he obtained his Flight Sub-Lieutenancy in the R.N.A.S. and was soon on active service again in France. On December 23rd, 1917, word was received in Canada that he had been killed in action.

Doug. Wright made many friends in his school days. He was active in all athletics and was a particularly good hockey player. As an old boy, he kept in close touch with his old school, and revisited the old scenes on several occasions. His loss will be keenly felt by many of the boys who were with him at school.

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### OPTIMISM

It's wiser being good than bad ;

It's safer being meek than fierce :

It's fitter being sane than mad.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;

That after Last, returns the First,

Tho' a wide compass round be fetched ;

That what began best, can't end worst—

Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

—*Browning.*

## Old Boys' News

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"TIFF" AND "LIN"  
Behind the Lines in France

A cable has just been received that Flight Lieut. Willoughby ("Hilly") has had his knee "shattered badly." More particulars are expected, which we hope will prove more favourable.

Among those recently mentioned for "gallant conduct and distinguished service," in dispatches from the front, was Capt. Staunton Wishart, who is with the British Forces in Macedonia. Since then he has been transferred to the Palestine Front and is now taking part in the successful campaign in the Holy Land.

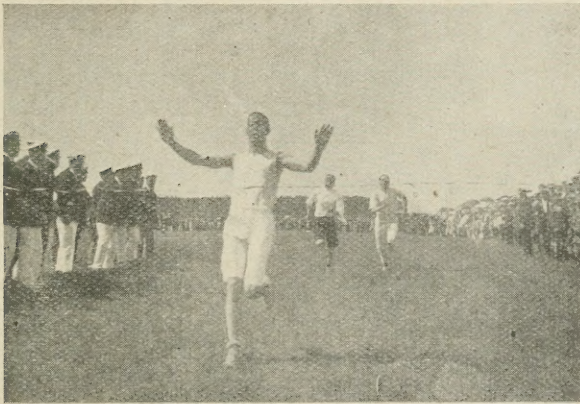
Another Old Boy to receive honours is Lieut.-Colonel H. F. H. Hertzberg (1900-1904). In the New Year's Honours he was granted the D.S.O. and at the same time promoted from Major to Lieut.-Colonel. Lieut.-Colonel Hertzberg had before this been decorated with the Military Cross, for distinguished service at Ypres in April, 1915.



It will be of interest to all to hear that Lieut. "Jack" Ramsden's condition is not as serious as first thought. He has successfully undergone an operation on his foot and is now convalescing in England. Ramsden enlisted as a private and last August won his commission on the field. He was at S.A.C. in 1908-1909.

Lieut. H. A. Somerville paid the School a visit a few days ago. He has recently returned from France, having been wounded there in action.

Another visitor to the School this term was Major W. B. McTaggart, who left Canada a Lieutenant and is returning to France the second time with his majority. McTaggart is following up the good record he established at S.A.C., when he took first place in the R.M.C. examinations. The whole School turned out to give him a send-off, with a good "Hoot."



FIELD DAY IN FRANCE  
Elmer Munro winning the 100 Dash

News has come to hand that Lieut. "Archie" Fleming, who was reported missing for some time, is a prisoner in Germany. No other particulars have yet been received.

Word has also come through that Sergt. Marmaduke Winter (1912-1915), with a Newfoundland Regiment, has been mentioned in dispatches for gallantry and has also received the Military Cross.

Flight-Lieut. Harold Davies, who was reported missing for a week or so, has sent word to his father that he is a prisoner of war in Germany.

Lieut. C. W. L. Calvert, who was wounded a short while ago, is now home on leave.

The REVIEW takes this opportunity of congratulating the following upon their decorations : Major Morphy, D.S.O. ; Lieut. L. C. Montgomery, M.C. ; Lieut. S. C. R. Riches, M.C. ; Capt. A. E. Stewart, M.C. ; Lieut. W. W. Taylor, M.C., and Sergeant Arthur Montgomery, Military Medal.

"Joe" Taylor, P. F. O., and "Ernie" Rolph are stationed in London at Moorgate Hill, Finsbury Pavement, with the R.N.A.S.

Flight-Lieut. Roy Jardine paid a visit to the College during the Christmas holidays, when he was home on leave.



MAJOR W. B. McTAGGART, D.S.O., VISITS THE SCHOOL



## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

[NOTE.—That the interest of the Old Boys of Saint Andrew's College, in their alma mater, is of a very real character, is clearly shown by the many letters received by the Headmaster from those of them who are overseas. To be remembered at times when there is little else to occupy the mind may be rather a doubtful compliment, but to be remembered amid the bursting of Hun shells and in the thick of the fight, is a real honour. In the following extracts we purposely omit all personal references which might be distasteful to the ones concerned. The names of writers are also omitted for the same reason.—EDITOR.]

"My most hearty thanks to the College for the fine parcel and the Christmas card which reached me while I was living in a dug-out 'up the line.' I have been very busy ever since I joined my new company two months ago, and have been living and working in the forward area until yesterday. Christmas Day was a holiday for us and we all went back for the day to our 'horse lines' where we had a real Christmas dinner. Yesterday the REVIEW arrived, and I was delighted to see it for I always look forward to its coming. . . . About a month ago I was driving along a ——— road and whom should I see coming towards me but 'Galloo' Johnson. He is now a Captain in a tunnelling company. I stopped and had a chat with him for an hour, all about the old College and the boys. It is fine to meet the old boys out here."

"I was extremely pleased to receive the Christmas number of the REVIEW. It brought back the days I spent inside of old Andy's walls. What days they were when we look back on them! I am continually meeting old S.A.C. boys. Had dinner last Sunday night with Hammy May. When I returned from leave on the 2nd of last month Ollie Junkin was on the same boat. We had dinner together in Boulogne. Of course in London one meets a great many of the boys, too many to name. It is with a great deal of regret that we read the names of the splendid chaps of the School who have given up their lives in the great cause. . . . I hope the School is having a successful year. It will be nice to visit the old school once more after being out here."

"I have been drafted into the first Division and at present am in the first Canadian D.A.C. waiting my turn to go up the line. In the meantime I am employed in caring for mokes, more commonly called mules. They are some brutes to handle, too. They are as stubborn as their names call for."

"We spent our Christmas Day out of the line, and had very good billets. We managed to get a school for the men's dinner, and I was surprised with all the talk of food shortage how good a dinner we were able to give them. They had a hard time at Passchendaele and the rest we were able to get has just put everyone right again."

"Things keep going on much the same way out here, and there is really never very much to write about. Harry L—— is the only other College boy with the battery, but never a day seems to pass but I run into some College boys."

"It is remarkable the number of Old Boys one runs into out here and in England. . . . The School has certainly done well. . . . Things are very quiet with us at present, our greatest enemy being the mud."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was so sorry to hear of Bud Brown's death. It is rather odd that his grave is within a stone's throw of Maurice Malone's, who was killed over a year before, although this division has moved a great deal since then."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We are having a little respite, and the men are looking better already. It is really wonderful how well they keep considering the conditions."

\* \* \* \* \*

"One of the best incidents on my leave was meeting Mr. Tudball. He had lunch with me. I was very disappointed in not meeting him again."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Had a chat with a St. Andrew's boy. I had a pocket full of our candies and was in the Quartermaster's store, when I pulled out some and said, 'Have a treat on St. Andrew's College.' He then told me he had gone to the School before we moved into the present building."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A DIPLOMATIC ERROR

"The box of candy from the present boys of S.A.C. arrived safely about four days ago and its contents are now only memories. I wasn't expecting a parcel from S.A.C. this year. As Ross Malcolm said, when I saw him in London, I committed a diplomatic error in not letting you know my address before Christmas. However, I see you have found it out somehow. . . . I suppose you know Brooke Bell is now in Italy. As my sick leave was during Christmas season I spent part of it in London where I met, it seems, hundreds of S.A.C. Old Boys. I was put in the same room with Ross Malcolm at the Overseas Officers' Club. I met eight S.A.C. boys in a tea-room one afternoon and we gave them a 'Hoot.' . . . I hope the old School is still going strong."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### BEAUTY IN ASHES

"I am liking my work very much and am so glad I got in this line. But at present we (the signallers) are very busy. There is something out here which seems to make life far more worth living. It strikes me the more the artificial landscape is knocked to pieces the more the natural appears beautiful. Can you imagine a ruined town looking that way? I have seen it."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### "HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD"

"I received the REVIEW to-day, and can't say how glad I was to get it and to learn all about the rugby, hockey and all the items of interest about my old College. Please send me the Easter number and let me know how my subscription to the Old Boys' fund is progressing. I have been over here now for more than three months and am thoroughly in love with the work although up till now it has been very cold. . . . How I would have loved to have been at that Old Boys' dinner. I guess I will be some day anyhow. There is no doubt about it, 'Ed.' certainly deserved the seat of honour. He can certainly be proud of himself, and, undoubtedly, every S.A.C. man is proud of him. I see our Rugby team



lost, but never mind. I'll bet they put up a good fight as usual before they lost. All glory to them and all luck to the Hockey team, which, I am sure, will keep up the traditions of the Old School in sportsmanship and all other ways. I only wish I was back playing centre and enjoying every minute of it."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The parcel of sweets from the present boys of old S.A.C. brought back some very fond memories of the old times at School, which we used to think were so hard but which now seem the best and easiest of our lives."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was very much pleased to receive the Christmas box and REVIEW from the boys a few days ago. I wish you would thank Mrs. Macdonald for me, for I feel sure she was largely instrumental in sending these reminders to the Old Boys in service. The REVIEW made very interesting reading and the boys in my section had a good laugh over the 'Skits.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I've been wondering all along how our fellows are making out in the hockey games and haven't heard a word from anyone regarding the season. About a week ago I received the parcel of candies from the present boys of the old School, and it certainly was great to get them. A real old Canadian candy is something worth having over here. I like them so much that I have rationed myself to so many each day, and in that way hope to have them last longer. . . . The Old Boys do appreciate these things. The fellows at School now don't realize how much. I know that I didn't last year. So please thank any of the chaps you see for me and say how much my roommates and I are enjoying them."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The REVIEW was also greatly appreciated. St. Andrew's certainly has an Honour Roll to be proud of, but what a gap there is among the Old Boys! The reason for it all is hard to fathom, but I always think of what Dr. Grenfell said, when speaking of Arthur Hewitt,—'His life has been more successful than that of thousands of men who live to be seventy or more.' The Canadians in our service are expecting Canadian leave this year. If I do get it I hope to be able to revisit St. Andrew's."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Last fall in London we had quite a reunion of Old Boys, about twenty of us happening to collect at the Savoy. While it was impromptu the same old School spirit still pervades us all, and until well on into the morning we swapped yarns of our happy days at the old School."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Though there are a great many more Old Boys whom I haven't seen, I hear of them now and then, and keep a list so that when I do write I can tell you what I know about them. . . . I hope you will convey to the boys of the School my heartfelt thanks for their kindness and their generosity, and wish them for me the very best luck throughout the year in everything they undertake."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was greatly impressed with the details of the party Mrs. Macdonald gave the returned Old Boys and I can assure you that all the boys out here will think highly of that party as we all feel that we were well represented."

"The 'Good Luck' box from the present St. Andrew's boys arrived last night, and I should like to send my sincere thanks to them through you."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Just a line to thank all concerned for their thoughtfulness in sending us all Christmas parcels, not to mention the good old REVIEW, which is to some of us, as you know, the most interesting mail we receive. I had no idea where several chaps, whom I'm interested in, were, or what had happened to them until I saw the REVIEW; and I am sorry to say that I found the real Roll of Honour so large. Of course poor old Bud's name was the most important one on the list to me. I saw him several times on his leave and I said good-bye to him for the last time just an hour before he got on the leave train to go back. . . . Two other S.A.C. boys are in our squadron. I was sent on an ——— course about two weeks ago and the first person I ran into in the town was Lin. Wright. His ——— group were out at rest, and I spent a very enjoyable six days rooming with him. Harry Leishman is in the same unit. Two days ago we observed for Don Cantley's battery."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It surely is fine to feel that you are being remembered by the Old School. It seems so long ago since I was at St. Andrew's that I feel lucky to be thought of, but I feel very proud to be an Old Boy of a School that has instilled into its Old Boys the spirit that is shown in the Honour Roll alone."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The REVIEW has also arrived and I have read it from cover to cover with great interest. The Skits have been around this Mess, and have caused as much laughter as a copy of *Punch* or *Life*."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### "THE NATION'S AIRY NAVIES"

"Clifford Risteen came to France in August and was brought down on the 26th of September. He was in a scout squadron on a patrol when they all got lost. A captain coming out of a cloud saw him going down slowly in a spiral descent, apparently out of control, with five 'Fritzies' after him. The captain finished off one of the Huns, and by then Cliff had landed, but up till now no word has been received of him."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HOME LIFE

"Many thanks to the fellows for the corking box of candy they sent out. The whole family were enjoying them last night. Our home at present is in the support lines. We are living in what was once a very ordinary cellar, but which the Hun has converted into a palatial residence. The ceiling is whitewashed, and there is burlap on the walls, not to mention a mighty fine stove—a most important item these days. This evening we move up to the front line for a few days. I'm hoping Fritz decides to leave me alone, as my leave is almost due. In fact I go as soon as we come out again."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE "REVIEW" A CASUALTY ?

"I must tell you the exciting experience of the last Easter REVIEW which you sent to me. The mail arrived just before we were moving into the assembly position for the ——— show. I read my letters and destroyed them, and not



having time to read the REVIEW slipped it into my pocket. It was a real 'show' and the good old REVIEW went through it all. At odd times I glanced through it and found most pleasure in reading the Skits. Then word came that we were to move up to reinforce the left front and I had to leave the REVIEW behind. I saw Doug Cotton with his trench mortars on the way up, and Paul Skidmore in the front line. He was one of the three officers left in the line. Unless someone came to the rescue of the REVIEW I am afraid I shall have to report it missing—'destroyed by shell fire'—as it was rather a hot spot where I left it."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THEIR FIRST HUN

"There's great excitement in the squadron to-day. We've got our first Hun. Two of our machines went over on photos to-day and just as they were starting for home five Albatross scouts attacked them. Captain —— got right on the tail of one and had an absolutely perfect shot but his gun jammed. He swung around to let his observer get in a shot but his gun also stopped after ten rounds, so it left the other machine with five Huns on top of them. The pilot, seeing that a Hun was on his tail, left it to his observer and after firing 150 rounds it started to spin and roll down and finally crashed. ——'s bus had eighteen bullet holes in it and he had great difficulty in getting home."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE TIE THAT BINDS

"Just a line to convey to the present boys of the School my thanks for their splendid box of candies. I had just come back to camp after my leave to London and was greatly surprised to receive a parcel so soon. It was the means of meeting an old boy from the College. I was visiting a chum of mine in a camp near here a few weeks ago, and told him I had received a box from the School. Immediately he told me that one of the sergeants in his battalion had received one too. So I hunted him up and was very glad indeed to see him."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### COULD NOT SEE SCOTLAND FOR MIST

"Five days of my leave were spent in Scotland, during which period I never saw more than five hundred yards of the country at one time. The whole place was shrouded in mist. George K—— was my guide, so I'll have to take his word for it that Scotland is a beautiful country."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HE ENJOYS HOSPITAL LIFE

"I am having a very pleasant time in hospital at present and I thought I would write and tell you about another Old Boy who is in a bed opposite to mine. You will be sorry to hear that R—— had his foot amputated the day before yesterday. He was brought into this ward after the operation and he has shown wonderful courage and patience. . . . It is difficult for me to describe R——'s conduct before he was admitted to hospital, or his subsequent behaviour. My vocabulary is very limited and the usual expressions, 'devotion to duty,' 'utmost gallantry,' 'unfailing cheerfulness and patience after suffering,' have been used so frequently that (like the Lord's Prayer) the words have become meaningless. The nervous strain and the pain which R—— endured for twenty-six hours are almost inconceivable. For part of the time he was lying within the German wire, while German patrols went out and patrolled No Man's Land. He was

severely wounded in several places in addition to his shattered ankle. In crawling back to our lines he was fired at by German machine guns, besides running the risk of being killed by our own posts. Of course he had nothing to eat or drink during that time. Then followed the operation. His physical condition must have been wonderful to enable him to pull through as he did.

His conduct is a further example of what stuff the Old Boys are made."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FIRST CONFLICT IN THE AIR

"I had my first conflict in the air this morning. Three machines from our flight went over on photography and just as we got a little way into Hunland I noticed nine very familiar looking machines of the Albatross type a mile away from us and 3,000 feet above us. We were at 6,500 feet. I leaned over and told ——— and when I looked up again I saw two of them diving at us. I fired a red light, and turned my Lewis on him. He came down to about 350 yards of us and I opened fire. It's quite a long range in the air and, although I got close enough to make him turn in a steep bank and go back, I don't think I hit him. He was firing at the same time at one of our escort."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CARRY ON

"Very many thanks indeed for the Christmas greetings from the College, which arrived the day before yesterday. It always cheers you up to feel that good old S.A.C. still thinks of her Old Boys who are striving, each in his own way, to prove themselves worthy of her glorious motto."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We still carry on with the war, and it is not a very nice war in the winter. Of course there is not the shell fire we get in the summer, but wading knee deep in mud is not an occupation to charm even the most sanguine mind. And then the country is so forlorn, desolate and bleak that it is always a marvel to me how cheery our Canadian 'Tommies' are. However, Christmas itself was different. It was snowy, cold and clear. In fact there was quite a Canadian atmosphere about it. Three inches of fluffy snow hid the hideous scars of war, so that at night when the moon rose it was like a fairyland in comparison with the same scene twenty-four hours previously. Fritz was evidently celebrating because we could hear distinctly his bands playing some place far in the rear. At night it was quite evident he was celebrating, because the sounds of bibulous revelry from his front line were most amusing."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We are all very optimistic, especially when in France, as there one catches the true spirit of loyalty and comradeship which, if everything else should fail, will alone bring us successfully through the war to a happy end."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Am just dropping a line to thank the Boys of S.A.C. for their very welcome Christmas box which arrived this morning. You probably realize just what it means to us out here to be remembered by the people at home. The old war still drags along, and the end still seems far away. God grant that we may stay with the job till all our aims are accomplished."

\* \* \* \* \*

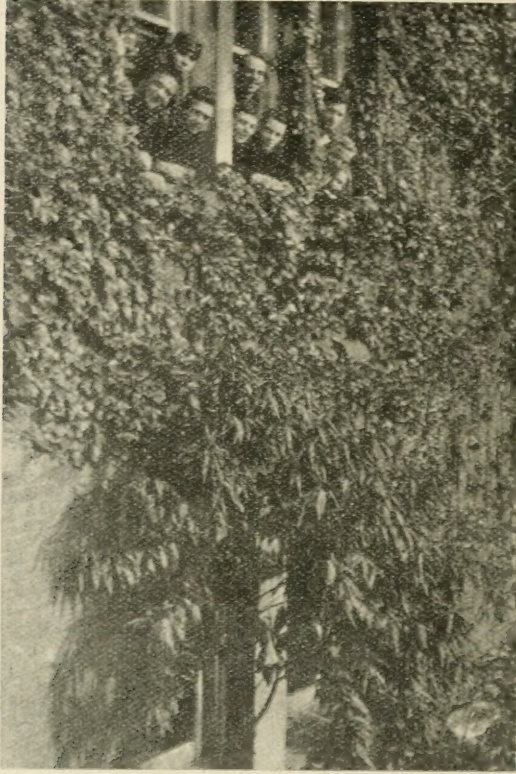
"The parcel and the Christmas number of the College REVIEW both reached me safely. I was particularly glad to get the latter, as I am greatly interested



in the old School and in the list of names of the Old Boys who are out here. . . .  
We will be all glad when the time comes that we can return to our homes in  
Canada. In the meantime we can carry on."

The Headmaster desires to acknowledge the receipt of letters from the following Old Boys :

Allen, J. Stuart	Frith, E. Vincent	Mills, Leslie G.
Atkinson, H. J. H.	Frith, Norman	Montgomery, L. C.
Beaty, Harold	Gibson, W. Osmund	Morrison, Angus M.
Bell, Whiteford G.	Gill, R. J.	Morrison, D. W.
Blackstock, Gibbs	Grant, Gerald W.	Moseley, Paul
Bole, Wilfrid	Grier, Chas. B.	Munro, H. E.
Bradshaw, Edwin O.	Gouinlock, G. Roper	O'Brian, Lewis
Bullock, F. Harrison	Hallam, Malcolm R.	Paisley, "Pep"
Burns, Edwin	Hamilton, Henry K.	Porter, R. M.
Burns, Gavin K.	Harris, Howard K.	Rice, H. F.
Burns, Maurice C.	Haywood, C. U.	Riches, Stanley
Cassels, Gordon	Hennessy, A. B.	Richardson, F. B.
Carlyle, D. B.	Hertzberg, O. P.	Risteen, Geo.
Caverhill, E. C.	Ings, J. Walter	Risteen, C. F.
Chase, W. W.	Kelly, Charlie	Scott, Douglas S.
Clarke, Eric K.	Kemp, C. A.	Smith, J. Russell
Collins, F. H.	Kent, H. G.	Smith, Sydney
Corbould, C. B.	Lash, G. H.	Snow, G. B.
Corsan, T. W.	Leckie, C. P.	Snowball, F. Lawrence
Coulthard, K. B.	Lightbourne, A. H.	Spohn, H. G.
Crawford, Hume	Loudon, L. B. M.	Stonehouse, C. E.
Crowe, Jim	Lorimer, Norman H.	Strother, K.
Dack, J. O.	Lowndes, Roy	Taylor, Joe
DeBeck, C. V.	Lytle, W. H.	Taylor, W. W.
Donaldson, H. A.	McFarlane, R. W.	Thomson, G. Grant
Douglas, J. Gordon	McMurtry, Claude	Tibb, J. C.
Duncan, J. M.	McPherson, N. B.	Towers, Graham
Dyment, Irvine	MacGillivray, Gordon L.	Tudball, T. B. D.
Eakins, G. G.	MacKeen, H. P.	Watson, Harry
Fergusson, Neil	MacLaren, Ian	West, R. Ross
Findley, Irving	MacNutt, P. T.	Whitney, E. C.
Firstbrook, H. M.	Marsh, P. C.	Wright, Lindsay
Foster, M. L.	Milligan, Franklin	Yuille, W. B.



"FLOWERS IN THE CRANNIED WALL"

### MARRIAGES

RIDDELL, CAPT. A. R., to Miss Beatrice Kent, of Toronto, on Dec. 26th, 1917.

DAVIES, WILFRED, to Miss Adele Dorothy Wright, of Toronto, on Dec. 11th, 1917.

PORTER, LIEUT. R. M., in June, 1917. No particulars.

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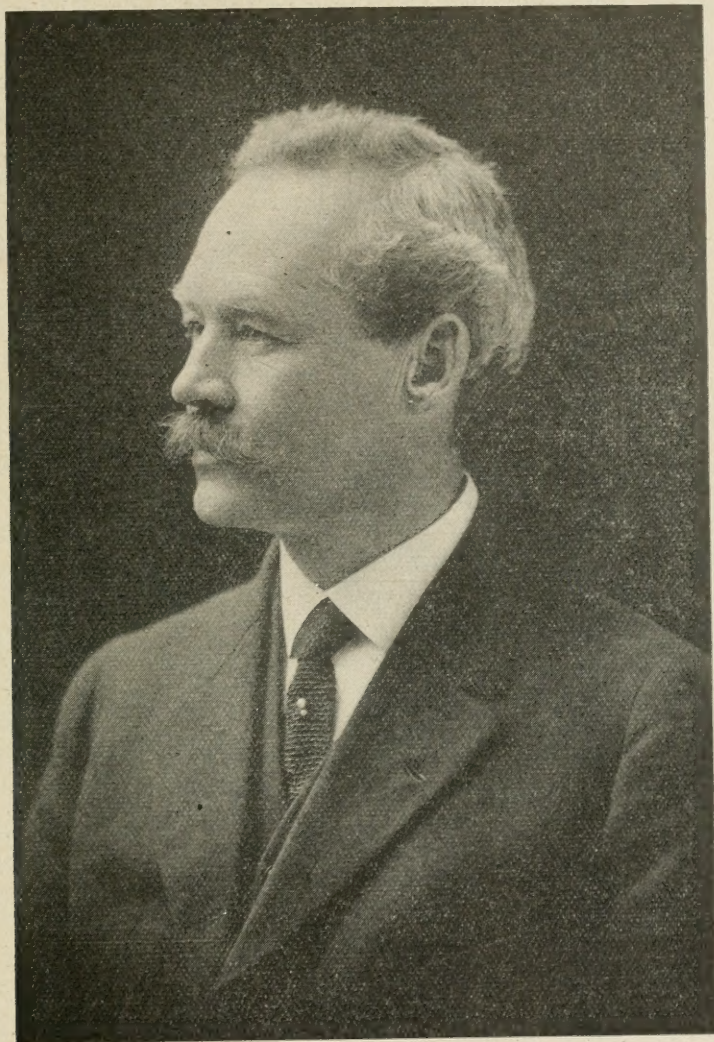
### BIRTH

To Mr. and Mrs. H. G. LENNARD, a son. Jan. 6th, 1918.



## School News

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DR. WILFRED GRENFELL, C.M.G.

### DOCTOR GRENFELL'S VISIT

**T**HE most memorable event of the term was the visit of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, C.M.G., the man whose name has become a household word through his work in behalf of the fisher-folk on

the Labrador Coast. Though Doctor Grenfell visited St. Andrew's in 1907, this was the first opportunity any of the boys at present in residence had of seeing him and of hearing him speak in their own school home.

The former visit left a lasting impression. The interest created at that time, concerning his work, has been kept alive and until the war broke out practical assistance was rendered the Labrador work each year. But the needs of our soldiers at the front has caused a narrowing of interests, a fact which Doctor Grenfell noted and commended in the inspiring talk which he gave.

The weather was undoubtedly bad for his reception. But in spite of the snowstorm and the fact that his motor could not proceed up the College drive, he appeared on schedule time.

Everyone was seated in the prayer hall when the distinguished guest entered, accompanied by the Headmaster. After a few words of introduction by the latter, Doctor Grenfell was received by the boys in a manner that left no doubt as to their appreciation of his visit. It was not an address nor a speech that was heard that morning, but rather an intimate talk which revealed to each one the wonderfully kind personality of the speaker.

Though little was said by way of description of the situation in Labrador, yet the stern facts regarding the lives of the people there were impressed upon all in a vivid manner. The speaker told in a general way what he had done and what he hoped to do. He related some personal experiences, among which was one more thrilling than any tale of adventure read in fiction. It was a story of how he once had almost lost his life, on an ice floe, which drifted to sea after he and a few of his dogs had taken refuge upon it from the cold waters in which they had been cast. The description of his efforts to keep himself from perishing with cold and of his rescue by a couple of fishermen was vivid.

Doctor Grenfell concluded by thanking the School for its help in the past and by mentioning the fact that he was now building another hospital and, were it not for Red Cross and other patriotic work, that he would be proud and gratified if the name of St. Andrew's were written on some of the bricks.

The last glimpse we had of our guest was his overcoated figure ploughing through the snow to his motor at the College gate.



## THE CADET CORPS DANCE

ON Friday evening, February first, the officers and members of the Cadet Corps were "At Home" to their friends. It was the first time since the outbreak of war that this once annual affair has been held, and there is no need to say that it was thoroughly enjoyed. Apart from the social side, it had as an objective the raising of funds to help send the REVIEW to our Old Boys overseas.

The College drive, which since the early winter had been impassable, presented during the day a scene of busy industry. Numbers of voluntary workers were labouring with shovel and plow clearing a passage for the motors of the guests. The readiness with which this was done showed a willing spirit and a desire to make it a successful event.

And so it was ! Doctor and Mrs. Macdonald and Captain Hewitt received the guests as they entered the hall. At eight-thirty Piper Wiggins of the Pipe Band announced the commencement of the dancing. After the first dance a bugle announced each number.

Between dances the cosy corners were well patronized. Mrs. Macdonald and her energetic staff of workers deserve the hearty congratulations of all concerned for the transformations they wrought. Inviting chairs and benches were everywhere and the library was a true tribute to her trouble.

From the eighth to thirteenth dances supper was served in the dining room. The room was neatly arranged and the dainty refreshments were enjoyed by all.

About two hundred and fifty dancers appreciated the excellent music, and the floor was all that could be desired. It was a brilliant scene, the scarlet and khaki mingling with the multi-coloured gowns of the ladies, with here and there a glimpse of the conventional black.

The programme concluded about one o'clock, and after "God Save the King," the happy gathering dispersed.

Congratulations are in order and we feel that the committee deserve much credit for their untiring efforts. No trouble was spared to provide pleasure and comfort for the guests, and the evening passed off very smoothly.

STAN BEATH.

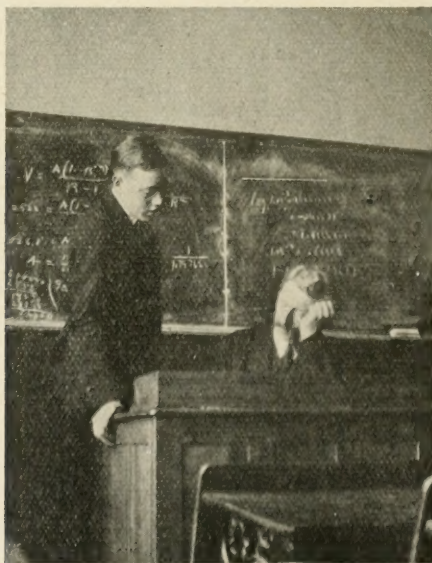
### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Literary Society played its usual important part in the life of the School during the past term. What was of much interest to the boarders was the fact that there were usually several day boys on hand at the meetings. Their contributions to the various programmes were well received.

To Mr. Laidlaw, as President, Emmerson as First Vice-President, and Ross I. as Secretary, must be accredited the major part of arranging the offerings. Although there were no debates this year talent was discovered in several places among the boys, and their short addresses often proved interesting.

The vocal selections of Miss Steinhoff and Mr. Fleming, and the violin numbers by Mr. Laidlaw, contributed much to the success of several of the meetings. The Lower School had their annual night, when they supplied the numbers. The final meeting was conducted by the day boys.

Undoubtedly the most successful night of the season was the illustrated lecture delivered by Mr. Robinson on "Pompeii." Having made a special study of the subject and having visited the places he described, he held the interest of his audience from beginning to end.

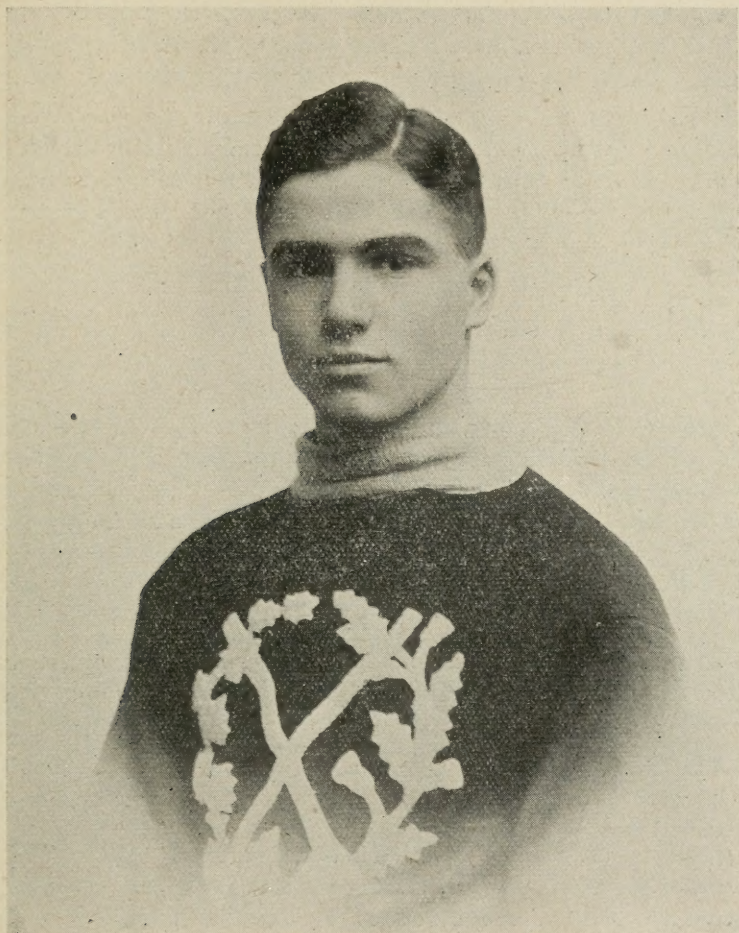


CORRECTING THE EXERCISE



## Athletics

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R. G. GORDON  
Captain First Hockey Team

### PERSONNEL OF FIRST TERM

GORDON ("Gord"), Right Wing—An old colour whose consistent playing kept the forward line efficient. He is a trifle light but very fast and effective. He managed his team in an excellent manner.

RENDELL ("Ren"), Right Defence—An old colour. Owing to an injury he was unable to play after the second game. He is a good rusher with plenty of speed, which could have been used to advantage were he available for the other games.

BEATH ("Stan"), Left Defence—Came up from last year's seconds. Plays his position well. Excelled in the last T.C.S. game.

SYER ("Rufus"), Right Defence—Another of last year's Seconds. A good steady player and excellent back checker. Was moved back from the forward line after the second game.

PATTEN ("Bobs"), Centre—A new boy with excellent stick-handling ability and a beautiful shot, who proved to be a valuable man.

McMULLEN ("Oscar"), Left Wing—First year on team. Turned out to be a find who improved greatly as the season progressed.

HEAP ("Uriah"), —A new boy who, after he became accustomed to his surroundings, played a hard game. A splendid stick-handler and a good shot.

CAMERON ("Jock"), Goal—A new boy. Undoubtedly one of the cleverest goalers in the School's history. Showed up well in both U.C.C. games.

#### U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

On January 17th the first team met Upper Canada College first team in our first game in the preparatory college group of the Junior O.H.A. The teams lined up as follows :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>U.C.C.</i>
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Hardaker
Rendell.....	R. Defence.....	Wright
Beath.....	L. Defence.....	Ross
Gordon.....	Centre.....	Tyrell
Patten.....	R. wing.....	Todd
McMullen.....	L. wing.....	McDonald
Boyd.....	Substitute.....	McIntosh
Referee—Lou E. Marsh.		

#### FIRST PERIOD.

The game started fast and clean. Upper Canada showed a very fair combination and after four minutes' play McDonald succeeded in scoring on a wing shot. U.C.C., 1 ; S.A.C., 0.



Individual playing of the end-to-end variety made the play more spectacular. The S.A.C. forwards shot continually on their opponents' net but were unable to pass Hardaker.

The period ended with both teams playing hard. Score : U.C.C., 1 ; S.A.C., 0.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

The second period opened with more individual play. The S.A.C. defence alternated rushes with forward division. Only the good work of Wright and Ross for Upper Canada prevented scoring. McIntosh secured the puck on a pass and scored after two minutes' play. U.C.C., 2 ; S.A.C., 0.

Seven minutes later he repeated and the period ended three to nothing for Upper Canada.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

In the first minute of the third period McIntosh scored again after a pretty piece of stickhandling.

Play was fast, with the Crimson and White pressing. After three minutes Patten netted the only goal for S.A.C.

Six minutes later McDonald scored Upper Canada's last goal.

In the last ten minutes of play S.A.C. worked to overcome their rivals four-goal lead, but the game ended : S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 5.

The most effective players on the Upper Canada team were McDonald, McIntosh and Tyrell, while the College defence, Beath and Rendell, played the strongest game. For S.A.C., Cameron, in goal, proved a find and was a tower of strength in the nets.

#### S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

On Tuesday, January 21st, the first contest between U.T.S. and S.A.C. was staged. The line-up was as follows :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>U.T.S.</i>
Cameron.....	Goal.....	J. Sullivan
Rendell.....	R. defence.....	Boulter
Beath.....	L. defence.....	Munro
Gordon I. (capt.)....	Centre.....	Aggett (capt.)
Patten.....	Right wing.....	Gunn
Syer.....	Left wing.....	F. Sullivan
McMullen .....	Substitute.....	Rowell

A few moments after the face-off Boulter managed to put the puck past Cameron. Immediately Munro made one of his end-to-end rushes and did likewise. Aggett secured another count a few seconds later.

S.A.C. seemed to revive a little and Gordon scored when Patten rushed the length of the ice and passed to him in front of the goal.

The revival was of short duration, however, as Sullivan scored from the wing, and was followed almost immediately by Aggett.

Munro made another end-to-end rush which resulted in a score. A few seconds later he combined with Aggett which netted them another counter.

Rendell now featured a lone rush from end to end, which resulted in a score. Munro immediately duplicated for them. This ended the scoring for the period. U.T.S., 8 ; S.A.C., 2.

In the second period the furious pace which both teams had maintained in the beginning eased a little.

Gunn drew first blood for the U.T.S., but Patten managed to score for us. Later Munro scored after Sullivan made a brilliant rush and passed. U.T.S., 10 ; S.A.C., 3.

In the third period Sullivan started the scoring, and a few moments later passed to Aggett, who repeated.

Patten managed to make another splendid rush which resulted in a score.

Munro's rushes were responsible for two more, while Boulter and Aggett secured one each. Thus the period ended. U.T.S., 16 ; S.A.C., 4.

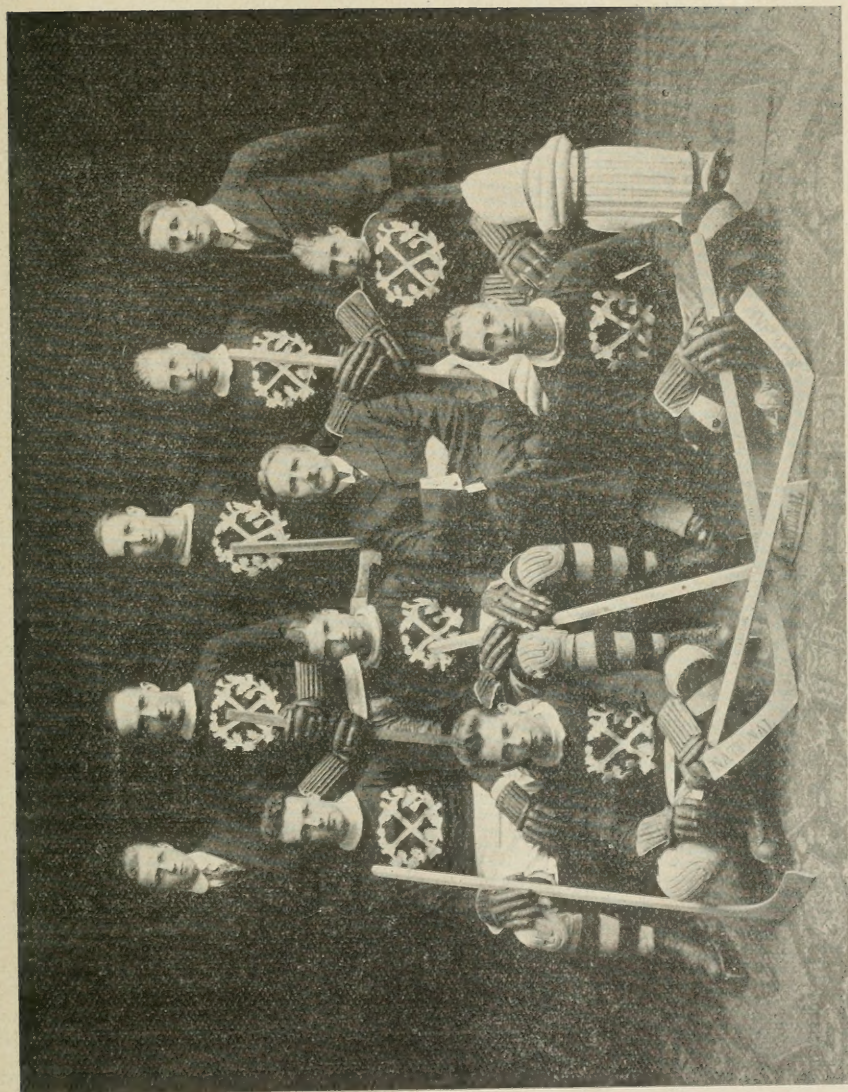
#### S.M.C. vs. S.A.C.

On January 23rd the team met the team from St. Michael's College at the Arena Gardens at four o'clock. The St. Andrew's team was changed considerably through Rendell's injury, Syer going back to the defence and Heap playing as substitute.

The line-up :

S.A.C.	Position.	S.M.C.
Cameron.....	Goal.....	O'Brien
Beath.....	L. defence.....	Brown
Syer.....	R. defence.....	Lee
Gordon.....	Centre.....	Beaudoin
Patten.....	R. wing.....	Cronin
McMullen.....	L. wing.....	Kelly
Heap.....	Substitute.....	Gowlett





ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1917-1918



## FIRST PERIOD.

After four minutes of rather loose playing Lee scored on an end-to-end rush. A minute and a half later Patten secured on a pass and scored the first goal for College. S.A.C., 1 ; S.M.C., 1.

Brown, the Irishmen's star defence player, rushed, and, evading the defence, scored. Two minutes later he repeated. The St. Michael's team were playing a little combination but S.A.C. showed hardly anything but individual work, which proved ineffective against their opponents' strong defence. Period ended : S.A.C., 1 ; S.M.C., 3.

## SECOND PERIOD.

St. Andrew's started the period with some fast playing, but Brown secured the puck at his own net and went up for a goal.

St. Andrew's pressed S.M.C. hard, and two minutes' later Beath scored on a shot from outside the defence.

Brown came back with another goal, making the score 5-2 for S.M.C.

Gordon took a pass, and his terrific wing shot netted another goal after three minutes' play. S.A.C., 3 ; S.M.C., 5.

McMullen followed this with another tally. Play was now becoming very fast and close. Beaudoin, however, broke away and shooting from outside the defence caught the corner of the net. S.A.C., 4 ; S.M.C., 6.

## THIRD PERIOD.

Play slackened at the opening of the final period and Lee succeeded in tallying S.M.C.'s seventh goal. Three minutes later Brown repeated his team-mate's performance and again scored, making two in succession. S.A.C., 4 ; S.M.C., 9.

Gordon got S.A.C.'s last goal on a wing shot that O'Brien missed. The game ended : S.A.C., 5 ; S.M.C., 9.

Brown of St. Michael's played brilliantly, and O'Brien in the nets did good work. Beath and Gordon were the best of the College team.

## S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The line-up :

S.A.C.	Position	U.C.C.
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Hardaker
Beath.....	Defence.....	Wright
Syer.....	Defence.....	Ross



Patten.....	Centre.....	Tyrell
Gordon.....	Wing.....	Todd
McMullen.....	Wing.....	McDonald
Heap.....	Substitute.....	Gledhill

## FIRST PERIOD.

The play opened fast, both teams being at their best.

Gordon opened the scoring with a shot which beat Hardaker, followed closely by another by Beath.

U.C.C. now tightened up and several rushes were made by both teams, Cameron being called upon to make some fine stops. Just as the bell rang Gordon netted the puck. It was not allowed. S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 0.

## SECOND PERIOD.

McDonald got the puck on the face-off, and following in on his own shot, got the puck past Cameron for U.C.C.'s first score. Wright and McDonald, after three minutes' play, combined for U.C.C.'s second counter.

With about six minutes of the period to be played, Todd beat Cameron on a lone rush and a shot which bounded off the net-tender's pads. S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 3.

## THIRD PERIOD.

After about six minutes of play Gordon passed from behind the U.C.C. goal to Patten, who shot it in for S.A.C.'s third counter.

Both teams were back-checking hard and it was some time before U.C.C. managed to get another past Cameron.

With only a few minutes to play, S.A.C. fought fiercely for the tying goal, but U.C.C. played a defensive game and managed to keep their net clear until the final time.

Final score : S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 4.

## U.T.S. vs. S.A.C.

The line-up :

S.A.C.	Position	U.T.S.
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Joe Sullivan
Beath.....	Defence.....	Munroe
Syer.....	Defence.....	Rowell
Gordon.....	Centre.....	Aggett
Patten.....	Wing.....	Gunn
McMullen.....	Wing.....	F. Sullivan
Heap.....	Substitute.....	Boulter

Gordon got the puck on the face-off and went through the whole U.T.S. team but failed to score. U.T.S. now bombarded the S.A.C. goal and Cameron made some beautiful stops.

Sullivan and Aggett now broke away in a combination for U.T.S.'s first goal.

After a few minutes of play Sullivan again got one past Cameron on a shot from the left-hand corner.

End of first period : U.T.S., 2 ; S.A.C., 0.

After about two minutes Patten was penalized.

U.T.S. again broke through the defence and got one in past Cameron.

Patten, much refreshed, made a rush and beat Sullivan for S.A.C.'s first goal.

Munro, getting the puck from the face-off, followed up a shot and notched U.T.S.'s third tally.

S.A.C. now slackened for a few minutes and U.T.S. added two more goals to their credit before the gong sounded.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.T.S., 5.

After about six minutes of play, Heap got away through the U.T.S. defence and, taking a pass from Gordon, scored S.A.C.'s second goal.

Sullivan now got the puck and shooting from outside the defence, tallied U.T.S.'s sixth goal.

U.T.S. again got the puck from a scramble and notched the last goal just as the gong rang.

S.A.C., 2 ; U.T.S., 7.



FIRST TEAM AT PORT HOPE



## S.A.C. vs. S.M.C.

The line-up :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>S.M.C.</i>
Cameron.....	Goal.....	O'Brien
Syer.....	Defence.....	Kelly
Gordon.....	Defence.....	Brown
Heap.....	Centre.....	Rocque
McMullen.....	L. wing.....	Pardes
Patten.....	R. wing.....	Beaudoin
Boyd.....	Substitute.....	Cronin

After the face-off and about five minutes of erratic playing, both teams settled down and the playing became close and fast.

Gordon broke away but failed to beat St. Mike's able net tender.

St. Mike's now bombarded S.A.C. goal but Cameron cleared nicely.

Gordon got away on a lone rush but failed to score.

Cameron playing the game of his life and had lots to do.

S.A.C. played a three-man defence.

Boyd, Gordon and Patten all rushed but failed to score.

After a few minutes' play St. Mike's opened the scoring.

After the face-off Syer made a beautiful lone rush through the whole St. Mike's team but failed to find the nets.

End of first period : St. Mike's, 1 ; S.A.C., 0.

Gordon got the puck on the face-off, went right through the whole St. Michael's team and beat O'Brien for S.A.C.'s first tally.

Brown rushed and notched St. Mike's second goal.

St. Mike's again scored after about 3 minutes of play.

St. Mike's carried the puck into S.A.C. territory and scored twice.

Gordon and Patten now got together, passed the St. Mike's defence and beat O'Brien.

End of second period : S.A.C., 2 ; St. Mike's, 5.

Both teams now began to "mix it up" and several penalties were imposed on both sides.

After a few minutes of play, Kelly tallied again for St. Mike's.

Gordon got another on a pass from Patten.

Heap scored another on a pass from Gordon.

After 3 minutes' play Beaudoin and Brown both beat Cameron.

Brown again made a lone rush and scored just as the gong sounded.

S.A.C., 4 ; St. Michael's, 9.

### S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

On Saturday, February 23rd, our firsts made the trip to Port Hope to play T.C.S. Although the weather was rather soft the ice was in good condition.

St. Andrew's won the toss and chose the east end of the rink. The teams lined up as follows :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>T.C.S.</i>
Cameron.....	Goal .....	Bradburn (capt.)
Syer.....	R. defence.....	Orr
Beath.....	L. defence.....	Baker
Patten.....	Centre .....	Mackenzie
Gordon I. (capt.)....	R. wing .....	Harper, Maj.
McMullen .....	L. wing.....	Harper, Max.
Heap.....	Substitute.....	Anderson

#### FIRST PERIOD.

S.A.C. secured the puck at the face-off, Gordon carried it down the ice and scored immediately.

This lead was not held long, however, as Harper almost immediately got one past Cameron, and shortly afterwards the feat was duplicated. T.C.S., 2 ; S.A.C., 1.

St. Andrew's now braced up and forced the play for a time, during which Orr sustained a bad cut in the leg, but he stayed in the game.

T.C.S. soon relieved, however, and scored twice more before the end of the period. T.C.S., 4 ; S.A.C., 1.

S.A.C. worked hard, but did not seem to make any impression. T.C.S., on the other hand, were very effective.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

T.C.S. secured the puck at the face-off, and after some good combination, again put the puck past Cameron.

T.C.S. rushed well, but Cameron cleared more effectively than before. They managed to score again when the puck was passed out from behind the net.



After some play, Patten got possession, rushed up the boards and beat Bradburn with a nice shot from the wing. T.C.S., 6 ; S.A.C., 2.

T.C.S. scored again before the end of the period, and although S.A.C. worked hard, their efforts were of no avail. T.C.S., 7 ; S.A.C., 2.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

S.A.C. pressed hard for a few moments and Beath made a good rush, but T.C.S. always managed to clear.

After a time they batted in another one from a scrimmage in front of our net.

They continued to press, but Cameron was beginning to find himself and let nothing get past.

Gordon got the puck at centre and after tricking the defence, scored on Bradburn.

The remainder of the game was composed of rushes which had no effect on the score.

T.C.S., 8 ; S.A.C., 3.

Orr and Baker, on the defence, did good work for T.C.S., Bradburn was also good in goal ; while for us, Gordon, Patten and Beath played well.

A.G.C.

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#### T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

S.A.C. met T.C.S. in the second of the home-and-home games which was contested at the Arena, S.A.C.'s home ice. The ice was not fast and the playing in the first period was rather loose, featuring individual rushes rather than any good combination.

The line-up :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>T.C.S.</i>
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Bradburn
Beath.....	L. defence.....	Orr
Syer.....	R. defence.....	Baker
Patten.....	Centre.....	MacKenzie
Gordon.....	R. wing.....	Harper, Maj.
McMullen.....	L. wing.....	Harper, Max.
Heap.....	Substitute.....	Anderson

## FIRST PERIOD.

Gordon got the puck on the face-off, and, before either team had settled down, had slammed two wicked shots at the T.C.S. goal, shots missing by inches.

T.C.S. came back and bombarded Cameron, who cleared nicely.

The play during the first period was fairly evenly divided, both teams checking back well.

End of first period : S.A.C., 0 ; T.C.S., 0.

## SECOND PERIOD.

After about 4 minutes of play, Patten skated through the T.C.S. team but failed to score.

After several rushes by both teams, Patten again got the puck, and passing the T.C.S. defence, drew first blood for S.A.C.

After this T.C.S. tightened up again and for the remainder of the period there was no further scoring.

## THIRD PERIOD.

Taking the puck from Gordon after the face-off, Patten again tallied from outside the defence, a trick which was duplicated a moment later by Beath.

After a few moments of play, McMullen scored the fourth goal on a pass from Gordon.

Shortly after, T.C.S. scored their first goal.

Gordon went right back with a beautiful rush but failed to score, and the game ended 4 to 1 in-favour of S.A.C.

Although our captain did not himself score, his accurate and unselfish passing was instrumental in getting all four of our goals.

Final score : S.A.C., 4 ; T.C.S., 1.

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SECOND TEAM

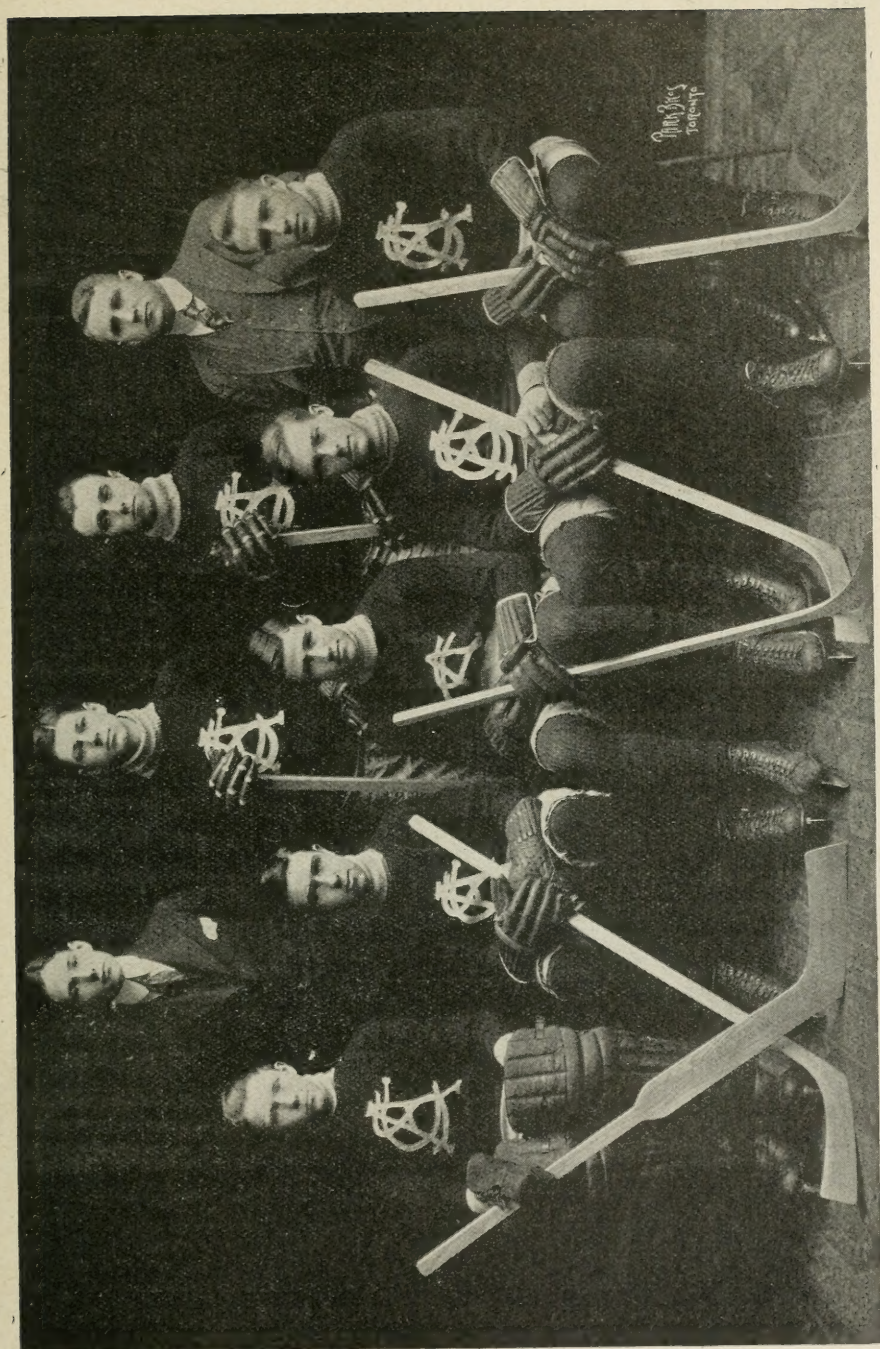
On account of the first team, whose season did not end until later than usual, we were unable to get the Arena for more than one game.

The following colours were granted :—McLaughlin, Nerlich, Boyd, Boles, Secord, Loomis, Stonehouse (captain).

## S.A.C. II.'s vs. U.C.C. II.'s.

On Wednesday, February 20th, S.A.C. II.'s met Upper Canada at the Arena. It was arranged to play one twenty and





ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM, 1917-1918



two fifteen-minute periods. Gordon I. lined up the teams at 4.00 sharp, as follows :

<i>S.A.C.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>U.C.C.</i>
McLaughlin.....	Goal.....	Gillespie
Boyd.....	Defence.....	Gledhill
Nerlich.....	Defence.....	_____
Boles.....	Centre.....	Ballantyne
Secord.....	Wing.....	Huckvale
Clark II.....	Wing.....	Black
Loomis .....	Substitute.....	Richards

The game started off on very fast ice and the play was even during the first period, there being no score.

Five minutes after the second period began, Ballantyne managed to put the puck past McLaughlin, but Boyd secured possession a moment later and went the length of the ice for a tally.

Five minutes later Boles made a good rush and succeeded in beating Gillespie again.

There was no more scoring during this period, which ended leaving St. Andrew's on the long end, 2 to 1 score.

In the third period Upper Canada's weight began to tell and Black scored a few minutes after the face-off, only to duplicate the performance a moment later.

Upper Canada scored again a moment before the bell, when Huckvale took a pass and fooled McLaughlin, leaving the score : U.C.C., 4 ; S.A.C., 2.

We were not able to arrange a return game.

A. G. C.

### THE THIRD TEAM

Owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the weather the Thirds were unable to have many practices on the School rink and also could not practice at the Arena until the First team had finished their schedule. Consequently they did not arrange any games till the end of the season and then their periods at the Arena were cancelled.

One game was arranged with the Appleby School First team in which we were beaten. With more practice we would have made a far better showing. The first period was our downfall.



The team had not played together before and there was no team work.

#### THE GAME.

On Saturday, March 2nd, Appleby I. journeyed down to Toronto and met us at the Arena. The game was played on very heavy ice, but it was an equal disadvantage to both sides.

The visitors outplayed us in the first period, scoring three goals and blanking us. They were all long shots, two of them glancing off the goal post into the net.

In the second period the Thirds settled down to work and netted one goal and held Appleby scoreless.

In the third period both teams played hard, and each counted one goal.

The score ended : Appleby I., 4 ; S.A.C. III., 2.

Colours were granted to :—MacGregor, Macpherson, MacKay (captain), Welsh, Clark II., McMurtry, Clift I.

R. M.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE THIRD HOCKEY TEAM, 1917-1918



### NOTES ON THE FIRST TEAM

The hockey team, so far as victories are concerned, has had very little success this year. There were only two old colours available, and of these one, a most valuable player, was disabled during the second encounter. The team played practically the whole winter with only one member of last season's squad. It was the first year in O.H.A. company for most of them, so it took some time to become accustomed to the change. This resulted in a bad start. Injuries to the players interfered greatly both with games and with practices. Although the team did not win a great many games there was not one member who "let up" until the gong sounded and throughout the whole season this spirit prevailed, often in the face of great odds.

The thanks of the team is due to Harris, who successfully managed off the ice, and who worked untiringly in its behalf. He was ably assisted by Smith II.

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### LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY NOTES

The Lower School hockey season has been comparatively short this year, only four games having been played. We had three old colours present on the team and the remaining four, although new to the game, did very excellent work.

The first two games of the season were played with Rosedale. The first resulted in a tie, 2 all, and the second in a defeat for S.A.C., the score being 3-2.

Owing to their heavier weight, Model School defeated us in the third game of the season, and the weather being unfavourable, we were unable to give them a return match.

On March 9th, the annual game between S.A.C. and U.C.C. was played in the Arena. The teams were evenly matched and the game was very interesting. In the last period U.C.C. were fortunate in securing a goal, which feat we were unable to duplicate, so the game ended in a victory for U.C.C.

Score : U.C.C., 1 ; S.A.C., 0.

Colours granted :—Findlay II. (captain), Skeaff, Lewis King, Earle III., Black II., Carrick II.

F. MOLE.

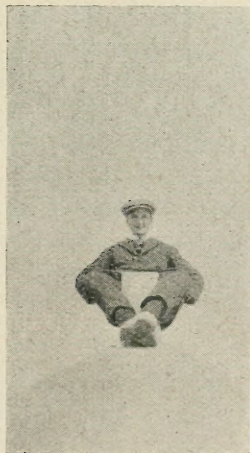


### LATEST INVENTIONS

Mr. Tinear Cross has patented an automatic device operated by the rising bell which is intended to thoroughly waken, wash and dress the inventor before breakfast. A syndicate composed of the Duke of Petrolia, Camptain Campbell S.O.S., the Earl of Kent and Sir Comacross Ross, has been formed to manufacture the complicated mechanism for these machines.

Monsieur Dusty McLean has revolutionized modern face-laundering with his new "Soapless Washer." This machine eliminates the expenses incurred by the use of soap, water and towel. Stamped on each article will be found the manufacturer's slogan, "Give nature a chance !"

The firm of Lauder, Piccott and Davies have formed a limited stock company (very limited) for the propagation of Zig Zag Automatic Haircutter. Mr. Piccott is to have charge of the advertising department. Sir Baldpate Dennison has accepted the position of chemist with the new company—who also intend to produce Dragitoutbytheroots Hair Restorer, guaranteed to eliminate hair and dandruff immediately.



THE STEEPLEJACK

## SOCIETY NOTES

THE first seance of the Society for the Prevention of Thinking took place round a waste-paper receptacle in the College Blacksmith Shop on February 31st. The event was successful inasmuch as many tappings were heard, but things were disorganized when Professor Piccott, noted for his exquisite golden locks, advocated soup as a hair restorer and proceeded with a demonstration by crowning his fellow-countryman, Worter Rendell, with a sindolious soup tureen. Mr. Rendell was too overcome for words and had to be assisted to the College Casualty Clearing Station, where he is undergoing repairs.

---

The Upper Sixth Form Social lions gave a most salubrious thè dansant at the residence of the regent, Mrs. Hygeia McLaughlin. The guests arrived in wheelbarrows and moving vans. Mademoiselle Rubylip Kerr received with the hostess, who was beautifully camouflaged in scarlet pyjamas and a cowbreakfast hat. Speed Curry arrived with his racing car, and looked charming in his union suit of green taffeta with a cauliflower as a bouquet. Two-per-cent. Gordon was on deck and kept his reputation by drinking six gallons of eau-de-vie. Everyone remarked that it was the first time they had seen a British tank in action. Captain Campbell, Chaplain Sky-Duster Ross and Coach Anastatia Earle arrived ensemble. When Gillette Beath and Auto Strop Ross had arrived the party was complete.

Messrs. Earle and Curry demonstrated the new dance known as the "High Park Slide," much to the amusement of the spectators. Tea was brought in by the iceman, and was served in liqueur glasses, while the furnace-man passed the sandwiches on his shovel.

The party broke up to the tune of Allah's Holiday rendered by the Junior School orchestra on combs and wash basins. After thanking the hostess the guests dispersed with loud shouts of joy, their voices choking with emotion and afternoon tea.

---

Indications are strong that there will be a return to popularity of the famous "eyebrow mustache," as it has been taken up by Lord Platpheet Auld, Count Phreezeproof McDonald, and Lamflick Secord, Esq.



## FOR THE LOWER FLAT

## HUMTIUS DUMTIUS

Humtius in muro requievit Dumtius alto ;  
Humtius e muro Dumtius heu cecidit !  
Sed non Regis equi, Reginae exercitus omnis,  
Humti, te, Dumti restituere loco !

## DOMINA MARIA

O mea Maria  
Tota contraria  
Quid tibi crescit in horto ?—  
Testæ et crotali  
Sunt mihi flosculi  
Cum hyacinthino serto.

## HEI DIDULUM

Hei didulum ! atque iterum didulum ! Felisque Fidesque  
Vacca super Lunæ coruna prosiluit :  
Nescio quo catulus risit dulcedine ludi ;  
Abstulit et turpi Lanx cochleare fuga.

## DICK'S NOSE

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,  
His nose so long is, and his arm so short :  
And never cries "God bless me !" when he sneezes,  
He cannot hear so distant a report.

Ricardus nescit madiceas emungere nares,  
Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito :  
Nec si sternnat, "fausto siet omine !" clamat ;  
Tarn longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

Puella Rigensis ridebat  
Quam tigris in tergo vehebat  
Externa profecta  
Interna revecta,  
Risusque cum tigre manebat.

## EXCHANGES

Since the REVIEW last went to press we have received the following exchanges :

*The Cherry and White*—Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Pa., U.S.A.

*The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man*—The U.S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.

*The Post*—Franklin High School, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

*The Schoolman*—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Canada.

*The Collegian*—St. Thomas Collegiate, St. Thomas, Canada.

*Acta Ridleiana*—Ridley College, St. Catharines, Canada.

*Red and White*—Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill., U.S.A.

*The Windsorian*—King's College School, Windsor, N.S., Canada.

*The Collegiate*—Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Canada.

*The Ashburian*—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada.

*Acadia Athenæum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., Canada.

*Black and Red*—University School, Victoria, Canada.

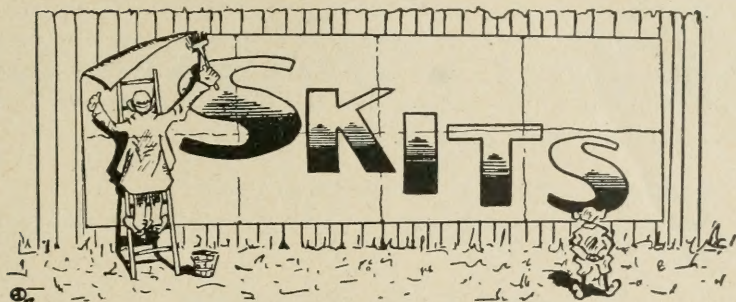
*Blue and White*—Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B., Canada.

STAN. BEATH.



BOMBARDING WITH SNOWBALLS





Mr. Chapman : "What is Lightbourne going to do when he leaves school?"

Mr. Magee : "Really, I don't know—but from the hours he keeps I should say he was going to be a milkman."

Ross I. : "Say, Welsh, what is wrong with your boots? One is tan and the other black."

Welsh : "Can't help it. I have only one other pair and they are the same way."

Drill Sergeant : "Campbell, you will never make a soldier—the top parts of your legs are standing at attention and the bottoms are standing at ease."

Who is the dark haired chap who danced so frequently with his girl at the Cadet Corps dance that he had to buy her chilblain cure the next day?

Gordon : "What time did Lightbourne say he would be ready?"

Beath : "An hour ago."

Gordon : "Dear me, I'm early."

Thorley : "What is poetic license?"

Hewitt : "Don't know—ask Joe McDougall, he has one."

From a local account of a recent society wedding. "The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch; she also received many other beautiful articles of cut glass."

Overheard at Cadet Corps dance. She : "The man I marry must be bold yet not audacious ; handsome as Apollo yet industrious as Vulcan ; wise as Solomon yet meek as Moses—a man admired of all women yet devoted to the one woman."

Ashton : "How lucky we met."

Leguina : "When do examinations begin ?"

Smith I. : "Soon I guess. Cross went into the sick room yesterday."



ALEXANDER POSES FOR HIS PICTURE

Calvert : "Is it all off between you ?"

McDonald II. : "Yes, but I wish she would send back my letters—I want to use them again."

Smith II. : "Can you let me have a little money to-day, bursar ?"

Bursar : "Ah—eh—hum—about how little ?"

Editor : "Did you show this poem to anyone else before you brought it to me ?"

Grant : "No, sir."

Editor : "Then how did you get that black eye ?"



# St. Andrew's College

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Mr. Findlay : "What part of speech is Scott?"

Ashton : "He is no part of it—he is all of it."

Cliff : "Did you spend your collection money down town?"

Scott : "Yes, a fellow that works in Boles' lunch room is going to put it in the collection for me."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Who would officiate if the Prime Minister should die?"

McLean : "The undertaker, sir."

Mr. Fleming : "Did you take the third book, Welsh?"

Welsh : "No, sir, I didn't see it."

McLean : "Boys, I do love to dance."

Mr. Carmichael (in Latin class) : "What is the meaning of the word colter?"

Patterson I. : "It is something you lead a horse with, sir."

Extract from McCarter's prize poem :

"The first bird of spring  
Went out for to sing,  
But ere he had sounded a note  
He fell from the limb,  
And a dead bird was him,  
For the music had frez in his throat."

Hendrie's favourite quotation :

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
And you'll meet none of de regular guys."

Rendell : "Say, who has been swiping things around here?"

Gordon : "Why, what's the matter?"

Rendell : "One of the bells has gone."

Thomson : "Do you study ancient history here?"

Lockhart : "No, I remember it."

Calvert's favourite quotation :

"Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."



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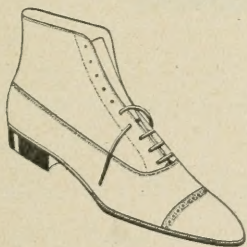
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OPEN EVENINGS

Clarke I. : "What are the Czar's children called?"

MacGregor : "Czardines."

Meikle : "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Pollock : "Blacken them."

He took her dainty hand,

She let it passive lie.

But with her left she made a swing

And "biffed" him in the eye.—*Ex.*

First Voice : "Why is Leguina like a dynamo?"

Second Voice : "Because he gets everything charged."



REPOSE

Kerr I. : "What does P.S. mean at the end of a letter?"

McLaughlin : "Please settle."

Earle I. : "How did Noah demonstrate his abilities as a business man?"

Syer : "I dunno."

Earle I. : "He floated the first company when the whole world was in liquidation."

Can a brass band be lead ?

Mr. Laidlaw : "Who was Noah's wife?"

Voice from back of the room : "Joan of Arc."

Ross I. : "How will Germany pay her war debts?"

Smith I. : "Hoch der Kaiser and sell the Watch on the Rhine."



Loomis : "I never sausage eyes !"

The chap about to wed was nervous,  
To the young best man he cried :  
"Tell me, is it kisstomary  
For the groom to cuss the bride ?"—*Ex.*

Judge : "You can take your choice—ten dollars or ten days."

Stirrett : "I'll take the money, your honour."

Wrinch : "If two Chinamen and a crazy man fell from a train, what would the conductor report ?"

Hillary : "I don't know."

Wrinch : "Lost—two washers and a nut."

Tom : "I'm going to a party at six o'clock and my watch isn't going."

Harry : "Why, wasn't your watch invited ?"

Maid : "Will you have pie ?"

Choppin : "Is it compulsory ?"

Maid : "No, it's raspberry."

Mr. Carmichael : "Boles, when you see a boy loafing about the street corners, what place in life do you suppose he is fitting himself for ?"

Boles : "To be a policeman, of course."

Lauder (at a well-known restaurant) : "Here, waiter, bring me some of this."

Waiter : "Some of which, boss ?"

Lauder : "Some of that there, can't you read ?"

Waiter : "'Scuse me, sah ; but I ain't had no education, neither !"

Robins : "Look at that elephant moving his fins !"

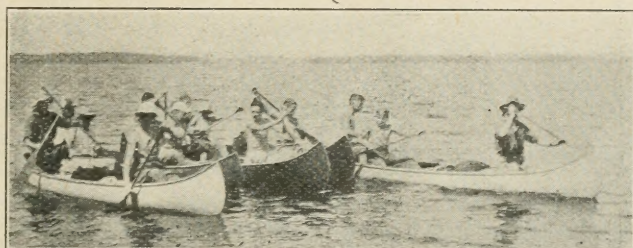
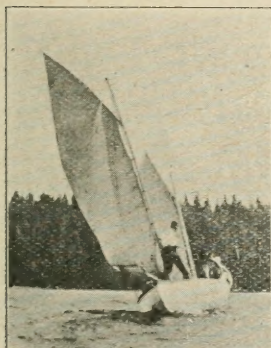
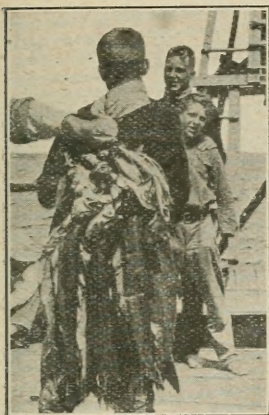
Marsh : "Those aren't fins, what would he want fins for ? They are his ears."

Robins : "Oh ! In case his head starts to swim."

Boy (meeting Doctor Macdonald down town) : "Sir, may I go home and change my feet ?"







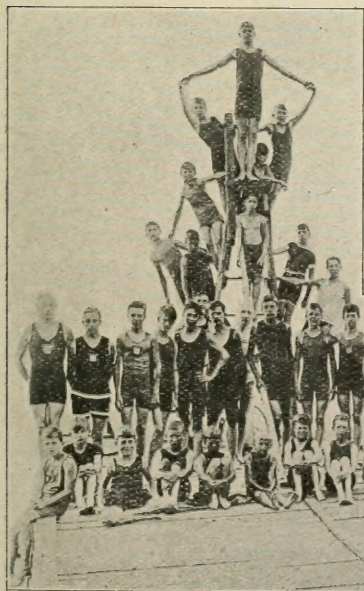
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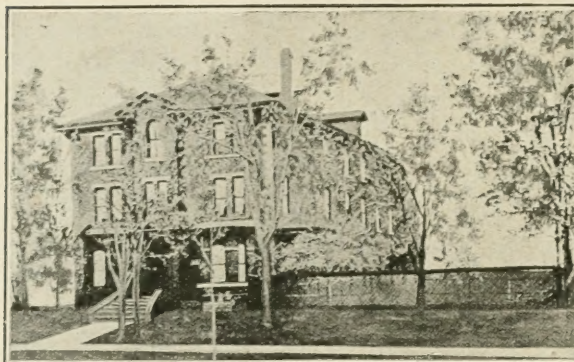
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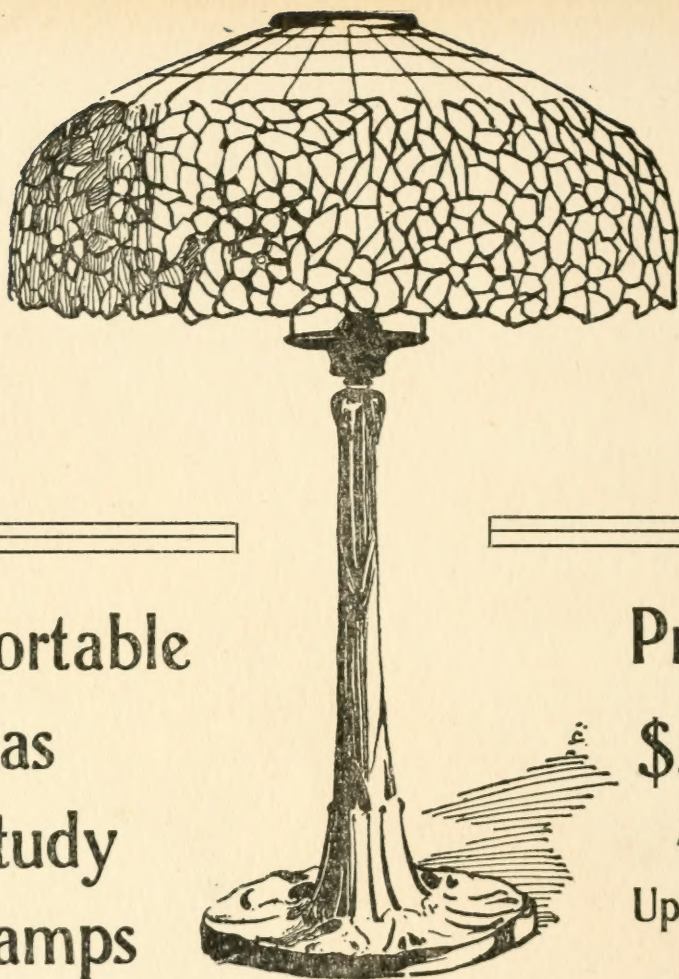
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
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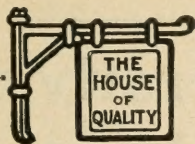
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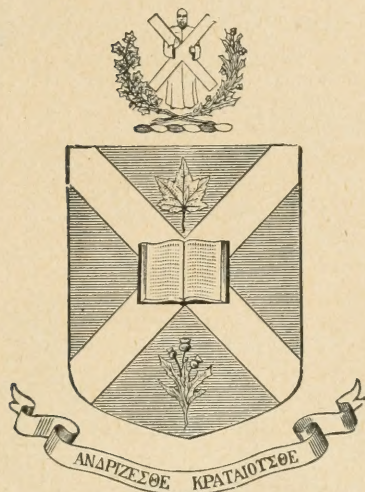
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Midsummer, 1918

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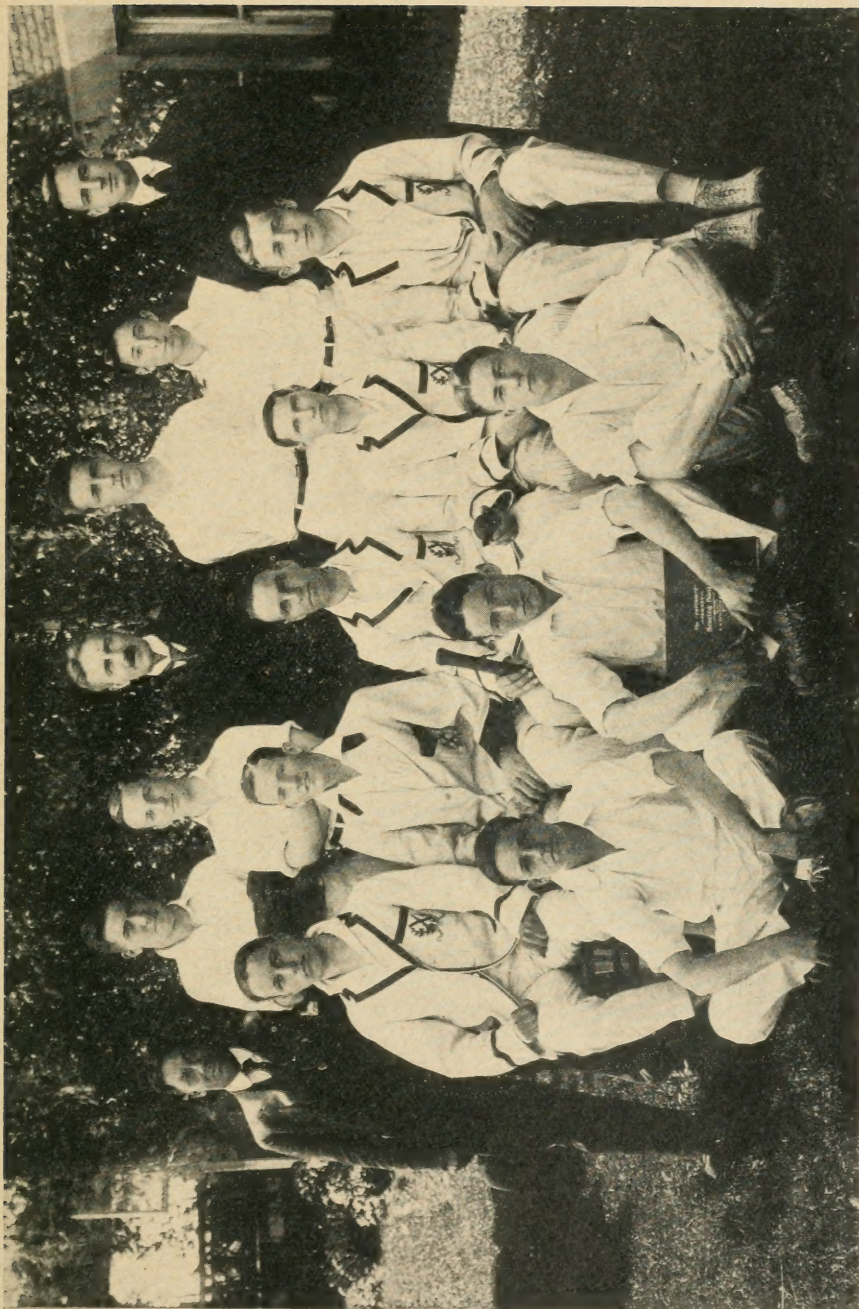
Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Midsummer, 1918

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THE FIRST XI. 1918





# St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1918

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## Editorial

NO doubt many of our readers have learned with interest that St. Andrew's College is vacating her present home at the close of this term in order that the property may be used for Military Hospital purposes, and many of our friends have been wondering where the College would be located when we re-open next autumn. We are very glad to be able to make some statement in the matter, and in the first place might say that the College is making the move at no little inconvenience and trouble to herself in order to facilitate the care of returned and wounded soldiers. It is realized that the Hospital problem is not an easy one for the Military authorities to solve.

There is to be no interruption in the continuity of the school activities and we have every reason to hope that next autumn will find the school re-opening under the roof of the new Knox College Buildings on St. George Street, and on the University campus. These beautiful buildings will give the school a most acceptable home while her own buildings at York Mills, North Toronto, are being erected. There will be three houses in which the boys living in residence can be accommodated, together with a magnificent dining room equipment. The Class Rooms are all modern and well equipped, while there is also an adequate Gymnasium and a beautiful Chapel. We confidently look forward to a happy and very satisfactory two years in our temporary home. The Knox College authorities have met the situation in a very sympathetic spirit and have shown every desire to do what is possible to help St. Andrew's College in her time of difficulty.

The many Old Boys now fighting, when they hear of the change, will realize that the move is in some sense a considerable contribution on the part of the present generation of boys to the Military situation, and will read with pleasure of the help that is being given to the old school by historic Knox College.

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The charm of environment is never fully realized until there comes a moment of parting with objects intimately associated

with the best hours of life. Then it is that a thousand rosy memories crowd the mind, driving out, as sunshine drives out darkness, all unpleasant thoughts and recollections. The commonplace becomes beautiful; walls and furniture, that might have been regarded as ugly, take to themselves attributes of the ideal; even objects of discomfort become prized, and petty annoyances associated with them are recalled with pleasure. But when the association has been permanently broken and the individual finds himself amid new surroundings, then the spirit of the old re-incarnates in the new and again he is in the home of the real self.

The removal of St. Andrew's College from its old pile of bricks and mortar in North Rosedale will cause a wrench to the heart-strings of many who have spent happy days amid its pleasant surroundings. Indeed, so intimately is the institution associated with the structure, that at first thought, it might be mistaken for what in reality is only its home. St. Andrew's College is a living organism. It has individuality, a soul, high ideals. The removal from its present location will no more change its identity than would the removal of a happy family from one residence to another. The spirit of the old will take possession of the new. Loyalty to the college, high ideals of service, patriotism, the fighting spirit that alike wins victories on the campus and on the battlefield—all these entities of reality will re-incarnate in the new home and will grow in strength and in influence as the years go by.

This will be the last issue of the REVIEW from its old home. We regret it. The influence of the Old Boys here is strong and is felt even by those of us who never knew them personally. On the desks of many of the Class Rooms there are carved the names of those who have brought much honour to the school. Even this forms a strong tie binding the past with the present. But, after all, the names on the desks do not stand for much. It is the lives of the fellows themselves that are of priceless value to the school. We may leave the old desks behind, but we take with us traditions that, for all time, will inspire St. Andrew's boys to Play the Game. We shall treasure and assimilate the great lessons taught us by our soldier heroes, and St. Andrew's College will still be St. Andrew's College even though it may change many times its location and its home.



We are publishing in this number of the REVIEW a complete directory of all the Old Boys who have enlisted since the beginning of the war. Special lists of those who have sacrificed their lives, and of those who have been awarded honours, also are being given, together with all the photographs of the former group that we have on hand. We extend our sympathy to the parents and friends of these boys and sincerely hope that the knowledge of brave deeds will in some measure soothe their sorrow and cause hearts, which otherwise might be very sad, to swell with pride in the knowledge of noble sacrifice.

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The Editor-in-Chief desires to acknowledge his appreciation of the work done by associate editors, and others, in the preparation of the various numbers of the REVIEW during the year. It is but fair to state that his work has been rendered extremely light by the loyal support given him at all times by the editorial committee. While all have performed their parts well, and in a spirit that leaves nothing to be desired, yet we think that special commendation is due to Beath for his assistance. He, while a member of the business committee and doing full work in that department, also contributed stories and designs for the various numbers and did a large part of the general editorial work. Though perhaps not attaining the high standard set for us by our immediate predecessors, we yet are able to bequeath to our successors the example of an earnest attempt to make the REVIEW worthy of the institution which it represents.



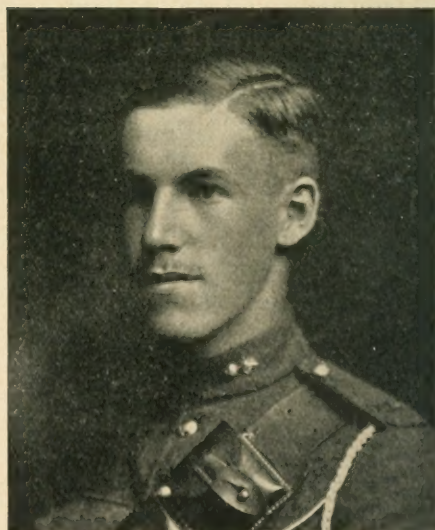
CAPT. R. BUSCOMBE  
3rd Battalion  
S.A.C. 1911  
Killed in action June 19th, 1915



FLIGHT-LIEUT. W. M. MUNRO  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1907-1910  
Killed in action May 8th, 1917



LIEUT. G. W. NATION  
7th Can. Infantry Battalion  
S.A.C. 1910-1913  
Killed in action, July 25th, 1916

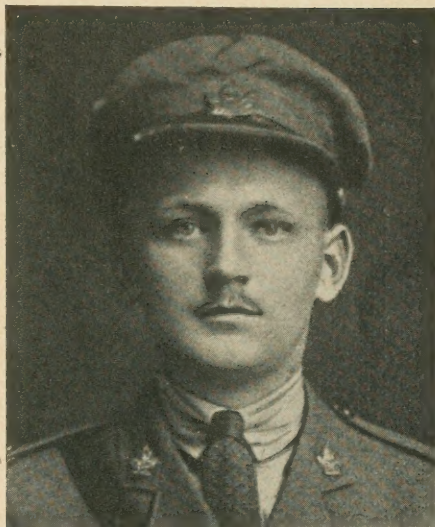


GUNNER JARDINE T. WILSON  
24th Battery  
S.A.C. 1910-1914  
Killed in action Nov. 23rd, 1917





FLIGHT-LIEUT. ARTHUR W. KILGOUR  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1900-1911  
Killed in action July 27th, 1917



LIEUT. J. H. WILSON  
102nd Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1910  
Killed in action April 11th, 1917

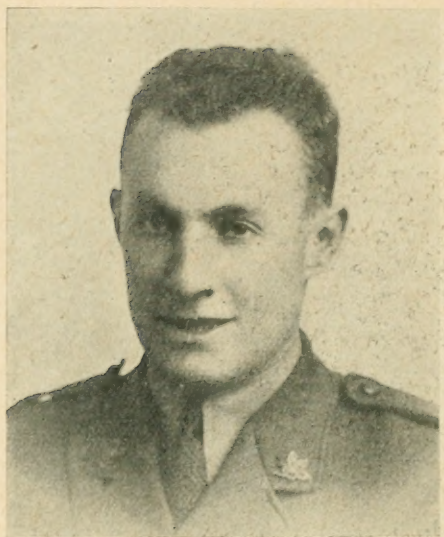


LIEUT. F. J. GOOCH  
6th Battery  
S.A.C. 1905-1908  
Killed in action August 15th, 1917



LIEUT. P. D. M. McLAGAN  
103rd Battalion  
S.A.C. 1905-1907  
Killed in action October 15th, 1917





CAPT. E. G. HANLAN  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1908

Killed in aeroplane accident, August 9th, 1917



LIEUT. L. B. HYDE  
B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.  
S.A.C. 1912-1915

Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915



LIEUT. M. E. MALONE  
15th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1907-1913

Killed in action June 3rd, 1915



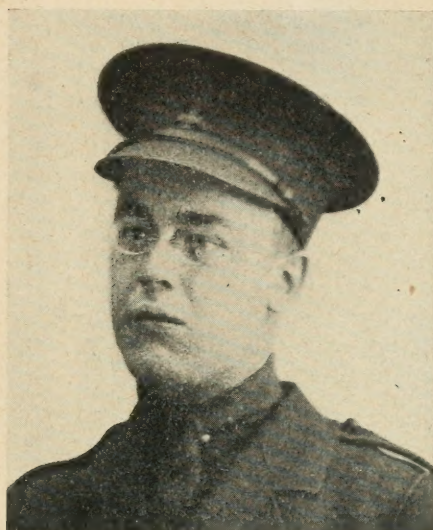
2nd LIEUT. E. R. WINTER  
1st Newfoundland Regiment  
S.A.C. 1912-1914

Killed in action July 1st, 1916





PTE. R. A. HERALD  
16th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1910-1911  
Killed in action April 22nd, 1915



LIEUT. FREEMAN MUNRO  
36th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1906-1911  
Presumed to have died Aug. 21st, 1917

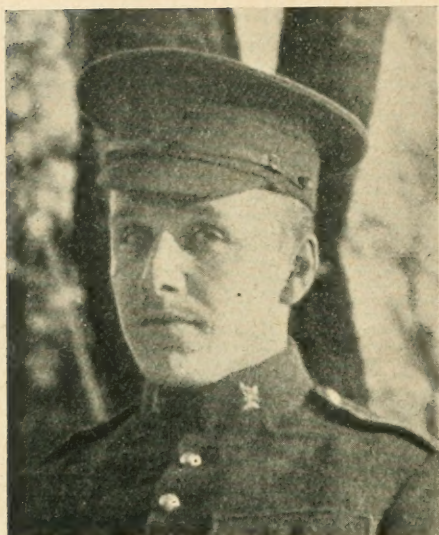


SUB.-LIEUT. D. R. C. WRIGHT  
R. N. A. S.  
S.A.C. 1906-1909  
Killed in action Dec. 23rd, 1917



LIEUT. T. S. BELL  
27th Winnipeg Battalion  
S.A.C. 1911-1913  
Killed in action, Sept. 15th, 1916





PTE. N. B. LOCKHART  
19th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1906-1909  
Died on service May 2nd, 1915



SUB. FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. L. CROWE  
Royal Naval Air Service  
S.A.C. 1908-1915  
Accidentally killed on service June 22nd, 1917

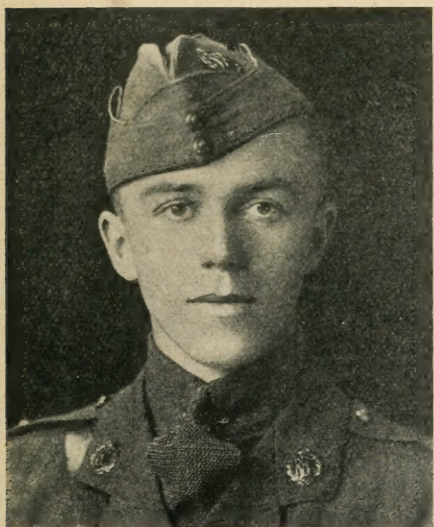


MAJOR G. G. KNIGHTON  
9th Oxford Bucks. L.I.,  
S.A.C. 1910-1913  
Died of wounds May 15th, 1917



FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. SHAW WOOD  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C. 1905-1907  
Killed in flying accident in England on Mar. 17th, 1918





LIEUT. R. A. PHILLIPS  
Royal Air Service  
S.A.C. 1912-1915

Accidentally killed in service August 14th, 1917



CAPT. R. A. BROWN  
15th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1908-1914

Died of wounds Nov. 14th, 1917



LIEUT. A. L. BELL  
10th Royal Grenadiers  
S.A.C. 1906-1910

Killed in action April 30th 1915



LIEUT. F. G. DIVER  
87th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1906

Killed in action Nov., 1916



+

\*FLIGHT LIEUT. PAUL RANEY  
Royal Air Service  
S.A.C. 1906-1908  
Killed in action August 21st, 1917

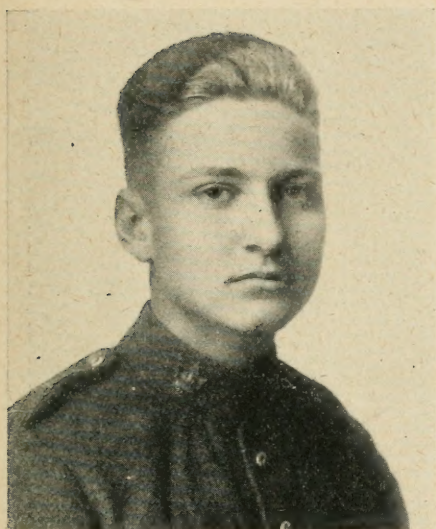


LIEUT. GEORGE H. CAMPBELL  
40th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1908-1911  
Killed in action May 16th, 1918



LIEUT. T. C. MAY  
R. N. A. S.  
S.A.C. 1912-1916  
Killed in action July 24th, 1917





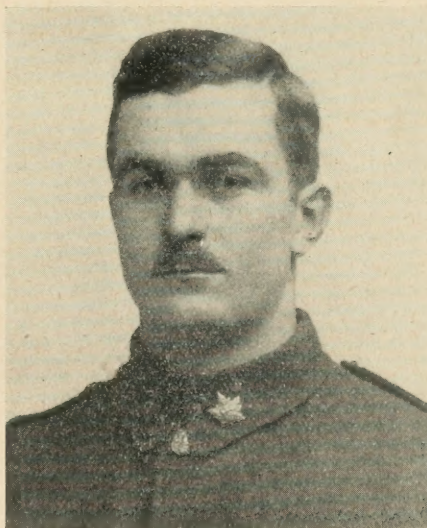
1st AIR MEC. D. WARD CLEMENT  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1913-1915  
Killed in action Dec. 3rd, 1917



LIEUT. M. M. EBERTS  
United States Army—Aviation Corps  
S.A.C. 1906-1908  
Killed in aeroplane accident on May 15th, 1917

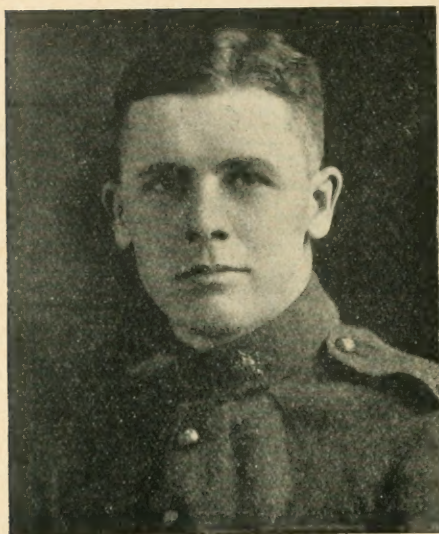


FLIGHT SUB. LIEUT. H. D. M. WALLACE  
R. N. A. S.  
S.A.C. 1909-1910  
Killed in action June 8th, 1917

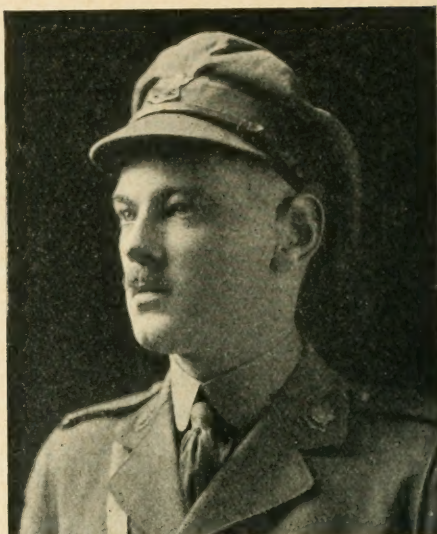


LIEUT. H. T. BEECROFT  
7th Brigade  
S.A.C. 1912-1913  
Missing—later reported "presumed to have been killed in action," Sept., 1916





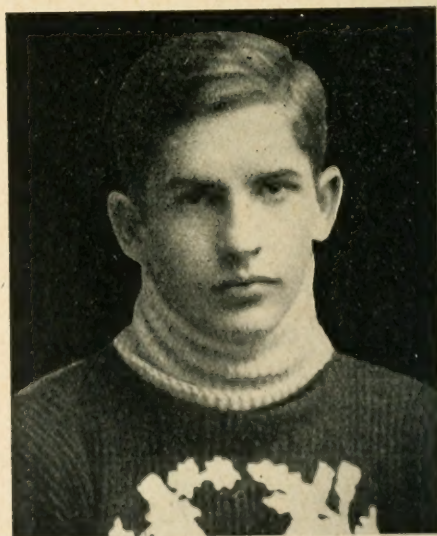
PTE. DUNCAN W. GRAHAM  
5th Can. Machine Gun Co.,  
S.A.C. 1906-1907  
Killed in action May 17th, 1917



LIEUT. W. WALLACE TAYLOR  
4th Can. Reserve Battalion  
S.A.C. 1913  
Died of wounds April 9th, 1918

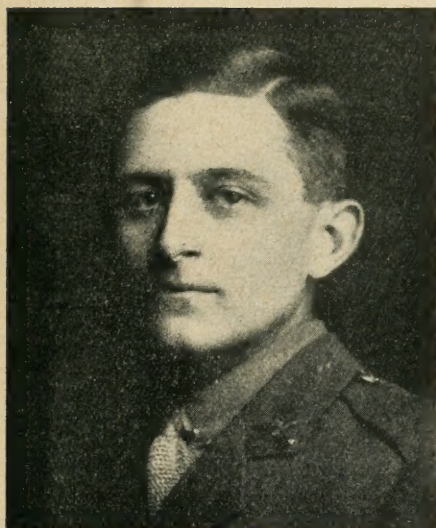


ACTING CAPTAIN GERALD ED. BLAKE  
Oxford Bucks. L. I.  
S.A.C. 1901-1902  
Killed in action July 23rd, 1916



LIEUT. ALLAN OLIVER  
26th Battery  
S.A.C. 1905-1909  
Killed in Action November, 1916





LIEUT. W. M. M. GEGGIE  
227th Machine Gun Co.  
S.A.C. 1907-1910  
Killed in action Oct. 4th, 1917



CAPT. HOWARD K. HARRIS  
11th Essex Regiment  
S.A.C. 1899-1903  
Killed in action Feb. 22nd, 1918

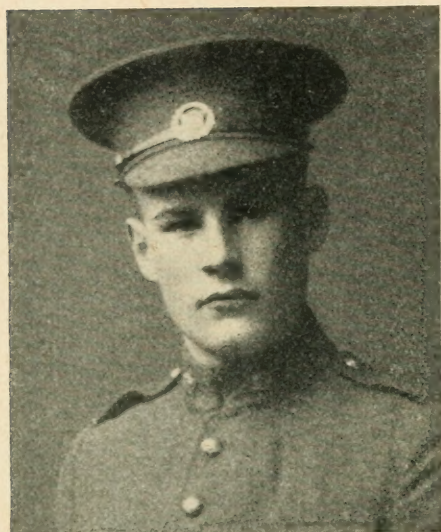


FLIGHT-LIEUT. PAUL H. BIGWOOD  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1906-1909  
Killed in action June 21st, 1918



LIEUT. HAROLD V. WRONG  
15th Lanc. Fusiliers  
S.A.C. 1902-1907  
Killed in action about July 28th, 1916





PTE. BERNAL B. BROWN  
4th University Co.,  
S.A.C. 1908-1914  
Killed in action about Sept. 15th, 1916



FLIGHT-LIEUT. G. A. R. COCKBURN  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C. 1907-1910  
Died in a German Camp about Nov. 16th, 1917

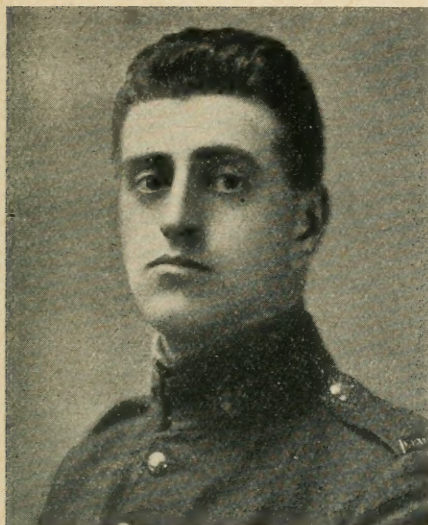


LIEUT. GORDON F. ROSS  
R. N. V. R.  
S.A.C. 1901-1913  
Killed in action May 10th, 1918

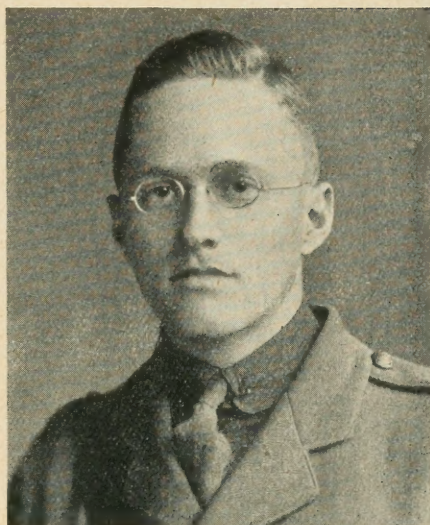


PTE. DERIC BROUGHALL  
3rd Battalion  
S.A.C. 1904-1905  
Killed in action April 27th, 1915

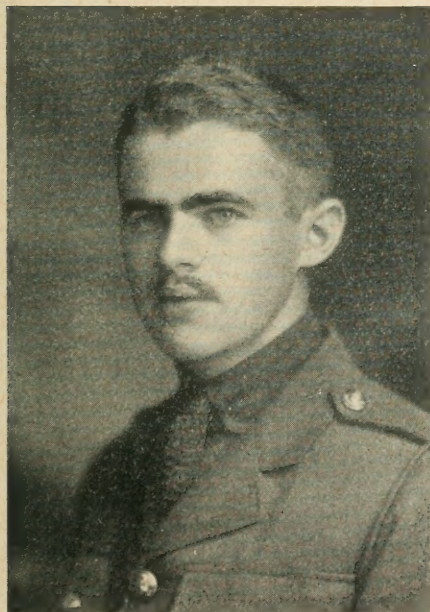




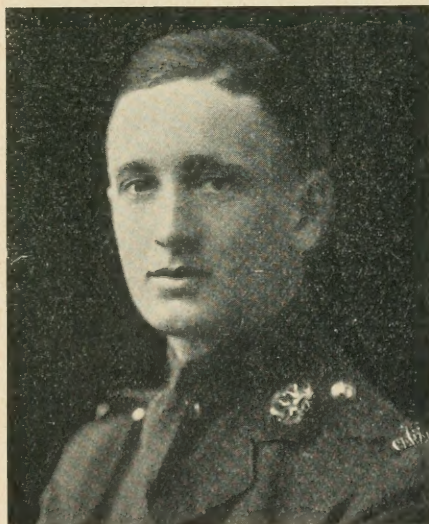
PTE. ROY H. BASTEDO  
C.O.T.C.  
S.A.C. 1908-1911  
Died on service, Feb. 19th, 1918



LIEUT. ERNEST R. KAPPELE  
3rd Brigade Staff  
S.A.C. 1903-1910  
Killed in action April 18th, 1917



LIEUT. GEOFFREY A. SNOW  
15th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1907-1912  
Killed in action about Oct. 5th, 1916



LIEUT. H. S. DEVLIN  
75th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1911-1912  
Killed in action about Sept. 9th, 1916





LIEUT. R. G. MASSON  
 Royal Air Force  
 S.A.C. 1909-1910  
 Killed in action June 6th, 1917



LIEUT. C. C. S. MONTGOMERY  
 Royal Air Force  
 S.A.C. 1907  
 Killed in action August 18th, 1917

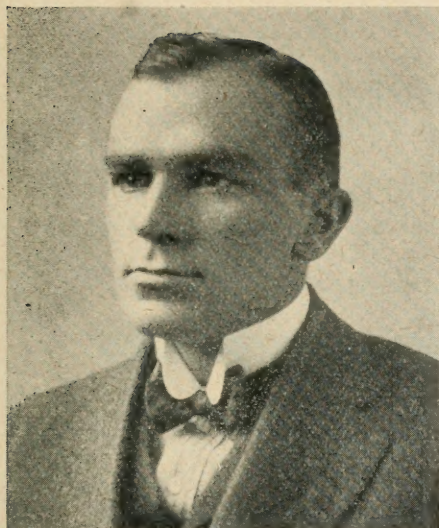


PTE. A. W. CHESNUT  
 4th University Co.  
 S.A.C. 1902-1907  
 Died on service, Sept. 13th, 1916

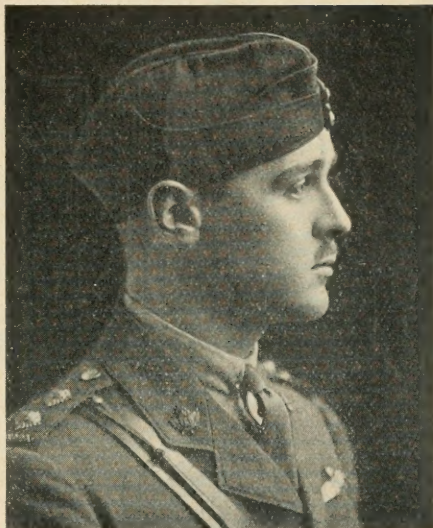


LIEUT. J. G. DOUGLAS  
 7th Seaforth Highlanders  
 S.A.C. 1904-1907  
 Killed in action April 12th, 1918

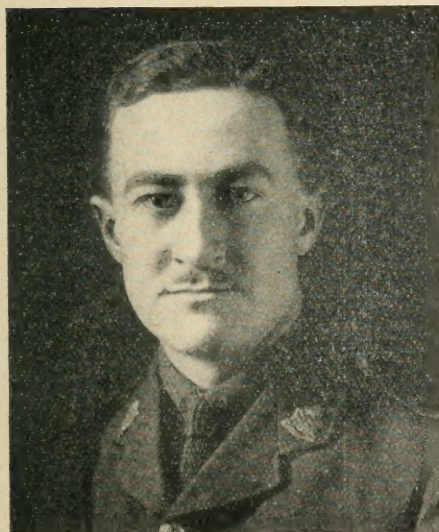




FLIGHT-LIEUT. CLARENCE E. ROGERS  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1902-1909  
Killed in action June 18th, 1916



LIEUT. DOUGLAS C. WRIGHT  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1909-1913  
Reported killed in action by Austrian sources in April, 1918



MAJOR GREGORY V. NELSON  
18th Battalion  
S.A.C. 1908-1911  
Killed in action March 5th, 1917



CAPT. HEDLEIGH ST. GEORGE BOND  
Royal Can. Engineers  
S.A.C. 1904-1909  
Killed in action August 15th, 1917





*"Slowly they wind athwart the wild, and  
While young Day his anthem swells,  
Sad falls upon my yearning ear  
The tinkling of the camel-bells."*

*—Haji Abdu El-Yezdi.*

FAR, far up the stars twinkled silently in the vault of the heavens, while in the West the crescent moon slowly descended ere the day was born.

On earth all was silent. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, the monotonous, easy rising and falling of the sand dunes, unbroken by outline of castle or city, presented an unvaried spectacle to the eye.

Suddenly, a ghostly-glow shone out over the Eastern sky, causing the sandy mounds to cast short, formless shadows over one another.

The stars ceased their twinkling and the moon paled.

And now the day came and the trackless miles of gently undulating sand were bathed in the rich warmth of the sun.

In the far horizon a small speck might have been discerned. As it grew larger a solitary camel and rider could be distinguished.

The camel advanced with its slow, methodical, rolling pace which caused its rider to sway backward and forward.

A man seated on a camel, that was all. He carried nothing, save a water bottle suspended from his saddle, bumping listlessly as the plodding camel slowly jogged along its untraced road.

The face of the rider was, for the most part, covered with a heavy beard, surmounted by an aquiline nose. A turban was



pulled down almost to his dark, roving eyes. His frame was lean and sinewy and, as he sat upon his camel, he appeared to be rather below the average in height.

Ere long a clump of palm trees came into view—a welcome sight for man and beast! The camel quickened its pace and soon the traveller, having drunk his fill, lay stretched in the grateful shade of the palms.

Thus he remained for some time. Then he arose and, climbing into a tree, he scanned the horizon as if in anxious expectancy.

Apparently seeing nothing, he descended, and for a while impatiently paced about the little pool. At length, becoming wearied, he laid himself down in the cool shade and was soon asleep.

Undoubtedly there was a sound in the air. It had struck the keen ears of the sleeper and, quickly sitting up, he listened attentively.

Yes, there it was—the faint “tinkle” of a camel-bell!

The Bedouin climbed again into the tree and now he saw one by one the long line of camels of the yearly Hadj wind tortuously through the desert. A light of joy and satisfaction spread over his countenance as he beheld the object of his waiting.

The great Hadj or pilgrimage to Mekka slowly approached.

Throughout the caravan great excitement prevailed, for warnings had come by racing camels, telling of a notorious band of Bedouin robbers who had been seen in the district, headed by the widely feared, Anti-Moslem Sheik Murji Putrah, the terror of all true believers. His mark, the Black Camel, had been identified with many of the most daring outrages against Moslems; and at no name in all Arabia did the defenceless tremble more than at that of Murji Putrah.

At the sight of the figure stationed by the oasis, the leader of the Hadj stopped, and so the whole long line came to a halt.

An emissary was sent forward and approached the solitary man. Having saluted, he thus addressed him:

“O stranger, in the name of the Holy Prophet Mohamed, on whom be blessings and peace, I command thee to stand forth and declare unto me whom thou art, what thy faith, and whither thy journey.”

To which the dusky Bedouin replied: “Know ye, O follower of Mohamed, whose name be extolled, that I am a poor man in search of the Light. I would journey with you to holy Mekka

that I may kiss the great Kaaba of Abraham, and become of the true believers."

The messenger then rode back to the Hadj and a consultation was held. Finally, though not without misgivings, the convert was accepted into their midst.

Then the leading camel again took up the lumbering pace, and again the Hadj was on its way. All eyes from time to time were turned suspiciously on the stranger, who in turn never removed his eyes from the horizon.

Again he seemed to be in expectancy, though on his changeless countenance it was impossible to say whether it was in joy or fear.

Throughout the long day the tinkling caravan had crept steadily on and now, of a sudden, darkness fell. No friendly oasis greeted the pilgrims.

The experienced guide was dumfounded. His pride lost, he searched in vain for some break in the dark landscape that would mean a rest by cool waters.

Suddenly he stopped and, leaping from his camel, he fell to observing, fearfully, the sand. For crossing at right angles to their course were the fresh tracks of a number of camels.

The shallowness of the imprints made it evident that the camels carried light loads, while the long strides betrayed fast dromedaries.

Immediately panic prevailed. The fearful name of Murji Putrah was passed from lip to lip. Each man eyed his neighbour in terror and suspicion. Everywhere was fear and excitement; in contrast to this were the mild unexcitable beasts who stood switching their short tails and chewing methodically.

Suddenly someone cried: "The stranger! Where is he? He is assuredly a spy. We must kill him or our lives will not be safe."

All looked; it was merely to find the man calmly sitting upon his camel and with his sharp eyes eagerly searching the horizon.

"He is waiting for the robbers," the same voice cried, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Men leaped from their camels and the newly joined pilgrim was seized and unprotestingly dragged from his faithful beast.

Knife-blades flashed in the starlight and were buried in the breast of the suspected spy.



Satisfied, the caravan now pushed on in haste, leaving behind the body of the murdered man, and a certain one who received the praise of all by volunteering to spy out the band and bring word again to the Hadj.

Taking a last sad look at the still heap of white that would soon be buried by the moving sands, he rode away, mounted on their best camel and was soon lost to sight amid the mounds.

He hotly pursued the fresh trail and with the first light of dawn he came in sight of some ten or twelve camels grouped about a grove of palms. As many figures in white lay upon the sand and a man on guard sat on a tall camel.

The pilgrim stopped his camel and, standing erect upon its back, he signalled with his arms. An answering signal came from the oasis and he advanced.

"At the Sign of the Black Camel," he cried.

Immediately every man sprang to his feet and rushed to him. They helped him from his saddle and giving him a seat somewhat above the rest began to question him.

"And is now our traitorous chief dead," Hamil Sharib? asked one.

"Indeed," answered Hamil Sharib, nicknamed "the pilgrim" from his pious front, "they have slain him and I have made them do it. No more shall the name of Murji Putrah terrorize the skulking sons of Islam."

"Had he lived," said another, "there would have been a Moslem who would not have skulked. Murji Putrah turned to the faith!"

"It had to be done," said another, "The traitor to the Black Camel must die, even though it be the chief himself. Here, Hamil Sharib is thy pay."

## THE RED HACKLE OF THE BLACK WATCH

BY CAPT. REV. G. G. KILPATRICK

[Permission was recently given the 42nd Battalion, Royal Highlanders of Canada, to wear the Red Hackle in their Balmorals. Following is the sermon preached upon that occasion by Capt. Rev. G. G. Kilpatrick, Chaplain of the Battalion. Capt. Kilpatrick was for a number of years assistant pastor of Westminster Church, Toronto, and will be remembered by many Old Boys of St. Andrew's.—ED. NOTE.]

*"Keep that which is committed to Thy trust."*

*1 Tim. 6:20.*

THERE is shortly to be committed to the keeping of this Battalion a new trust. We are to become the wearers of a symbol of honour. It is only a little group of red feathers, its intrinsic value is next to nothing, but it is the token of an imperishable deed in the history of a great Regiment, and the men and officers of the Royal Highland Regiment.

In receiving permission to wear the Red Hackle we have all to remember that it means far more than sticking a few feathers in our Balmorals; this is not simply a milliner's device to add a touch of colour to the uniform, or another military fad. Because of what the Hackle stands for in receiving it we become sharers in the trust of a noble record made by men and officers of days long past. Before we can accept such a trust intelligently we must understand what it means. Here then is the story of how the Black Watch won the Red Hackle.

Fifty-five years after the Regiment was first formed the Black Watch was summoned to join in a campaign against the French, in Flanders. This was the fourth expedition of the kind in which they had taken part, so we may understand that the men of the Black Watch who have fought in Belgium during this war have been on the old battlefields of the Regiment. In 1794, the Battalion left England for Flanders. In December, of that same year, they were quartered at Kiel (not to be mistaken with the present hiding place of the German fleet).

Towards midnight of the 31st, orders were suddenly received that the Battalion was to proceed without delay towards Bommel which lay some twenty miles distant on the south side of the River Waal. Through the long hours of the winter night they marched, and the mud of Flanders was probably even worse then than it is to-day nor does history note that their packs were carried by motor lorries. At 4 a.m., on New Year's morning,



1795, they halted, and waited for dawn. With the coming of light they launched an attack on the French and succeeded in driving them across the river which was then frozen hard. The position thus won they consolidated before being relieved. The line was held for three days when the French counter-attacked and compelled the English forces to withdraw to the North side of the river. They, however, left a strong outpost line to check the French advance; but in turn the outposts were driven back and being hard pressed made for the village of Guildermausen where the 42nd were quartered.

Outside the village a certain Regiment of Light Dragoons were posted with two pieces of field artillery, to cover the retirement of the outposts. Seeing the rapid and determined advance of the French, the Dragoons turned tail and ran. In the modern speech of the army "they got their wind up and beat it," or, as the old record has it, "they retreated at a furious rate to the rear of the village," leaving their guns in the hands of the French who immediately began to drag them off. Within a few moments an orderly rode up to Major Dalrymple, O.C. the 42nd, with orders from the G.O.C. that the Battalion was to advance and recapture the guns.

Of the action that followed, unfortunately we have no detailed account. All that we are told is that the order was complied with and the gun manhandled back in safety to our own lines. It must have meant, however, an advance under heavy fire, and then a hand-to-hand fight for the guns, a grim enough business, unsupported as they were by a creeping barrage, machine guns, stokes or grenades.

It was for this deed that the Red Hackle was given to the Royal Highlanders as a badge of honour. The presentation was made on the birthday of King George III., June 4th, 1795.

It will delight the hearts of the men present to know that on the same day the paymaster did a big stroke of business and paid the men the arrears due to them for eighteen months. At that parade the Colonel cautioned the men to "keep close to their billets and be regular."

It is something for the men of this Battalion to know and remember that shortly after this a notice appeared in General Orders stating that the Red Feather was solely and exclusively a badge of honour for the Royal Highlanders, nor might any other Regiment wear it.



Therefore when the time comes to put the Hackle in our Balmorals, let every man of us think with pride of the heritage of courage handed on to us by those men and officers of other days. From the fields of Flanders where 122 years ago they undertook and achieved this splendid deed, the voices of men long since gone to meet their Captain, come to us this day with their charge, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust."

I do not have to point out to you that the guarding of this trust means infinitely more than keeping the Red Hackle carefully, though to be sure it involves that, and the man who regards it as simply another item from the Q.M. Stores, a common "issue" easily replaced, is not worthy to wear it.

This is no trivial trust; to be true to it means on the part of everyone a resolve to keep a clean record of service. Every entry against a name on the Conduct Sheet means unfaithfulness to the trust; a spurning of the tradition of loyalty built up for us.

That little group of feathers stands for qualities which every true man admires, things such as courage, obedience, chivalry, faithfulness, things which make a soldier and a gentleman. It is ours, therefore, to accept this trust intelligently and in the resolve to be true to it, to set ourselves to maintain and increase the tradition of courage and devotion which has made the Black Watch immortal in the life story of the Empire.

We enter this day on the 4th year of war. It is one which none of us can hail with joy. To get to it the Nation has waded through blood and tears. It marks the end of three years which have been at once the saddest and the proudest in the long history of the Empire. We can never set down on paper what these years have cost. It is not the money that matters; it is the Manhood—the Chosen of the Race who gave their best gifts so freely and are gone.

In another sense, however, these years have built up for us a heritage such as would never have come to us in the commoner days of Peace; they have given us a trust so great and wonderful that the full story of it will never be written.

Because of what has happened during the three years of War, we must face yet another year, but not alone, for we go in the company of a great though unseen cloud of comrades, who have been through it all, who met their last hour with a kind of elation and dying made a fool of Death. It is these men who from their Silent Stations this day commit to us a solemn trust. If they



could speak to us they would tell us that they wish but one thing, not monuments of stone or pages of praise, but just our pledged word that we shall never lay by the sword until these things for which they gave the last full measure of devotion are secured to all peoples for all time. That is why the Empire and her Allies face the burden—the bitter burden of another year with unshaken resolution. The trust *shall* be kept.

It will not do for us to say lightly, "Well, I guess the War Office will look after that." No! It is up to us each in his place, —Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant,—whatever the rank, so to live, work, endure, that we shall measure up even to so great a record as has been written. What does it matter if in doing that some have yet a rendezvous with Death? What matter if the home-coming be still a little longer delayed? Our kinship with the men who have gone simply will *not* let us go. I, for one, can not understand how any can look back over the tragic, bloody, glorious story of the last three years and not turn back to his work with quickened resolve and sterner purpose. From every corner of the Empire's battlefields there comes ringing the call of thousands of voices, saying "Comrades, keep that which we have committed to your trust."

There is just one thing to say in closing and that is, that the trust given to us by the Black Watch and the trust given to us by our honoured dead, are both aspects of the Greater Trust given to us by God. He has set us down in the world, and to each He has committed the Scroll of Life whereon to write what we will. There is no compulsion in God's dealings with men—but He has trusted us with life; for good or evil the gift is ours—only some day we must give it back to God. To every soldier then life is an affair of honour, and my message for you to-day is just this, that if we want to make the best of life—write a record which "maketh not ashamed and be worthy of God's trust," then we must take Jesus Christ into our confidence; we dare not leave Him out of account. God gave our Master to the world of men as the gift of His love—to be the Friend of men. And after life is over and at the end we meet God, the very first thing that He is going to learn is what we did with His gift of Christ,—did we accept or ignore it? And by our relationship to Him God will know how we kept the trust His Love placed in our hands.

Do the men of this Battalion want to be worthy of the Red Hackle and the trust of the Black Watch? I know they do.

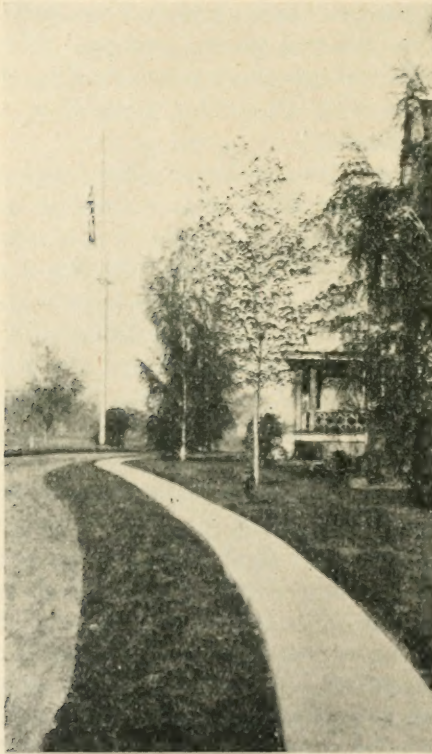
Fellow-soldiers, we shall achieve it better in the company of Christ than in any other way.

Do we purpose to carry on the unfinished task of a great multitude of shining souls? Which of us does not find it an honour to be counted in? We shall do it best with Christ's help. Do we not desire to find God our Friend and not our Judge? And some day to be met with His smile?

Christ is the Way.

Wherefore—from the ages of the past and through the tumult of war—it is none other than the Voice of Christ which calls to us to-day.

Men and Officers of the Royal Highlanders of Canada—  
"Keep that which is committed to thy trust."



AT HALF MAST



# A MOTOR-BOAT RACE.

by  
A.R. Patten



FOR a number of years it was the custom of the United States, France and England to compete in motor boat races. The races were held in the latter country, on the lower Thames, near to London. The crafts were of course built in the countries competing and were sent to England for the speed trial.

In nineteen hundred and fifteen, owing to the war, the scene of the races was changed. It was decided that they should be held at Detroit, Michigan, on the St. Clair flats, in July. The two entries of most importance were the "Disturber IV.," of Chicago, and the "Kitty Hawk," of Detroit, both boats being of the hydroplane type and very speedy. The former was twenty feet in length with a two hundred and sixty horse power engine, while the latter was of the same length and was propelled by two hundred and forty horse power. The race was unusual.

The course was marked out by buoys along the flats. For a couple of weeks before the contest the different crafts might be seen on the water early every fine morning. Of course there were other entries but public interest centred on the two high-powered crafts.

On the day of the race pleasure boats of all kinds laden with spectators could be seen making their way out to obtain positions of vantage.

In due time the racing boats were numbered and were lined up about three hundred yards from the starting buoy. The idea was to get a running start and for all to keep abreast until the starting signal was given and the buoy passed.

Soon the line began to move forward at no great rate of speed. But it was easily seen that the boats were under check. As they neared the buoy a sharp crack of the pistol was heard, and almost immediately there was the roar of many exhausts and the throwing of spray. The stern settled deeply in the water; the bows rose in the air; the struggle was on.

After seven or eight hundred yards had been traversed the "Kitty Hawk" and the "Disturber IV." began slowly to out-distance the others. The "Kitty" was a little to the fore but not enough to make the contest at all decided.

At this point another factor of the race presented itself. The "Northland," sister-ship to the "Eastland," of the Chicago disaster, was seen coming down the river. She was running at about twenty-two miles per hour, almost full speed, and was dragging an immense swell with her. As she neared the two more advanced racers, the pilot of the "Kitty Hawk," knowing the danger of the huge stern swell of the liner was seen to diminish his speed, but the "Disturber IV.," in the hope of gaining the lead, did not check but plunged headlong into the rollers.

The result of the two manœuvres was soon apparent. When the water cleared, the "Kitty Hawk" was far in the lead but the "Disturber IV." was nowhere to be seen.

Life-saving boats were immediately summoned from shore. The pilot and mechanic of the unfortunate craft were rescued but the only thing recovered of the boat was the wooden transom, dislodged from its place over the engine. The boat owing to its great speed had dived instead of rising to the wave while its rival with decreased speed had weathered the swells without difficulty.

The "Kitty Hawk" was an easy winner of the race. She established a record of twenty-eight miles in thirty and one half minutes.



THE LOWER SIXTH FORM



## IN THE LONG SWAMP

"HONK ! Honk !"

I looked around and hurriedly got out of the way of a motor car that was not there.

I looked to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west but nothing met my eyes except a dreary expanse of real Canadian Long Swamp. It was dotted here and there with fallen logs, shrubs, and a few lonely cedars and balsam trees. Pools of stagnant water were numerous and they were filled to overflowing with the recent rain.

"Honk ! Honk ! Honk ! Honk !"

Lifting my eyes from the pool, where I had been looking for bull-frogs, I observed high in the sky, a large V-shaped flock of geese heading due north.

Almost immediately a black dot seemed to disengage itself from the moving mass and to drop towards the earth. The goose—for such it was—righted itself well above ground, and flew into one of the nearby pools. I thought at first it had been shot, but as no sound of gun had been heard this seemed impossible. What had happened to it I have never found out.

It seemed hungry and did not notice me as I crept closer to the pool. It was eating the sweet marsh grass and grubs under the rotten overhanging bank.

I was within twenty-five yards of it, and intended to get closer, but just at that moment I stepped on a dry twig when—whirr! whirr! I was almost drenched with water as the bird flew with great speed right over my head.

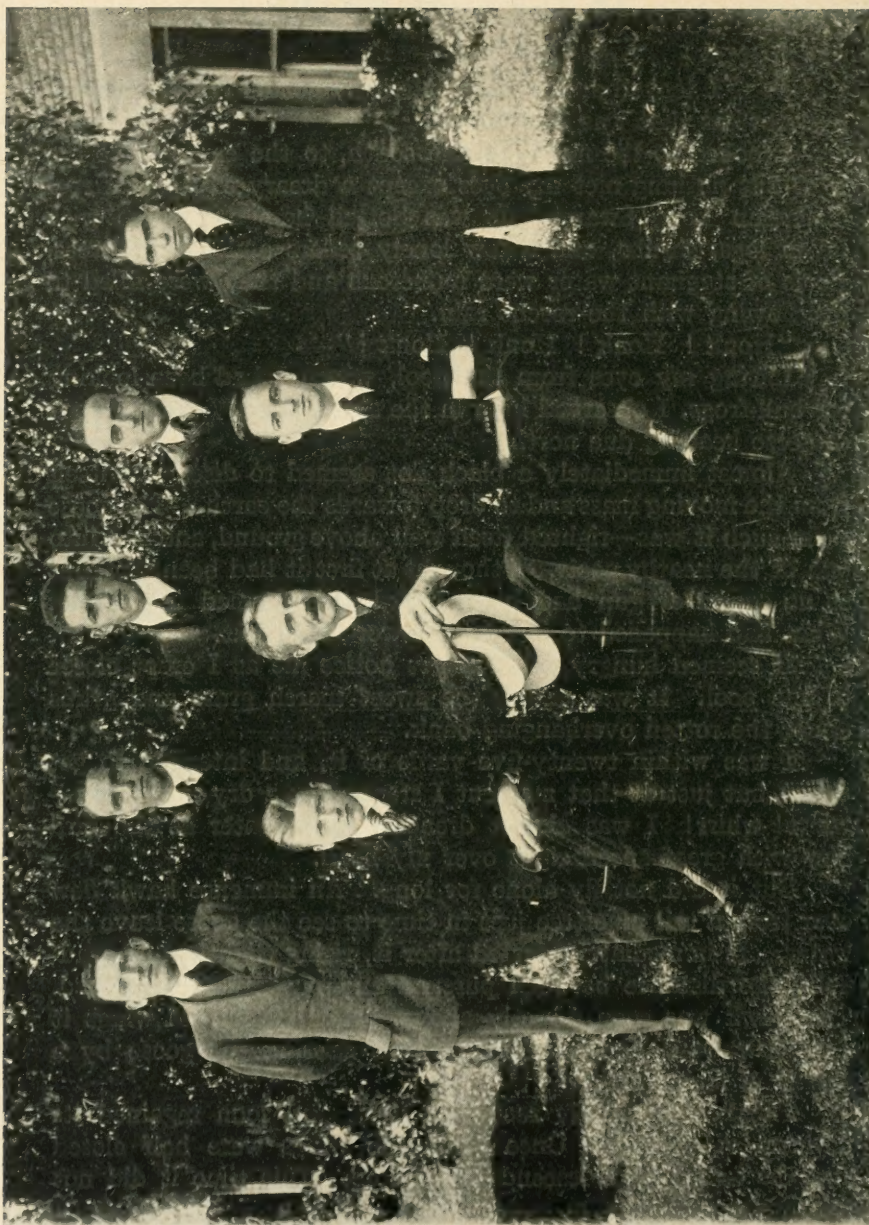
But it did not fly alone for long. An immense hawk flew over from a tall pine tree just in time to see the goose leave the water. It immediately darted after it, rising slightly, and gradually the distance between pursued and pursuer was lessened. The hawk was soon directly above. Half closing its wings it shot downward like a wedge of steel missing the goose by a matter of inches only.

The hawk speedily recovered itself and soon regained its position of vantage. Once again the wings were half closed and the larger bird descended as before. This time it did not miss its mark.

On the long walk home and for days afterwards I could think of little else but the death of that spring goose as it journeyed to its summer home in the north country.

ALLAN FINDLAY (Form IV.)





THE PREFECTS, 1917-'18



## THE WRECK OF THE FLORIZEL

THE Florizel was a steel steamer of about three thousand tons gross weight. She was in the passenger and freight service between New York, Halifax and St. John's, Nfld., and was owned by Bowring Bros. of the latter city. During the winter her passenger accommodations were modified to enable her to prosecute the seal fishery. She was built about ten years ago, was of special construction to fit her for ice-breaking and was the only steamer of her kind afloat.

This steamer left St. John's about seven-thirty, on the night of Saturday, February the twenty-third, nineteen hundred and eighteen. She had on board one hundred and thirty-six people, including passengers and crew.

After clearing the harbour the Florizel ran into some light, slob ice, which became heavier as Cape Race was neared. About ten o'clock it began to snow and the wind freshened up. At four o'clock on Sunday morning all ice was passed and the ship was in clear water. It was then blowing a moderate gale and the snow had turned to sleet.

It was exactly eight minutes to five, and while going at full speed, that she struck land. Of course at this time the captain was ignorant of his exact location but later it was found that the Florizel had struck Cappa Hayden, on the southeast coast near to Cape Race.

The heavy sea running at the time washed over the entire deck, sweeping everything movable overboard, smashing the lifeboats and washing many of the passengers and crew into the sea. An unusually large wave washed away the smoking room deck with the result that about thirty persons who occupied it at the time were drowned.

The first news of the wreck that arrived at St. John's came from Cape Race. The messages were varied and in some cases contradictory. Some were to the effect that bodies had been washed ashore, others that all on board were lost. Finally it was learned that signs of life had been seen aboard the wrecked ship by people on the shore.

In St. John's city great excitement prevailed, for many of the passengers and crew had homes there. Immediately two steamers were prepared for sea. A special train, with nurses and doctors, was also despatched to Cape Race. The first steamer,



however, was not able to proceed to sea until about noon on Sunday, while the other did not get away till five in the afternoon.

When these relief ships arrived at the wreck the sea was running so high that they could scarcely get within a quarter of a mile of her. It was impossible for a life boat to live in such water. So nothing could be done but to wait until the weather moderated.

But the people on shore were not idle during this time. Constant attempts were being made to get lines on board by means of rockets. They also tried to approach the wreck in boats, but in this they were unsuccessful.

The captain of the *Florizel* showed the proverbial heroism of his calling by volunteering to attempt to swim ashore with a line. But the passengers knowing how impossible this was prevented him.

About daylight on Monday morning one of the rescue steamers succeeded in getting a line aboard the wreck. This was given to a lifeboat which got near enough to rescue two of the passengers. After making five trips the boat was swamped, but those aboard were rescued. Boats from other steamers now began to get survivors off in twos and threes. By noon, Tuesday, seventeen passengers and twenty-seven of the crew had been rescued. The other ninety-two persons either were washed overboard or had died from cold and exposure. Of the ninety-two victims of the disaster the bodies of all but two or three have been recovered. Most of them were found in the shallow water of a little cove and were plainly visible from the shore.

The loss of the *Florizel* has cast a gloom over the whole Dominion of Newfoundland, and especially over St. John's where most of the passengers had lived. About twenty of the leading business men of the city, who were on their way to Canada or the United States, were among the victims. Their loss will be keenly felt.

The wreck of this ship while not a great disaster, as great world disasters go, yet shows the risk taken by both sailors and passengers who attempt to navigate the treacherous waters of the Atlantic Coast during the winter season. Bravery is rather a relative term and to different peoples and nations has a widely varying meaning. Yet it is doubtful if, at any time, or, in any place, men who face the winter storms in the coast waters of Newfoundland would be termed other than brave.

T. S. CLIFT (Form IV.)





THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE, 1917-'18



**BUILDING BRIDGES UNDER FIRE**

**B**RIDGE building, under the nose of the enemy's guns, is an every day occurrence with the engineers who are serving in the French and British armies in France and Flanders.

When an army wishes to cross a river it is necessary to provide a bridge, therefore wood and steel pontoons are called into service. A type of pontoon commonly used is about three feet in diameter and eight feet in length. It is made of hollow steel, and has great buoyancy.

The opposite bank having been cleared of the enemy by artillery fire, the engineers are ready for the work of construction. They are protected by their own artillery fire. This, however, does not keep them in perfect safety because Fritz generally finds the range.

The steel pontoons are laid in the stream at right angles to the bank. Upon these the wooden sections are placed. Hooks hold these sections where they are joined. This method gives flexibility to the floating platform regardless of the swiftness of the current, the roughness of the water, or the heavy weight upon it.

When everything is in readiness, one end of the pontoon is floated out into the stream while the other is held securely to the shore. The length of the platform and the number of steel floats used depend of course on the width of the stream. The free end is permitted to float away until it finds a resting place on the opposite shore, that is, the shore held by the enemy.

Meanwhile the Hun batteries directed by balloon and airplane observers are doing their best to smash the new structure. Sometimes they succeed ; more often they fail.

Once the bridge is completed the Infantry begin to rush across bearing machine guns, light artillery and ammunition.

The type of bridge just described is the easiest to construct of any and, because of its low visibility, is hard to destroy.

But the work of the engineers is by no means completed. Other bridges different in construction must quickly follow. The bridge just described will not carry heavy guns or horse trains which have to be rushed over to follow up the Infantry. For this purpose steel scows are brought up. These are launched to form a basis of a crossing. A heavy plank runway bolted

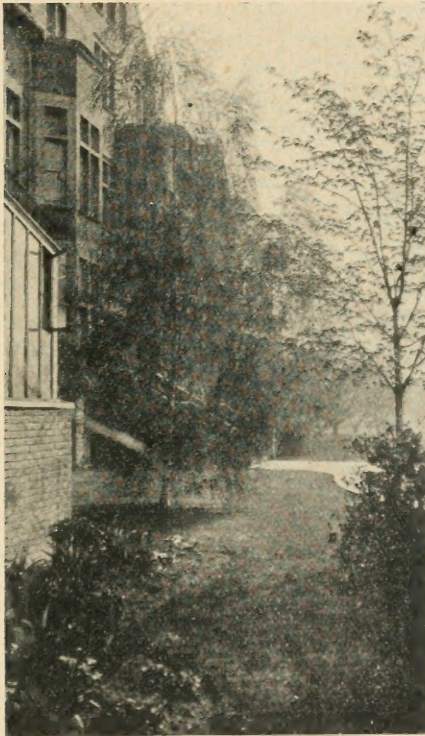


into position enables an unending stream of much needed supplies to roll across day and night.

Finally as the foe is driven still further back, a third type of bridge springs up. This is entirely of steel. Where possible, the stone-work or piers of a former bridge are used. A narrow gauge railway is employed to bring up the necessary supplies.

The longest pontoon bridge in the world has recently been completed in Flanders.

DOUGLAS B. LOCKHART (Form V.)



SPRINGTIME  
(The College Grounds)

## THE TANK

**M**AN'S ingenuity has enabled him to make all manner of dastardly weapons with which to destroy his brother, but the most ingenious machine yet invented, is the British tank.

It is based upon the American invention of the farm tractor, which is fast replacing the horse on large western farms.

Everyone is familiar with the outward appearance of the tank, but few are acquainted with the details of its interior, as these secrets are jealously guarded by the War Office. In order to prevent a tank from falling into the enemies' hands, its crew is pledged to destroy it, if its capture is inevitable.

The means of propulsion of a tank can be regarded in two ways. It can be thought of as a huge belt pulled around the body of the machine, or as a car which lays a track for itself and, after having gone over it, picks it up again. In reality the tank does both of these things, for the weight of the machine is supported by wheels running on the inner side of the caterpillar belt, while at the same time this belt is pulled around by two large pinion wheels. The belt is kept in place and prevented from binding by small idler wheels, at short intervals along its length.

The tank is driven by two large marine engines, using gasoline, as fuel. These are coupled independently of each other, to their respective belts. This simplifies the otherwise difficult problem of steering, as one belt can be stopped or even reversed while the other continues forward, thus enabling the tank to be turned in its own length.

Many people have a wrong idea of the function of the peculiar rudder-like contrivance attached to the rear of the tank. Its use is to prevent the swing resulting from a turn. Its necessity was evident to anyone who saw the "Britannia" swing on to Yonge Street at the start of its parade through Toronto last fall. The driver stopped his right caterpillar, allowing the left to continue working. Soon as the tank was at right angles to its previous position the driver stopped his left caterpillar also. However, there was nothing to counteract the momentum the tank had gained while turning, as both belts were free from their engines. It therefore continued to swing, with the result that the bow swung against a telegraph pole. If the tail, as it is called, had been in place, the swing would have stopped, as soon as the port



engine was disconnected. But, as the wheels of the tail would not grip on the pavement it would have been more of a hindrance than a help.

The truth of the saying, "Necessity is the mother of Invention," was again proved in the case of the tank. It is generally thought that it was invented solely as a means of aiding in the capture of trenches. This is not so. Although the tank helps in many ways, its inventor had one definite purpose in mind when he designed it. Germany, profiting by the Russo-Japanese war, saw the great value of machine guns. Accordingly, when war was declared, it is estimated she had over 50,000 of these weapons. As everyone knows, a few machine guns are capable of doing terrible execution when firing on an advancing body of infantry, and it soon became evident that something would have to be done to clear out the enemy machine gun emplacements before infantry charges could be effected without too great a number of casualties.

So the purpose of the tank was to put enemy machine guns out of action, and it has excelled in this line of fighting.

Strange to say, tanks are classed as male and female. The male is the machine gun hunter and destroyer. He carries light, quick firing guns, capable of firing shells. He is to the machine gun, what the torpedoboat destroyer is to the torpedoboat.

The female, needless to say, is the man killer. She carries machine guns only, and acts as a consort to her mate. She is used more against trenches, but both are capable of crushing machine guns and their implacements.

The tank also acts as a shield to the infantry, for a platoon can advance behind a tank with far greater safety, than if they had to charge across the open.

Every bullet that flattens itself against the steel hide of the tank is just one less to be hindered in its flight, by an unlucky soldier.

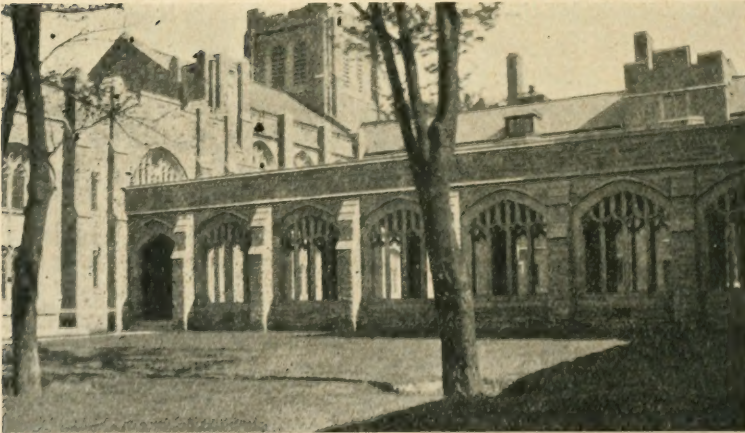
Though the tank has been called a land ship, and several other descriptive names, it will never be known by any other term than "Tank." This term originated while the first tank was under construction. Each unit was made in a different factory, and all were shipped to an appointed place to be assembled. In this way any knowledge of the truth was prevented from reaching the enemy. As far as possible these parts took the form of cisterns, which might very easily have been used as

containers for gasoline and water. As it was rumoured that they were to be used at the front, the fact that they were armoured excited no suspicion. Thus the term which had been used to conceal the identity of the machine's units, was given to the assembled machine. When the tank's early exploits became known to the public, the name became immensely popular.

The majority of people who saw the "Britannia," were disappointed in its size, but it appears that she is one of the smallest tanks, for the approximate dimensions of the modern machines are as follows : height, 12 feet; breadth, 10 feet; length, from 30 to 40 feet. Even longer ones are under construction. The tank weighs from 50 to 60 tons.

Everyone knows of the wonderful effect of the tank offensive on the Somme front, but it is hard to realize the great part the tank has played in the way of lowering the number of casualties. There is no doubt whatever that this war machine will continue its good work, and it is quite probable that a perfected form of this same machine will aid the Allies in the last decisive battle of the war.

GORDON R. MCGREGOR (Form V.)



COURT AND CLOISTER AT KNOX COLLEGE



## MR. CORNTOSSEL VISITS ST. ANDREW'S

**W**AL, say, fellers, I 'spect I hed as good a time as I ever hed afore anyplace."

Thus Mr. Syric Corntossel opened his regular after dinner oration in the Sheriff's office—general store—post office, of Buttonville. The good time to which he referred was St. Andrew's College Sports Day.

We may wonder how one, Syric Corntossel of Buttonville, became connected with our games so we shall listen further. Mr. Corntossel goes on :

"When I got inter the city, as I was a 'readin' in th' hotel, I saw on the paper as how ther was goin' t' be a Sports Day at St. Andrew's College. So I ups meself and goes and says to the clerk chap, says I :

"Where is this here St. Andrew's anyhow?"

"Says he: 'Oh! St. Andrew's. It's up in Rosedale, Si., and if you go up thar watch your step 'cause Rosedale's noted fer its crooked ways, y'know.'

"He don't throw no scare inter me though, so says I to meself, says I, 'Si., here's your opportunity for seein' some of them city sports in their own homes; don't you miss it.' Y'see fellers, I hed never seed any of them sports, only the ones as come out this way in their automobiles of a Sunday.

"I goes and finds a map of the city and tries to get the location of the place through my head, but say! I never saw such a place for twists and turns in all my life. However, I finally gits it reasonably straight.

"Then I begins to think that mebe I orter doll up a bit; so I opens my valise and gets out my blue and pink-checked shirt, my orange necktie and a few other things, When I'm through I betcha I'm as good as any of them city sports.

"As I'm sailin' forth, that fresh clerk guy, he calls ater me an' says :

"'Hi thar Si.! You gotta hev a taxi to git up thar or they wunt let you in.'

"A taxi," says I, "What's that.

"Wal, arter a deal o' explainin', I finally understands that he means a hack, so havin' got that straight, I goes on out.

"First thing I hears when I'm out is a young feller yellin', 'Taxi, taxi mister' ? I grabs him and tells him t' drive me t'

St. Andrew's. I starts t' tell him how t' get thar, but he says he know more'n I do, so I lets him lead me to his haxi, no, I mean his tack, an' put me in.

"First off he goes round in front of the thing an' I don't jest see what he does. But ther is a tremendous racket and the thing begins tremblin' all over. I grabs the side and hangs on while the driver guy climbs aboard. Then there's another awful row and a jerk that sets my hat over my left ear, and we're off.

"Gosh! I aint never gone so fast afore in all my life. The way that feller turned them corners fairly took my breath away. It sure is some ride though and after we've gone across two bridges and round a few more corners, the guy dives in between two gate posts and we seem t' be in a private park.

"He soon stops an' lets me out, and I tell you, fellers, I was sure glad t' get my two feet on terra cotta again.

"I gives him ten cents fer his trouble and turns to go. I aint gone far though 'fore he yells after me and it struck me that prob'ly I had given him too much but would you believe me, fellers, he had the nerve to make me pay him sixty-five cents more.

"The place he's landed me at is some buildin'. As I'm goin' up the steps, I sees a statute over the doorway with some writin' under it. I guesses that it is the statute of one of the masters or some important person or other.

"If he ever looked like that statute he'd a been worth seein'.

"As for the writin' it was clear beyond me. It may have been the chap's name that the statute was for, but it seems t' me that they're kinda overdoin' this here spellin' reform.

"Then I sees a crowd over t' one side so I concludes that mebe the sports are over thar and I goes over. Sure enough, here are all the sports, young sports, most of them, but there are some old ones too. Most of the young ones has young girls with them but the old sports, wal they didn't have young girls with *them*.

"Jest then I hears some one hollar out somethin' about one hundred yards senior and I looks round. Up at the other end of the lawn a lot of brazen young chaps are struttin' around without anythin' much on but a pair of short pants and a sweater or somethin'. Seems t' me they arter know better'n t' come out



afore all thim people dressed that way. They seems t' be formin' a line up thar and I sees a feller with a gun raised up in the air and as I'm lookin' he fires it.

"All the young'chaps start runnin', and I don't jest see why. Are they afraid the guy with the gun might fire it at them or are they jest tryin' t' see who'll get t' the other end first? Then the idear gits me that these are the sports and that they aint people at all, but races, and say fellers, I enjoyed the rest of them fust rate.

"When they're all over the crowd goes inter the building so I goes along, fer y' see fellers I wanted t' git seventy-five cents worth o' fun out o' this.

"As soon as I'm inside I hears some music playin' a barn-dance, but when I gets down t' the end of the hall nobody is doin' a barn dance. They seem t' be slidin' around easy like and believe me it's some sight too.

"I aint got the nerve t' start a polka or a barn-dance so I goes out and gets back t' the hotel in time for dinner after havin' only lost meself twicet."

A. PRINGLE (Form IV.)



AN IDYLL OF THE SPRINGTIME

(The College Grounds)

## CONCRETE SHIPS

THE eyes of the marine engineering world have recently been directed towards a new undertaking in shipbuilding, that of constructing seaworthy vessels of concrete. Boats of the projected type will be used to replace the present shortage, due to submarines, in the merchant marine.

A department has been established in the emergency fleet corporation of the United States Government, under the direction of Rudolph J. Wig, to experiment with the use of concrete. In the event of the success of the vessels now under construction, a large ship-building programme will be enforced. These types will probably range from three thousand to seven thousand five hundred tons, and will be built after Government plans. The headquarters of the three companies which are busily engaged in building experimental boats are at New York, Boston and San Francisco.

Nevertheless concrete ships are not a new invention. In 1849, Lambot, a native of France, constructed a small vessel of concrete which he later exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris. The same boat was used until 1903, when it was reported to have been doing good work. Over twenty years ago Holland began to use barges made of reinforced concrete, and to-day nearly seventy-five are in service on her inland waterways. The Welland Canal employs one, eighty by twenty-four feet, for carrying gravel. There is also one of seven hundred and eighty-three tons in the harbour of Sydney, Australia.

Within the last few months the "Faith" has been launched from the ways at Redwood City, California. As her length is three hundred and twenty feet and her speed twelve knots an hour, she surpasses all previous attempts.

The first step in the actual construction is that of building a wooden mould of the specified dimensions. Immediately inside this are iron rods so placed as to relieve the stress exerted on each section. A mixture of sand, cement, and gravel of certain proportions is poured into the mould which is completed by the construction of an inner wall of boards. Every beam that strengthens the hull is formed of concrete reinforced by an iron rod. In the entire ship there are no nuts or bolts used. It resembles a huge vessel of continuous stone.

It is surprising to know that a vessel of the same proportions made of steel weighs only twenty per cent less than one of rein-



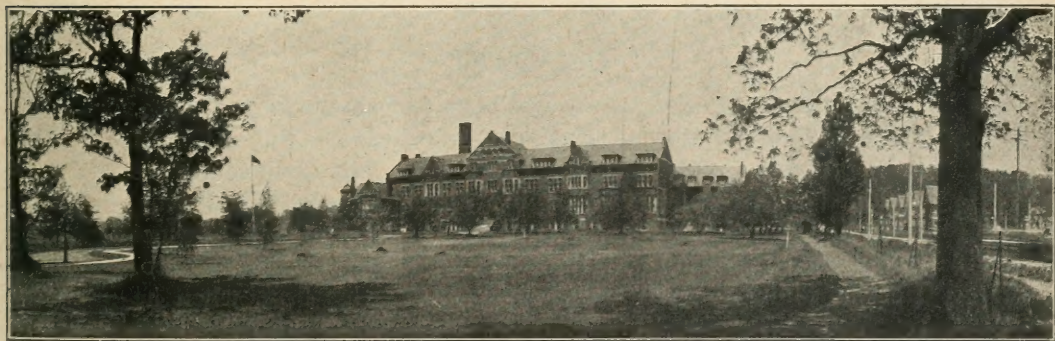
forced concrete. The cost of such a ship as this is only two-thirds of a wooden one. Although the concrete boat takes a fraction longer to build yet the ways are set up in a remarkably short time. A plant for steel construction costs nearly half a million while one for concrete only two thousand dollars. Another saving is experienced in the class of labour employed. Skilled mechanics are necessary for important war work, while this venture requires only common workmen to place the moulds and pour the concrete.

Ships of this material are considered nearly torpedo-proof, which will be a wonderful help in withstanding the submarine menace. Artistic designs can be moulded on these vessels as the material used lends itself to various shapes. A final coat of paint makes the ship resemble a steel or wooden boat.

Several factors of extreme importance have been noticed and causes for difficulty have been overcome. For instance, it was found, after observing the action of salt-water on concrete, that the salt solution seeps through the porous substance and rusts the iron reinforcements causing the particles of rust to swell and crack the concrete. However, this is not true of the result caused by fresh water, which is hardly noticeable. To counteract this a solution of lime has been mixed with the cement which makes the outer surface waterproof.

The speedy construction of vessels of this kind in large numbers would not only defy the submarine danger, but also form an efficient addition to the present mercantile fleet, in which a dangerous gap has been made by Germany's ruthlessness.

F. ROPER DAYMENT (Form III.)



THE OLD SCHOOL

## Our Old Boys

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"CHUCK" McLEOD

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### OBITUARY

DOUGLAS, JOHN GORDON, was born on September 2nd, 1889. He came to St. Andrew's College from the Rosedale Public School in September, 1904, entering Form III. His removals were obtained with regularity through the Fourth and Fifth Forms, when he left in June, 1907, to enter business. On leaving school he obtained a position with the Gordon MacKay Co., of Toronto. He was filling a Western appointment for this firm, when he returned to Toronto, in November, 1914, to enlist in the 19th Battalion. He went overseas with the 19th in May, 1915, and



served in the trenches with this Battalion for some months. In the spring of 1916, he obtained a commission with the 7th Seaforth Highlanders (Imperials). In October, 1916, he was wounded and shell-shocked. In the summer of 1917 he was home on leave and returned to his Battalion in the autumn. A few months ago he received a serious injury in Edinburgh and had only returned to his Battalion for some two weeks when on April 12th, 1918, he was killed in action.

Gordon Douglas was a steady, dependable boy at school and always retained the confidence and liking of Masters and boys. The news of his death brings much regret to the hearts of all who knew him at the old school.

MUNRO, FREEMAN, was born on August 7th, 1892. He came up to St. Andrew's College in February, 1906, entering the First Form, and left school in March, 1911, to enter business. For a time he was employed with the Office Specialty Co., at Newmarket and later joined the Monarch Knitting Co., at Dunnville, Ont.

In the autumn of 1915, he joined the 114th Battalion as a Lieutenant, with which Battalion he went overseas, being transferred later to the 36th Battalion, with whom he saw considerable service in France. On August 11th, 1917, word was received that he had been wounded in the foot, but had returned to duty.

On August 15th, 1917, he was with the 75th, at Lens, when he volunteered to take out a section of his Company to dislodge some machine guns that were retarding an advance. He was last seen "going over the top" and no word has been received of him since that date. Reluctantly his friends have concluded that he was killed in action, and he has been officially reported as such "on or after August 15th, 1917."

"Toady" Munro was a great boy at school and was immensely popular with every one. He was a member of the Lower School Teams in his junior days, and maintained his record as an athlete when he came over to the Upper School. In 1910, he captained the 3rd Rugby Team and in 1911, played on the 2nd Rugby Team. He excelled as a hockey player at school, and captained the First Team in 1910, being a member of the team also in 1911.

He was a most loyal Old Boy, frequently going to great trouble after he left school to keep in touch with the old place which he loved so well. He will be much missed and long remembered.



NICOL, HENRY LADDS, was born on March 28th, 1892. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1909, from the Vancouver High School and remained here two years, matriculating into McGill, in June, 1911. In 1910, and also in 1911, he played as inside wing on the First Football Team, and obtained his first eleven colours in 1911. In 1910-1911, he was a Prefect and also a member of the REVIEW Staff. During the time he was at St. Andrew's he was a member of the Cadet Corps. "Big Nick" as he was known at St. Andrew's was deservedly a most popular boy and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all. All of the Old Boys of his day will learn with sorrow that he, too, has to be numbered with those who will not come back.

On leaving school Nicol went on a Survey for some months. Later he joined the Inland Coal and Coke Co., at Merritt, B.C., where he was Assistant General Manager, when the war broke out. He held a commission in the B.C. Horse, but resigned and went at once to Winnipeg where he enlisted in the Strathcona Horse. When they left Valcartier he was Sergeant-Major. Later he won his commission on the field, and was acting Major at the time of his death, on Monday, April 1st, 1918.

The following account received of the immediate engagement in which he met his death indicates that he died as he lived, fearless and ready at the call of duty.

"After supporting the British infantry near Marcelcave, dismounted cavalry, with one mounted squadron, made a gallant attack through Moreuil Wood and cleaned out the enemy. Afterward, however, it was again filled with Germans, who had many machine guns, and the cavalry were again asked to clear it. It was a perilous task, for two Battalions of the enemy held the wood, and their machine gun fire swept through the glades; but in the wood of Moreuil on the morning of April 1st, British cavalry performed a feat as fine as the Balaklava charge, and this also should be made into a ballad and learned by heart.

"Twelve hundred men who had been riding through the night went forward in three waves and charged that dark wood next morning at a hard gallop. The first wave rode to the edge of the wood, and the second to the centre, and the third went right through to the other side—through the enemy and over his machine guns and in the face of a hail of bullets from hidden machines. They cleared the wood of Moreuil and brought back prisoners



and thirteen machine guns, but there were many empty saddles, and many men and horses fell."

ROSS, GORDON FRASER, was born on March 17th, 1894. He entered St. Andrew's College as a very little fellow in September, 1901, going into the Lower Prep. Form, and left in June, 1913, after writing on the McGill Matriculation. In 1912 he obtained his first eleven colours, and also played on the Cricket Team in 1912. In 1912-1913, he was a member of the Athletic Directorate and also of the Literary Society Executive. As might be expected he was keen on all the school undertakings, and was an enthusiastic member of the Cadet Corps.

On leaving school he entered the firm of Eddis, Wilbur & Son, Chartered Accountants. In August, 1915, he went to Dayton, Ohio, where he trained at Wright's Aviation School. Having obtained his certificate he joined the R.N.A.S., and went overseas in October, 1915, as a Sub.-Lieutenant. In June, 1916, he was promoted to Flight-Lieutenant and transferred to France for land flying. For some time he was engaged in scout work on the English coast. Owing to a nervous affection he later transferred to the R.N.V.R., and was in attendance at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in the autumn of 1916. Later he was appointed Sub.-Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Hermione*. He was transferred to the Motor Patrol Service, and attached to H.M.S. *Arrogant*. Twice his boat was shot from under him, and on the second occasion it was some time before he was rescued.

He took part in the raid on Zeebrugge, and later was one of those to volunteer and be accepted for the attack on Ostend. It was while assisting in taking off the crew of the *Vindictive* that his boat was struck by a shell, and he was killed on May 10th, 1918. He had long been entitled to leave, which had been granted by the Admiralty, but for some reason his commanding officer would not let him go and the leave was deferred.

Coming into the school at such an early age, and going through all the Forms as he did, being most of the time in residence, Gordon Ross was known to very many S.A.C. boys. He was always popular with his fellows, and the regret at his death will be both widespread and deep.

Elsewhere in the REVIEW appears an extract from one of his last letters home. It will be read with much interest by his old friends.

TAYLOR, WILLIAM WALLACE, was born on August 30th, 1894. He came up to St. Andrew's College from the Chatham Collegiate Institute in September, 1913, but he left to go into business before the expiration of the school year. He played on the Third Rugby Team, was a member of the Cadet Corps and always evidenced a readiness to help out wherever wanted by the others. In April, 1916, he obtained his commission with the 91st Battalion and was later transferred to the 186th, with which Battalion he went overseas in March, 1917. Towards the end of the year he was sent over to France where he saw much service, being awarded the Military Cross in January, 1918. On April 6th, 1918, he was wounded and succumbed to his wounds three days later.

Although only a short time in the school, Taylor made many friends there, all of whom will learn with sorrow that he too has fallen.

WOOD, RICHARD SHAW, was born on November 18th, 1891. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1905, and remained for three years. In 1905-1906, he was one of the Sergeants in the Cadet Corps, in which organization he was much interested. He played in all the school games.

During the summer of 1917, he qualified as an aviator and went overseas in January, 1918, after acting as an instructor at Fort Worth, Texas. On March 19th, 1918, he was accidentally killed while flying in England. Wood was a loyal Old Boy and only two days after the news of his death reached the school the Headmaster received from him a long letter, in which he wrote of the old days and of his hopes for his little son left at home.

WRIGHT, DOUGLAS CHRISTIE, was born on September 12th, 1895. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1909, coming from the Rosedale Public School, and remained until June, 1913, when he matriculated into McGill University. He was keen on all the school activities, played on the Third Football Team in 1912, and obtained his Gymnasium Team colours in 1913. He was a member of the Cadet Corps for some years and a Sergeant in 1912-1913.

In the spring of 1915, he joined the Mississauga Horse and in February, 1916, obtained a commission with the 170th Battalion, going overseas with them as signal officer. In December of the same year he was sent across to France, where he saw



considerable service. He was wounded once, and suffered from trench fever after Vimy Ridge. In November, 1917, he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and two months later was flying in Italy. On March 5th, 1918, word was received that he was missing. In the middle of April information was received from Austrian sources that he had been killed in action while flying over the Austrian lines.

Douglas Wright was known to very many S.A.C. boys, and was always popular with boys and masters. His readiness to join in all the school undertakings and to do his part contributed to the ready welcome he always received from his fellows.

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EARLY MORNING

(The College Grounds)

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

[NOTE.—That the interest of the Old Boys of Saint Andrew's College, in their alma mater, is of a very real character, is clearly shown by the many letters received by the Headmaster from those of them who are overseas. To be remembered at times when there is little else to occupy the mind may be rather a doubtful compliment, but to be remembered amid the bursting of Hun shells and in the thick of the fight, is a real honour. In the following extracts we purposely omit all personal references which might be distasteful to the ones concerned. The names of writers are also omitted for the same reason.—EDITOR.]

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM GORDON ROSS RECEIVED SHORTLY AFTER HIS DEATH  
AT OSTEND

"I have not written you for a long time, but if you have read your papers you will understand. We find ourselves the heroes of the day. I myself was in the thick of the Zeebrugge 'Strafe' and can tell you that while it lasted it was hell. The sight of the *Vindictive* going alongside the mole was wonderful; we were near enough to see quite clearly only a short way off. We were not even hit with a bit of shell. The King complimented us all, etc., etc. When we came into Dover the next morning we passed the *Vindictive* and were wildly cheered. We were the first boat in next to the *Vindictive* herself. I have a cutlass and a bayonet off her as a souvenir, but I am afraid I cannot send them home, but will bring them. You can see why I didn't come home when I had my leave, but I shall do so soon now. I have been aboard the *Vindictive* several times in the last few days. I took Colonel —, a Canadian, over her and impressed him with the story."

"My skipper, ———, has the official job, from the Admiralty, of writing the 'Eye witness report of the Stunt,' and his brother was down yesterday sketching the whole show from our descriptions. He is a famous artist and I should advise you to get the *Graphic* for about the next three weeks and you will see the pictures. I will send you one marking my boat. Well, I have to get under weigh early, so will say 'chin chin.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE LADY MAKES A HIT

"On Wednesday we went to see the Countess of Harroby, who looks after Canadian officers on leave. She gave us a card to a big London dance for that night, at which we had a fine time. It was at a private house and we met some very nice people there. ——— came along too. ——— and I told her we were getting 'fed up' with London, so she sent us off to the country yesterday. This is absolutely the most wonderful place I have seen in England. The owner, Mr. ———, and his wife have no children and they've been taking in Canadian officers for some time now. He was born in Canada, but has been living in England since about 1900, when his estate came to him. He only owns 7,500 acres and a palace. Yesterday we got in too late to do much, but we went for a long walk this morning and played a couple of sets of tennis. This afternoon I took out a very fine little polo pony for a ride and we played tennis after with Mr. and Mrs. ———. Two, Lady 'Somebody's,' sisters arrived just before dinner to stay a few days, so we played bridge this evening. ——— just got over on leave yesterday and he is coming up here on the noon train to-morrow. The worst is I have to leave on the five something, as I have to catch the train



for the big war at 7.40 Sunday morning. I only wish that I had looked up Lady Harroby earlier. Next leave it's going to be the first day."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE NATION'S AIRY NAVIES

Yesterday morning ——— and I had a very exciting time of it. We went up at 4.30 a.m. on a special reconnaissance and we were up for over two hours, most of it in the pitch dark, of course. We crossed the lines about 2000 and dropped our first parachute flare, which remains in the air for about five minutes, about five or six miles over the lines. We then saw a lorry on the road and shot him up with our machine guns. An Archie gun started on us from the woods and we shut him up for a few minutes. As soon as our flare reached the ground several Huns came out to put it out and we first noticed them by the long shadows their legs cast on the ground when they were walking around it. I fired at them but couldn't see the result. Just then I saw a searchlight coming towards us from the left and I leaned over and touched ——— on the shoulder, but before he could do anything it was on us. We had got down very low by this time—700 feet—and I thought, for a couple of minutes, that it was all up. We simply couldn't throw it off and, of course, we had every machine gun in the neighbourhood firing at us. However, after I had fired nearly a drum down the beam they put it out. We found several holes in our planes when we got home and they shot up the tail plane so badly that we had to get a new one. We finally got over the lines again and then we came back to drop our second flare, but we didn't have any excitement. The General happened to be around to-day and he congratulated us both on our trip. The Wing-Commander put the following remark on the the Squadron's daily report opposite our item: "Very good effort indeed—congrats." So ——— and I have been feeling quite bucked up with life since.

"We just got nicely started on our second trip last Tuesday when the Hun managed to concentrate about three machine guns on us. Poor old ——— got one through the mouth and neck which, of course, killed him instantly. I got three bullets through me, which rendered me unconscious, but a shot through the petrol tank splashed some over my face and I came to just for a second. We were in a vertical nose dive about 100 feet up by then and I saved my life by falling on top of my dual control stick as it sort of half flattened the bus and I was thrown clear when we hit the ground. We crashed in 'No Man's Land' about 100 yards from the Huns and extremely brave French officers came out under a terrible machine gun fire and brought me in. I was, of course, unconscious all this time, but I learned the particulars from one of these officers, who was wounded in saving me.

"I had a four-day nightmare in a French hospital and twelve hours in a train going to ———. However, with the prospect of another day on the same train, I begged them to put me off here. This is a private hospital about 20 kilos out of ——— and it is staffed by American, English and Canadian doctors and nurses."

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#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

"I regret that I have not made a more determined effort to keep in touch with the School, but if I have been neglectful it has been due to our somewhat



strenuous life out here and the numerous home letters which take up our leisure time.

"However, it almost seems like old times when I come across S.A.C. boys in many odd places. I have been over here a year now, coming out just before Vimy and for the first six months was a despatch rider on 2nd Brigade Headquarters. Am enclosing a snap of my horse. I do not imagine that you will recognize me. Wishing to get experience, I transferred to the Fifth Battery and am limber gunner of our gun. Both of my brothers are in the same Brigade, so that it is very pleasant for me. One is a gunner and the other Orderly Officer of Brigade. I remember you calling me into the office once, as you were afraid that my brother had been killed. Only wish that the old days could come back. The quiet peace in the spring, as we rambled around the 'Tuck,' played cricket and worked out in the gym. would be a very welcome change.

"Have not been to see Mr. Tudball, although often near him. Was down the line for a month before Christmas gassed, but am all right now. Of course, we are busy and I think the School motto would apply aptly to a good many of our men who have served through winter here."

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#### A LETTER FROM EGYPT

"Again let me thank you and the REVIEW staff for the excellent Christmas Number which you sent me and which arrived only a few days ago, having followed me to France, then back to England and finally out here.



THE LIBRARIANS OFF DUTY



"As you will see, I am out in Egypt taking my pilot's course, but, to tell the truth, you would not know that there was a war on at all, and the whole of this trip out, and the time spent while out here, has been very much like a pleasure trip, for we have done a great deal of sight-seeing during our spare time. This country is very interesting and seems crowded with nothing but ancient history, mummies, pyramids, tombs and sand. The latter especially is noticeable on a windy day.

"During the month's preliminary course of instruction, which we had near Cairo, we were allowed Wednesday afternoons and Sunday off, so there is not very much around there that we did not see, having visited the pyramids, tombs, mosques, bazaars, obelisks and many other curious but interesting sights.

"Our trip down the Mediterranean was beautiful, with always the chance of being torpedoed as the ill-fated *Aragon* was, which was only a few hours ahead of us. The accommodation on board ship and meals were excellent and all that could be wished for.

"While on the course I refer to above, I noticed a parcel sent from St. Andrew's College for Lieut. J. Malcolm, and was surprised to learn that any other S.A.C. Old Boys were on the course. I made inquiries for him, but found that he had gone to the Hospital only a few days before with some slight illness.

"On looking through the list of Old Boys who have joined up, it is surprising the number that are now in the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S."

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EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY



## PEN PICTURES

"To-day we did four hours and five minutes contact patrol again and, according to the C.O. and the Intelligence Officers, we pulled off a very good job. It was one of the most interesting afternoons I ever expect to spend. We could see the Bosch coming over in the open and the French steadily retiring to their defensive line. Once again I had the pleasure of a sure target for my gun. Of course we got machine gunned and fired at with rifles for further orders, but he was too busy with our troops to concentrate all his attention on us. It was exactly the same as I had imagined a battle in the open would be like. Two long lines of Germans advancing for fifty yards or so, lying down and firing and then going on again; a bunch here running across the open to some cover behind a clump of trees and another party some distance away running from one farm building to another and so on. The French soon checked them and at one point we could see the bright blue uniforms on one side of a village, with people waving to us, and on the other the Huns firing at us. All the time, of course, we were going back and forth to a dropping station and dropping messages to Headquarters, telling them exactly what was going on. At times, of course, the people in the rear don't know within perhaps two miles where the line is, so you can imagine how they jump at any scrap of information we drop over."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The war is still going on in the usual way for us. After three very welcome days of 'dud' weather, in which we only did one job, a trench reconnaissance 700 feet, the clouds being at 1,000, we started in at photography again this morning. Two machines from our flight, ours being one, went over carrying four twenty-pound bombs apiece, which we managed to drop nicely into a village on the Hun lines, besides getting part of our photos. The Hun machines left us severely alone, thank goodness."

\* \* \* \* \*

## AN OPTIMIST

"The Battery I'm with is a jolly good one. Our O.C. is a great head and is most awfully popular throughout the Battery. As a matter of fact, all of the Officers are jolly good sports and we manage to have some fairly decent times together. I can say that the Imperials are a great bunch to be with. Of course, I would in some ways sooner be with my own crowd, but I certainly do like the gang I am with. Our Brigade is hoping to be relieved soon. We hear wild rumours to that effect, at any rate, and sure hope it's true, as it will mean a bit of a rest for us. Now that we've got our full quota of subs., we get a bit of a change at the wagon line. It sure does you a lot of good to have that change, too."

\* \* \* \* \*

## "A CRIME TO KILL THE POOR BEGGARS"

"This is the ——— day of the battle and, with the exception of the day I drove the tender and yesterday, when the C.O. ordered us to stay in bed to get a rest, I've been flying four and five hours a day and it's quite a strain, take it from me. The day before yesterday the rain simply came down in sheets, but, despite that trifle, we found our way to the lines in the morning, although we couldn't do much, and in the afternoon we went up again for three solid hours and never got higher than 600 feet, where the rain clouds were. However, we were able to get some very valuable information about a Hun attack and got



complimented by the Colonel. Every time we go up we come down with bullet holes through our planes, but so far have been lucky enough to miss them all. Three days ago we found about 70 Bosches in posts in front of their front line and we scared them so much with our machine gun fire that they promptly jumped into the open and ran for their lives, which some of them didn't keep. However, we got pretty well shot up and I got an explosive bullet square through the seat of my machine. Luckily I was standing up firing and it only tore the seat of my flying suit. This morning we were over on a special reconnaissance at 6.00 a.m. and we got some wonderful targets. It was almost a crime to kill the poor beggars. We caught six in a big hole in a woods and I am afraid that I got the whole crew with my Lewis. We were only at 200 feet and you can't miss there.

"The line has been stationary for the last couple of days and I think we have got him stopped for good. Since I last wrote we have had three poor chaps killed and several wounded, not to mention two chaps who had to land in Bosch lines and were taken prisoners."

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#### THE REVIEW

"I do hope you will put me on your mailing list for the REVIEW as it comes out. I love reading it. It seems to bring us all so much closer together. The REVIEW which I just received I have read from cover to cover."

"The Easter REVIEW arrived from France to-day. It was the first mail I had had for a month. It certainly tickled me all up the back. I think I appreciated it more this time than ever before, because it is rather slow in the hospital and there is no one here whom I knew previously."

"To-day I received the Easter REVIEW and as Christmas, 1917, was the last number to reach me, it is needless to say how pleased I was to again get in touch with the doings at S.A.C."

"Just received a copy of the ST. ANDREW'S REVIEW and it certainly was a great surprise, as it is the first I have received since joining up. It brought back many happy memories when reading through it."

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#### HIT IN THE PUTTEE

"I've seen things in the last few days that I shall remember all my life. As you know, the show started on the 21st and we have had five days of almost constant work. The first day after we had had two days' practise contact patrol, we were the first machine to leave the ground on the real thing and we surely saw some wonderful sights. It had been dull up till noon, so no one knew where the Bosch was, so we wandered about two or three miles into Hunland at 600 feet before we were aware of it. We were suddenly awakened by very heavy machine fire from the ground and, looking down, we saw literally masses of light grey uniforms; men in sunken roads, folds of the ground, etc., not to mention the Hun batteries firing in the open and others limbered up and standing to with the horses in. I fired my machine gun into and made them chase all over the place and I am sure I must have killed a few. Well, anyway, we got back with extremely valuable information and between thirty-five and forty bullet holes in

us. The bus was so badly shot up that it was considered useless for further flying and shipped away. After we had been up about half an hour ——— leaned over and said that he was hit in the leg. We both thought so until we got down three quarters of an hour later when he took off his torn puttee and found that it had just taken the skin off his leg."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THROWING BOMBS LIKE BASEBALLS

"When we had crossed the bridge there was a great mix-up of men, everybody at the highest pitch of excitement. Something had to be done, so Capt. ———, who was sort of bossing us, just then called out to me, so over I ran. He told twenty men off with me and gave me instructions to proceed down the canal bank and enfilade fire on the Hun and drive them all up towards the main road. I looked down the road, where I saw hundreds of Fritzies and said to myself, 'It's all up now,' so off I started with the twenty men (Capt. ——— intended driving them all back the main road, sweeping the village as he went). I had gone about ten yards when, through some misunderstanding of the men, they refused to go at this critical moment, so I said 'Well, here goes,' and went off by myself. I thanked God afterwards that there was no one with me or we all would have been wiped out. I got down to a certain point on the Canal Road and by this time Fritzie had gathered in the asphalt square between four houses. I picked up a bag of bombs on the way and got round on the right of the square. I used all my old baseball training with the bombs to the best of my ability and this drove the Huns out of the square where our chaps could get at them. In coming round a corner on my way back to the battalion, two Fritzies fired, not fifteen feet away, point blank at me. I ducked and just in time, one bullet grazed my wrist, the other flew on harmlessly. They then got funky and started to run. They had to climb a wall, so I got one in the back with a bullet as he was getting over. I then thought I was safe and, hurrying back to the other boys, I came round the corner of a house and ran full tilt into a Hun with a revolver. There was only one thing to do and I did it. I never wish to experience the same feeling again. He dropped his revolver and clutched at the bayonet, but every bit of force I had and the weight of my body was used, so it was no 'Bon' for him. I then in a great funk myself hurried back to the battalion, where I was supposed to have been killed a dozen times. I then took over the Company and was drawing rations four or five days later (back in supposedly for a rest) when a shell came through the roof of the cookhouse and killed our C.Q.N.S. and lifted me ten feet, leaving two pieces of itself in my shoulder and back. My wounds have healed up perfectly and, although a little tiny piece of my spine is gone, I am **AI**. I received all my **REVIEWS** and parcel kindly sent by you and the boys. Please convey my kindest regards to Mrs. McDonald and all the boys."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AN INCIDENT OF BATTLE

"Thanks very much for your thoughtfulness regarding my M.M. I think father has it rather a little mixed. I did take over the Company after all officers had been wounded or killed, but that was just holding the line after we had reached our objective. I think I got the M.M. for work done on the 20th of November. We had come up on our objective, which was the 3rd and a village on the other



side of a canal half way between ——— and ———. We at first had two bridges by which to cross, but a very inquisitive tank tried to cross one in front of us and went through. This left but one bridge to cross and consequently all the Hun's fire was concentrated on this small bridge. We, however, with a yell like so many wild Indians, rushed the bridge and got into the village, although we had great casualties. It put the wind up on Fritzie and we immediately began to 'mop up' the village. The main road of which led straight through. Another road led down by the side of the canal, where Fritzie had machine gun emplacements up in trees."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### BIG GAME

"A week ago I brought down an enemy two-seater machine and two of us together brought down another one. Both machines were confirmed to have crashed out of control. We were really very lucky, though. Two of us went up together and met the two-seater enemy machines and, as I said, both planes were seen to come down out of control by our lookout stations from the ground.

"Then, a little more than a week ago, I had another fight with an enemy two-seater machine and it is probable that it crashed too ; but we were too far over the lines for our ground lookout stations to see what happened. It seemed to me that the plane went down under control, but with its engine out of action.

"Six days ago, when we were being nicely shelled some distance across the line, my engine broke down, and I had my doubts at first that I should be able to get back to our side at all. However, I did manage to make a sort of a landing. My machine was smashed up a bit but I was not even touched."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NINETEEN MONTHS IN FRANCE

"This, indeed, is a belated letter, but although its lateness may mean that I am an ungrateful young beast, it does not mean that the Christmas parcel and REVIEW which the College sent were not greatly appreciated. Quite the contrary, in fact. There was a regular riot in my shack the night the 'Quakers' arrived, and I am sorry to say that once our mob got down to business the poor 'Quakers' did not fight the good fight for long. The whole force was wiped out and not one remained at the end of the evening to tell the tragic tale.

"Last September I was on leave for the one and only time since my arrival in France 19 months ago. I was due to go again early in March, but put it off till nearly the end of the month, when ——— was due to finish his course. It is two and a half years since I last saw him and I thought we might as well put in our leaves together. Less than a week before I was supposed to start for England, the big battle started and all leaves were cancelled, so here I am still. The C.O. says my chances for leave should be good about September or October, if the war is still on."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A HERO, EVERY INCH OF HIM

"Yesterday we were flying both in the morning and on the dusk patrol at night, when we got very badly 'Archied.' This morning, though, we had a very sweet time of it. Two of our machines were attacked by five Huns when on photos and they were very lucky to get away with bullet holes through both of them. We went out just as they were coming in to do a shoot all alone and in



the first half hour I saw lots of Huns, but none of them bothered us. However, just as soon as we started calling up our Battery, we got archied and about ten minutes later four Huns came over with the obvious intention of attacking us. However, our archie drove them back and I didn't worry any more about that particular four, as they chased off away to the East. About five minutes later I was horrified to see white archie (ours) burst about a mile on the north of us, some distance on our side of the line. I then saw the four Huns in it diving down trying to cut us off from getting West. I warned ——— and he put her into a steep dive, but of course the Hun scouts overtook us in no time and two of the four came in at us firing their guns. I just said to myself, 'Here's where there's one machine less in ——— Flight.' We could hear their bullets coming crack-a-t-y-crack all around us, but ——— threw the machine all over the sky and they didn't hit us. He was doing so much though that I also couldn't take a decent aim and I was only able to get five or six shots in a burst. I was lifted half off my feet once and thrown right on top of my gun. However, by this time we were a good two miles on our side of the line and, what with being a bit nervous of our rear gun and worrying about getting back, I suppose the Huns thought it time to quit, which they did. Whereupon both ——— and I nearly collapsed from weakness. We went out to do our shoot again this afternoon, but I am afraid we were both too jumpy to do much successful work."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### S.A.C. INOCULATION

"I'm afraid I've allowed myself to drift clear out of touch with the old College days and friends, and it was with a mighty full heart that I saw so many familiar names on our Roll of Honour, and on the longer list of fellows who are still 'fighting for Andy' over here.

"As for my own news, I've been in France nearly a year now,—came over in charge of 400 coolies last summer. Unfortunately, I've seen very little of the war. I have been stuck down at the Base for the last six months and it looks as if I will be here for the duration. I can't get a transfer out of the Corps because of one fatal accomplishment—I speak the lingo. Still, there are compensations. Our companies are very large, each platoon being 125 strong. My own platoon is a particularly lively bunch and provides plenty of amusement. I have four white N.C.O.'s and six Chinese 'gangers,' or foremen. So you see we're not troubled with the man-power question so much as how to handle the man-power we've got. One able-bodied Chink is supposed to do the work of two white men (of the Labour Company type, of course,—old men and 'corks'). As the only Chinese-speaking officer in the company, I get let in for a bit of extra work sometimes—interpreting, investigating rows and such like trifles. However, there isn't work enough to keep one very busy. My latest stunt is getting the coolies to buy war bonds. They are well paid and have very little to spend their money on. The coolies in our company alone have bought nearly ——— francs worth of bonds since January.

"The language these chaps pick up is fearful and wonderful. It is a mixture of French, English and Chinese. They can swear pretty fluently, too, unfortunately. 'No bon,' or 'no bonzala,' as they sometimes call it, is a favourite method of expressing disapproval, while 'good-a-la,' 'coom on,' and such-like phrases are current coin between them and the N.C.O.'s, who of course speak no



Chinese beyond what they've picked up since coming to the C.L.C., which, by the way, is mispronounced in Tommy's usual way, but still is understood by the coolies.

"As you probably know, there are a lot of missionaries who have taken commissions in this corps. This is especially true of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in Honan. As soon as word was received that Chinese-speaking men were wanted, they came almost to the last man.

"The S.A.C. inoculation has been working in my system pretty effectively since I left school and I hope to be a credit to the old College yet."

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### SUNSET AT GRAND PRÉ

Beyond the hills all purple veiled and dim,  
Where last the twilight shades of evening die,  
Where last the song-bird chants his vesper hymn,  
The sunset-banners drape the western sky.  
The gauzy fabrics, scarlet, crimson, gold,  
Fringed with the royal purple of the night,  
Mingle their lines in many a mystic fold,  
With trembling beauty in the changeful light.

And now the lamp burns dim, now slowly fades  
Each scarlet cloud,—the sky is all blood-red;  
The bay a pool of deep'ning, limpid blue,  
The valley veiled in ever-darkening shades.  
A twilight purple here, but overhead,  
A twinkling star—'tis night—sunset adieu!

ANDREIAN.

## Old Boys' News

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"TOD" GRANT

The REVIEW congratulates Lieut. Malcolm Ross on winning the Military Cross. It was awarded for bravery as observation officer on March 22nd. He remained in the front line all night and signalled back frequent and valuable information to his battery.

We also congratulate the following on their awards, concerning which no particulars have as yet come to hand:

SERGT.-MAJOR S. C. BLACK, D.C.M.

LIEUT. W. L. HARRISON, M.C.

LIEUT. J. MALCOLM, M.C. and Croix de Guerre.

LIEUT. K. JUNOR, M.C.



MAJOR THOMAS HALE, Croix de Guerre.

FL. COMM. H. B. BELL, M.C., and Croix de Guerre.

CORPL. FRANK QUIGLEY, M.C., and Bar.

LIEUT. R. D. GALBRAITH, M.C.

J. M. Forgie, Jack Hope and W. C. James are in the first Canadian Tank Battalion.

Art Hunter and Cecil Wallace have visited the college this term. They are in town to join the R.A.F.

Capt. A. B. Lindsay, M.C., also visited us this term.

Capt. A. T. Lowes, M.C., made a short stay at the college on his way from France to Calgary.

Fl. Lieut. Claude Leckie, owing to ill health, has returned to his home in Vancouver.

Word has been received that A. M. Urquhart, who was formerly reported missing, is now a prisoner in Germany.

Ed. Whittaker has recently returned from a tour of the Eastern States where he has been lecturing in the interests of the Red Cross, under the auspices of the United States Government. He visited the college on Sunday, June 2nd.

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## BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. James N. Bicknell, a daughter, April 3rd, 1918.

To Mr. and Mrs. Victor G. Vanderlinde, a daughter, April 26th, 1918.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Geggie, a son, June 4th, 1918.

### MARRIAGES

Lieut. David W. Booth to Miss Isabel May Clark, on March 23rd, 1918.

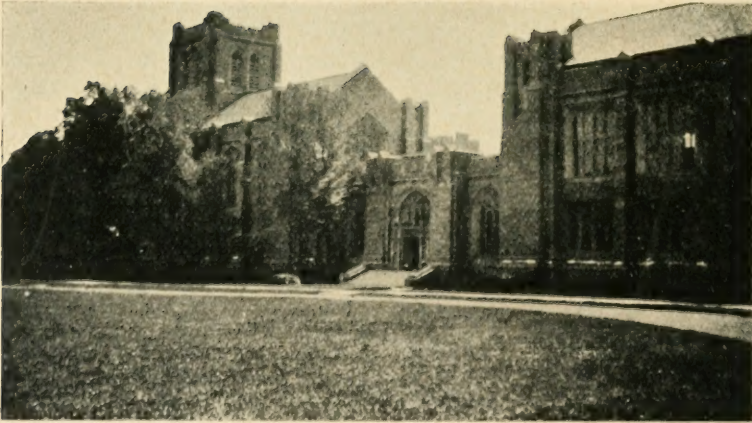
Capt. D. G. McIntosh to Miss Mary Katherine Kranny, of Kitchener, Ont., April 25th, 1918.

Lieut. A. H. Follett to Miss Mary Marsden Shaw, on May 21st, 1918.

Major D. R. Morton to Miss Mary Muriel Sutcliff, of Lindsay, Ont., April 17th, 1918.

Mr. Richard David Davis, Jr. to Miss Mildred Baer, of Pasadena, Calif., May 31st, 1918.

Sub-Lieut. T. Dudley Ross to Miss Doris Evans of Montreal, on June 5th, 1918.



KNOX COLLEGE FROM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



## The School

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### LAST SUNDAY IN THE OLD SCHOOL

ON Sunday evening, June 9th, a memorable event took place in the Assembly Hall of the College. It was the occasion of the last Sunday evening service to be held in the old school in North Rosedale. The hall was filled with students, Old Boys, their parents and friends, and all felt varying touches of emotion at the thought of being permanently separated from scenes more or less familiar. The sermon by the Headmaster, which by special request has been furnished to the REVIEW for publication, follows :

Job 40 : 7 : *"Gird up thy loins now like a man : I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me."*

We are met to-night, boys, under unusual circumstances—circumstances, indeed, such as occur rarely in the experience of any school. We assemble in chapel service for the last time in the place where a long succession of boys have gathered on Sunday evenings.

Moreover, it so happens that the great majority of these boys are in distant lands, fighting for our freedom. Many have been wounded. Many have been maimed for life. Many rest from their labours, sleeping on foreign soil, where in the spirit of service they gave their all at the call of duty. Not a few are back and join with us to-night. Here may I express not merely my own, but also the pleasure of the present generation of Andreians, at having them with us on this last Sunday evening.

As we might expect, there is an element of sadness about the occasion, for we are human and there must be regret at leaving the old surroundings. And yet, in what better cause could we move out than for the benefit of those who return wounded from that struggle, which after all is yours and mine, if we could remain free men ?

The readiness of our Old Boys to answer the call to service, the extraordinary record of their achievements have brought great honour to the school. Now you, the present generation of boys, have been given the opportunity of making your contribution to the great need of the time. You move out from under the roof which has sheltered the school for 13 years. You give

up your school home. You leave behind the historic Athletic Fields, where you have had your own struggles and where your predecessors so often fought and won. It was on that field that Burton won the School Championship—Burton, who commanded the company that was “left in the air” at the battle of Ypres, and though seriously wounded and swooning at intervals held on until reinforcements arrived. It was there that boys like Malone, Brown, Ross, Rogers, Nicol and a host of other heroes, who have died in the cause of freedom, won championships for the school.

Truly, it is no light matter to give up all this. Sunday after Sunday, as boys, and, I am proud to say, as Old Boys, these lads were wont to sit in this place. Now we are to say good-bye to the old home where after all many happy memories linger. It is an occasion when we are, more or less, compelled to take count of ourselves, and it is well we should do so.

The School is only 19 years old. Yet, may I tell you of a conversation which I had a few days ago with the Headmaster of another school. He asked how old the School was, and when I told him 19 years, he expressed surprise at her youth, saying, “You have an old tradition that leads one to regard the School as much older.” Yes, boys, we have much, very much to be proud of. But, after all the achievements of these 19 years, ought not to be uppermost in our thoughts to-night. As for myself, it is natural that, as I have thought of to-night’s service, memories of the past should be with me. Nevertheless my eyes are turned toward the future. There is sounding for me that challenge of Scripture of which I spoke to you some Sundays ago. A challenge indeed, which is most timely for all loyal sons of the place. This is it, “Let thine eyes look right on and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.”

It is to the future we must look, not the past, for there is work to be done, and we are the ones to do it. We have come to a period in our history when for us things will cease to be as they have been; when we will take up our school life under entirely new conditions. We are leaving the old place and are to be, as it were, sojourners in the land. It is true that there is a promised land beyond, but we must conquer it, we must prepare it. The whole situation is one calling for the display of the stuff that is in us. Boys, is that not just as it ought to be and as we would have it? For it is the necessity to achieve, the honest striving



to answer the call to effort that makes men, and we are all proud to believe that the making of men is our mission.

There is here, undoubtedly, a call to present action. "Gird up thy loins now." Lads, we are about to enter the ring, for life gives us an immediate challenge and we must take it up. You tighten your belt ; you make sure that nothing hampers you as you enter your boxing bout, as you enter any test, as you make any effort worth while. It's second nature to a man of sense to do so. In other words, you gird up your loins. You make ready for effort. This call is upon us now and we must not be slack.

Moreover, the spirit is which we are to meet our challenge is indicated. It is to be done like a man. Is not that just the way true St. Andrew's boys should go into anything ? Is it not just the way in which they have always acted ? It is the spirit of our own motto : "Quit ye like men." To be an Andreian is to be manly.

The English papers have already published the information that the School is being taken over by the Military authorities. The fellows at the Front will be wondering about it all, and discussing the pros and cons of it with each other as opportunity arises. I can hear their conclusion. "Don't worry. You can trust them all from the smallest boy to the Headmaster to see the thing through in the old spirit of the School. Like men they will go into it, and when we return, if we do, we will find the old School in another place ; but still the old St. Andrew's of the fighting, serving spirit. They will be sure to 'quit themselves like men.' "

But we must not "gird our loins like men" merely for the sake of the school. It must be done because of God Himself. "I will speak to thee," He says.

After all, if we have any faith whatever, we must believe, as we look out on life, in the controlling hand of Almighty God. We are not mere pawns in life to be moved hither and thither at the will of another, but yet it is not permitted us to shape our destinies without the hand of God upon us.

I take it we are called upon to stand ready like men because God has things for us to do. It is for us to go out like men and do them, unostentatiously, faithfully and full of unconquerable hope, realizing that unless in all our undertakings we look to the great God of the universe we will miss for the School those things which are truly great and intrinsically best.



But the challenge does not leave us here. There is not only the command to poise as men ready for action. There is work to be done, and we are challenged to be alert, because God awaits an answer.

"Declare thou to me," He says, *i.e.*, Make me to know. Perform, that I may see your works. Let them be such that my ears may rejoice at the sound of their voice.

We must see to it that the school does not suffer from the move, but that is not sufficient. There should be more than mere negative achievement. Our school must profit by the change. She must profit in tone, in work, in athletics, in every activity in which she engages. And this she must do because her boys of to-day, hearing the call, answer it in a spirit of unswerving loyalty, ready sacrifice and consistent giving of their best. We are going into a beautiful home for our two years' sojourn on the way to the promised land, but that in itself cannot be enough. We must go with a readiness to serve, with a willingness to adjust ourselves to new conditions, with an eagerness to profit by improved surroundings, with a determination to surmount the certain difficulties and discomforts of change of environment, and we must do it all like men who have faith in God and in their School. We must go seeking first and foremost that the name of God shall be honoured in our midst.

To give, my lads, will be to get. It is the boy who gives to his school, who learns to love her. For deep down in his soul for all time, whenever he thinks of her, there is a feeling of rest and satisfaction because something of himself has gone in to her.

Finally, I would impress upon you the important truth that not for ourselves alone does the School exist. After all we are but the link that binds the boys of the past with the generations of the future. Let us not fail. For it is a great trust that rests upon us this night. Nor is it for Andreians only we are to be on our guard. The work we have been given to do is God's work, and, doing it, we serve a Trinity,—ourselves, our country, and our God. The word Trinity I use advisedly, for I have a strong conviction that just as we recognize that in the school it is God's work which is to be done, we best serve the three, self, country and God; and that nevertheless there is a wonderful unity in it all, a oneness which, because our minds are finite, we cannot fully comprehend, but which in some measure at least we can understand.



## MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S

*"To the glory of God and in honored memory of Lieut. Ernest Reece Kappelé, who laid down his life for King and country, and for the great cause at the taking of Vimy Ridge, on April 9th, 1917, I unveil this tablet, presented by his mother."*

WITH these words, Captain R. A. Donald, of the 75th Battalion, accompanied by Pte. George Godier, batman to the late officer, unveiled the memorial tablet erected to his memory in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Toronto. The date was Sunday, April the seventh, the anniversary of Vimy Ridge, in which battle Lieutenant Kappelé gave his life as a sacrifice to freedom.

The lesson was read by the Headmaster of Saint Andrew's College, who occupied a seat in the chancel during the service.

The Venerable Archdeacon Cody officiated at the dedication and his voice was vibrant with emotion as he said :

*"To the glory of Almighty God, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection and re-union through Jesus Christ our Lord, we dedicate this tablet in proud and loving memory of our brother, Ernest Reece Kappelé. May God accept and bless this memorial, and grant that those who look upon it may realize the constraining call of duty; the glory of loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice, the joy of faithful service, the inspiration of noble comradeship, and the power of an endless life, to which may He vouchsafe to bring us all."*

As the congregation stood in silent prayer, the great organ filled the church with the wonderful strains of Chopin's Marche Funèbre. After this the bugles sounded the solemn notes of the "Last Post."

The tablet bears the following inscription :

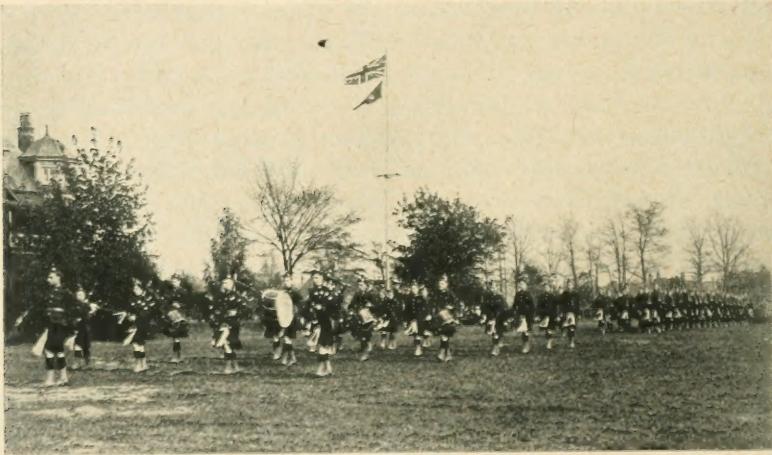
*"In loving memory of Ernest Reece Kappelé,  
Lieutenant 75th Battalion (Mississaugas), 4th Division, C.E.F.  
Killed in action at Vimy Ridge, April 9th, 1917  
In his 24th year.*

*'Ye shall receive a crown of glory.' I Peter 5: 4."*

Owing to the school being closed for the Easter Holidays the St. Andrew's College Cadets could not attend in full strength. However those of them who were in the city, about twenty in number, were present in Highland uniform and had seats in the west transept.

### THE CADET CORPS

**A**LTHOUGH St. Andrew's College, in common with other Canadian schools, has suffered much as a direct result of the European conflict, there has been a corresponding increase in the interest taken in the Cadet Corps. Undoubtedly the war may be accredited with this. An earnestness on the part of each individual, coupled with a closer study by the officers, has had a tendency to make the past Cadet Corps year a very successful one. In fact, so much interest was shown that our athletics, especially in the Spring term, were sacrificed to the interests of the Cadet Corps.



THE CADET CORPS—REVIEW DAY

But not only in the company was this spirit noticeable. The members of both pipe and bugle bands displayed a willingness to combine with the remainder of the Corps to produce a smoothly working whole.

The first parade of the Cadet Corps was on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorials to Lieutenants Malone and Gooch at St. Paul's Church last November. On April seventh, the Corps was also represented by several members at a second service of a similar nature to Lieutenant Kappele.



The Cadet Corps Dance on February first was a success from both social and financial standpoints. The proceeds are being expended in sending the REVIEW overseas.

Two church parades were held during the season. The Corps attended Sherbourne Street Methodist Church and a few weeks later also paraded to Westminster Church.

The annual inspection on Wednesday, May twenty-second, was the real climax to a season of successful work. Although the sky was threatening a considerable number of spectators were present. Sir John Hendrie took the salute, and Colonel McCrimmon inspected the Corps.

The following Friday morning, May twenty-fourth, the Cadet Corps paid a visit to Government House, where they were inspected by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire.

To Hewitt, as captain, and to Lieutenants Kent and Gordon are due much praise for the efficient way they handled the Company. Lightbourn, as Drum Major, brought the band to a standard that will furnish a goal for his successors.

S. B.

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### SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

A NUMBER of men, prominent in church and educational work, visited the College during the term and gave interesting addresses at the Sunday evening services. The first of these was Prof. George M. Wrong, of Toronto University, who preached on April 21st. On the following Sunday evening Principal W. L. Grant, of Upper Canada College, was the speaker, Sir Robert Faulkner, K.C.M.G., president of Toronto University, preached on May 5th; Rev. Prof. T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., of Knox College, on May; 12th and the Rev. Prof. James Ballantine, D.D., of Knox College, on May 26th. On Sunday, June 2nd, Rev. John Neil, D.D., of Westminster Church, paid a pastoral visit to the College and preached in the evening. Doctor Neil, who recently visited England and the war territory, gave an interesting account of what he saw there. His address, in common with the entire series, was much appreciated.

A.C.

### PATRIOTIC FETE

ON the evening of Friday, April 26th, the Cadet Corps acted as ushers at the Patriotic Fete given in the Arena, by the physical training classes of Branksome Hall and the Margaret Eaton School. The entertainment was under the distinguished patronage of their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. The proceeds were in aid of the prisoners of war, disabled soldiers and the Halifax blind. The entertainers were greeted by an enormous audience. The programme consisted of a number of marches, drills and dances which were carried out with smoothness and rhythm. After the performance the corps fell in on the floor and stepped off to the tune of a lively bugle march.

J. E. McD.

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### THE VISIT OF CANON SAVAGE

AN interesting event of the term was the visit of Canon Savage, Hexam Abbey, England, who was in Canada in connection with Serbian relief work. Canon Savage has had a wide experience in the different war zones. Six times has he been to France in connection with war work, four times to Saloniki and three times to the Dardenelles and to Palestine. As might be expected his descriptions were graphic and vivid.

Canon Savage paid a fine tribute to Canadians by saying that the finest body of soldiers he had ever seen was 7,000 Canadian Highlanders at Salisbury Plain. He, in common with many others, has made great sacrifices for the common cause, but the greatest of all was the death in action of his son who was killed while fighting with Canadians.

The boys responded liberally to his appeal on behalf of the Serbians.

R. McM.



## THE UPPER SIXTH

*"Last scene of all  
That ends this strange, eventful history."*



BEATH, "STAN."

*"Marry, he can do a deal of things and do them all well; and making love to the ladies is not the least of his accomplishments."*

Beth came to St. Andrew's in the fall of 1916 and entered the Lower Sixth Form. He returned this year to complete his University Matriculation work.

Second Hockey Team, 1916-17. First Rugby Team, 1917. First Hockey Team, 1917-18. REVIEW Staff, 1918. Executive Athletic Association, 1918. Executive Literary Society, 1918. Sergeant Cadet Corps 1918. Prefect, 1918. A reliable son of Andy, who particularly distinguished himself by his literary contributions to the REVIEW.

CAMPBELL, "WILLIE "

*"Marry, sir, be better employed!"*

William Campbell, of St. John's, Newfoundland, entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1916. Took the Junior Pass Matriculation for Toronto University in June, 1917. Was a member of the Second Rugby Team, 1917.



CURRY, "ANDY"

*"The quality of mercy is not strained."*

When Andrew Curry left King's College School, situated in his home town, Windsor, N.S., their school paper mentioned the fact that their wise man was attending St. Andrew's College, Toronto. Entering in September, 1916, he has shown splendid ability as a student, and he will be our lone scholarship candidate this midsummer. Although not prominent in athletics he has taken an active interest in all phases of school life. Member of REVIEW Staff, 1918. Winner of Cooper Medal, 1917.

EARLE, "MORRIS"

*"Wherefore are you gentle, strong, and  
valiant?"*

Morrison Earle left St. John, New Brunswick, in the fall of 1916, journeyed into far Ontario, and came to S.A.C., entering the Lower Sixth Form. In June, 1917, he wrote the Toronto University Exams., returning to College in September, 1917, to complete his University requirements.



College Wrestling Championship, 1917. Second Cricket Team, 1917. First Rugby Team, 1917. College Wrestling Championship, 1918. Sergt., Cadet Corps, 1918. Prefect, 1918.



GORDON, "GORD."

*"Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?"*

Grant Gordon—seeking new worlds to conquer—was enrolled at S.A.C. in September, 1916, taking University of Toronto work in the Upper Sixth Form. From Pembroke he came, and soon took a leading place in the life of the School. An athlete of no mean quality, he has twice held the Senior Boarders' Championship, in 1917 and 1918, being prominent also in Rugby and Hockey.

First Rugby Team, 1916. First Hockey Team, 1916-17. First Rugby Team, 1917. Capt., First Hockey Team, 1917-18, Lieut., Cadet Corps, 1918. REVIEW Staff, 1918. Executive Literary Society, 1918. Executive Athletic Association, 1918. Prefect, 1918.

KERR, "HUGH"

*"Well, that rascal hath good metal in him."*

Hugh Kerr, of the city of Toronto, entered St. Andrew's College in 1913. A steady worker, he has mounted upward in the College, passing the Toronto University Pass Matriculation in June, 1917. He returned to the Upper Sixth Form last September, but shortly after Easter enlisted in the R.C.H.A. at Kingston. Second Rugby Team, 1917.





McLAUGHLIN, "RED"

*"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."*

Roland McLaughlin, also of Toronto, has spent five years at S.A.C. A good student, he has held a foremost position in his forms. Was the winner of the Cooper Medal in 1916. Passed the Toronto University Junior Matriculation in June, 1917, and in September returned to the Upper Sixth Form to complete his University Entrance requirements.

Ross, "DOUG."

*"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman."*

Douglas Ross, of Toronto, left the school at Easter after a period of five years, during which he played a prominent part in school life. Passed the Junior Matriculation for Toronto University in June, 1916, taking honour work in 1916-17-18. Was the Head Prefect the present year until his departure to enter a city law office.



Prefect, 1916-17. Head Prefect, 1917-18. Executive Athletic Association, 1916-17-18. Executive Literary Society, 1918. REVIEW Staff, 1916-17-18.

(As we go to press we learn that Doug. has enlisted in the R.A.F., C.O.T.C.).



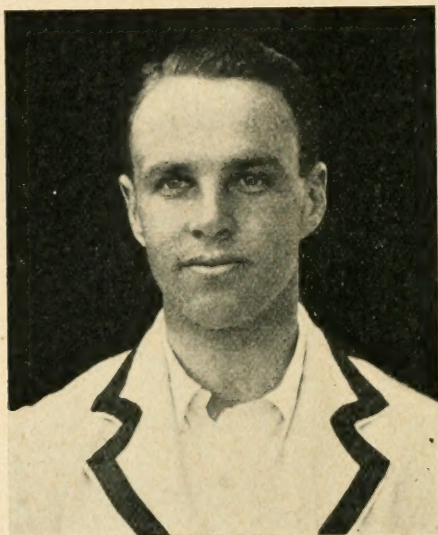
Ross, "ROY"

*"O Jupiter! How weary are my spirits."*

Roy Ross, of Truro, Nova Scotia, entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1916, in the Lower VI. Form, McGill Group. Passed the entrance to the Faculty of Science of McGill University, Part I., in June, 1917, and returned to complete his course in the Upper Sixth Form. As the REVIEW goes to press he is leaving School to join the Cadet Wing of the R.A.F. Member of Second Rugby Team, 1917.

## Athletics

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W. D. LIGHTBOURN  
(Capt. First Eleven)

### CRICKET PERSONNEL

HEWITT (Gord.)—third year on the team. Is a steady bat and an excellent fielder. Made a showy catch in the game against U.C.C.

AULD' (Archie)—Another old colour. Plays an excellent bat and is good bowler.

WOOD (Doug.)—Our only "Stonewall" type of batsman. Is a capital fielder and a sure catch. By practice he has strengthened his stroke, but yet is backward in hitting out.

KENT (Leit)—Second year on the team. Plays his position well at long stop. He is inclined to get rattled when batting, is good bowler and has a sharp break.



STIRRETT—Turned out for wicket-keeper and has proved to be a great success. His batting is of the hard hitting type but is uncertain at times.

RICHARDSON (Ike)—Came to us from last year's seconds. Fielded well at "point" in the Upper Canada game. With coaching he will make a good bat.

EARLE (————)—Another of last year's seconds. Is a good fielder and throws in well. Rather uncertain at batting.

CLIFT (————)—Came to us from Newfoundland. He is a steady bat and places his hits well. Has made good scores throughout the season. Is also a good bowler.

CHOPPIN (Choppy)—One of the fastest bowlers on the team. Seems to be rather unsteady at batting but is improving.

CLARK, II. (Clarkie)—A new boy, has picked up the game very quickly. Is a good bowler and should be a valuable man for next year.

LIGHTBOURN (Buster)—An old colour and a player of exceptional ability. Is captain of the team, our best bowler and a hard hitter.



FRATERNIZING

## CRICKET

## FIRST XI.

## BROADVIEW VS. ST. ANDREW'S

The season opened with the Broadview Club match, on Saturday afternoon, May 4th. Our team showed good form, both at the bat and in the field. As the game was unable to be finished, it was called a draw. St. Andrew's had the decided advantage of the scoring.

BROADVIEW.		ST. ANDREW'S	
Foxworthy c Hewitt b Auld.....	5	Auld b Gilbert.....	13
Jarvis b Lightbourn.....	0	Hart c Stroud b Jarvis.....	1
Rogerson b Lightbourn.....	0	Clift c Buttress b Bird.....	23
Hudson c Kent b Auld.....	29	Wood b Gilbert.....	1
Gilbert b Auld.....	5	Lightbourn c Stroud b Bird.....	6
Shuter c Hart.....	0	Hewitt c Hudson b Bird.....	1
Saunders b Auld.....	1	Kent not out.....	16
Stroud c Wood b Lightbourn.....	2	Stirrett b Bird.....	9
Bird b Auld.....	2	Richardson b Bird.....	6
Buttress not out.....	1	Earle I. c Stroud b Bird.....	0
Vaughan not out.....	0	Clark II. c Bird b Gilbert.....	3
Extras.....	4	Extras.....	3
Total.....	49		81

## BOWLING.

BROADVIEW : Gilbert, three for 17 ; Jarvis, one for 15 ; Hudson 0 for 18 ; Bird, eight for 20 ; Stroud, 0 for 5 ; Saunders, 0 for 3.

S.A.C. : Lightbourn, three for 28 ; Auld, six for 20.

## ST. CYPRIAN'S VS. ST. ANDREW'S

The annual match with St. Cyprians was played on Saturday afternoon, May 11th. Although it was a very close game the superior team won. Hewitt played the best bat for St. Andrew's, obtaining 15 runs, closely followed by Auld who knocked up a score of 14. For St. Cyprian's, Mundy with 20 made the highest average. While our team did not bat so well as in the previous game, they did well in the field.

ST. CYPRIAN'S.		ST. ANDREW'S	
Forrestall b Lightbourn.....	0	Auld b Forrestall.....	14
Mundy lbw b Lightbourn.....	20	Hart c Headley b Forrestall.....	0
Machen run out, b Auld.....	1	Clift b Headley.....	5
Huddleston c Clark b Lightbourn.....	10	Wood c Johnston b Forrestall.....	0
Johnston c Clift b Auld.....	18	Lightbourn c Machen b Headley.....	15
Headley b Auld.....	2	Hewitt b Headley.....	0
Lynch b Lightbourn.....	2	Choppin c Bloom b Headley.....	1
Bloom c Clark b Lightbourn.....	3	Kent b Forrestall.....	1
Shaw b Auld.....	8	Stirrett c Johnston b Headley.....	1
Dunningham not out.....	1	Earle I. c and b Headley.....	1
Allshire b Lightbourn.....	0	Clark II. not out.....	0
Extras.....	1	Extras.....	2
Total.....	66	Total.....	42



## BOWLING.

ST. CYPRIAN'S: Forrestall, four for 23; Headley six for 14; Machem o for 3.  
S.A.C.: Lightbourn, six for 16; Choppin, o for 13; Auld three for 36.

## UPPER CANADA VS. ST. ANDREW'S

The Upper Canada team, this year, were our visitors, playing our annual all-day match on Wednesday, May 29th. It was an ideal day for cricket and the enthusiasts of the pastime turned out in numbers. Our team fell down in the batting department. Beatty featured for Upper Canada with many of his long drives, which brought in many runs for his team.

## UPPER CANADA.

Dennehy c Richardson b Lightbourn	20
Richardes c Earle b Lightbourn	1
Beatty c Earle b Lightbourn	24
Menendez run out	3
MacIntosh b Lightbourn	0
McDonald c Hewitt b Auld	16
Hardaker c Earle b Auld	0
Zybach b Auld	4
Gillespie b Lightbourn	11
Short c Wood b Auld	7
Pipon not out	11
Extras	6

Total.....103

## ST. ANDREW'S.

Auld, c Pipon b Beatty	13
Clift I. b Beatty	6
Wood b Beatty	3
Lightbourn b Beatty	3
Richardson b Zybach	0
Hewitt not out	9
Choppin b Zybach	0
Clark II. b Zybach	0
Kent c Gillespie b Zybach	0
Stirrett b Zybach	0
Earle I. b Zybach	3
Extras	2

Total.....39

## BOWLING.

U.C.C.: Beatty, four for 14; Zybach, six for 11; Menendez, o for 5;  
Gillespie o for 4.  
S.A.C.: Lightbourn, five for 33; Auld four for 44; Choppin, o for 20.

## TRINITY VS. ST. ANDREW'S

This game was played on Saturday, June 1st. It turned out to be the hottest day of the season. The batting honours for Trinity were carried off by Harper, who ran up a score of 68. For St. Andrew's, Stirrett and Lightbourn drove in 14 apiece.

## TRINITY.

Harper c Stirrett b Lightbourn	68
MacKenzie b Auld	9
Howard c Clift b Auld	0
Croll b Lightbourn	39
Cumberland c Clark b Lightbourn	8
Clarke lbw Auld	5
Jones b Lightbourn	5
Cayley lbw b Lightbourn	8
Greaves c Hewitt b Lightbourn	4
Ryall not out	4
Nickle c and b Auld	2
Extras	13

Total.....165

## ST. ANDREW'S.

Auld c and b MacKenzie	1
Clift I. run out	2
Wood c Croll b MacKenzie	1
Lightbourn c Harper b Howard	14
Hewitt c Nickle b MacKenzie	14
Kent run out	11
Choppin b Cumberland	3
Clark II. b. Howard	0
Richardson b Howard	0
Stirrett run out	0
Earle I. not out	0
Extras	1

Total.....47

## BOWLING.

T.C.S. : Howard, four for 12 ; MacKenzie, four for 20 ; Croll, one for 12 ; Cumberland, one for 2.

S.A.C. : Lightbourn, six for 56 ; Auld four for 91 ; Choppin 0 for 10.



EXECUTIVE OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

### THE BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT

THE Annual Contests were held a few days before Easter, but as the REVIEW had already gone to press, the results have had to be held over until now.

The preliminaries were run through on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, March 20th and 21st, leaving everything clear for the finals on the evening of Friday the 22nd.

The events were well contested, and the usual good sportsmanship and gameness was to be observed throughout.

Among many good bouts several may be specially mentioned.

In the 145 lb. class, boxing, McMurtry, I. out-pointed Wiggins after a hammer-and-tongs battle. The margin was very slight. The small boys, too, showed good ability. Cowie, II., winner of the 65 lb. class, and Ault, winner of the 75 lb. class,



will both be exceedingly clever boxers. Stirrett had very little opposition for the college championship, although showing that he had the necessary skill and courage.

In the wrestling the youngsters again exhibited some clever work.

In the 145 lb. class Syer and Loomis provided a very good bout, the former winning after the match had gone some minutes overtime. Earle, I. and Stirrett also put up a good exhibition in the heavy-weight class. Earle, who was last year's champion, carried off the honours again.

In the senior fencing Hewitt handily out-pointed Robertson. The latter tried hard, but could not prevail against the skill and experience of his opponent who has been college champion for three years running.

McCarter proved too great a problem for Startup in the Junior class.

The results follow :



GORDON I. RECEIVING THE BOARDERS' CHAMPION CUP FROM LADY HENDRIE

## BOXING

65 LB. CLASS.—1. Cowie, II.; 2, Gallagher, II. and Dennis (Tied).

75 LB. CLASS.—1, Ault ; 2, Beer, II.

85 LB. CLASS.—1, McMurtry, II.

95 LB. CLASS.—1, Scott, I.; 2, Robins.

105 LB. CLASS.—1, Lewis.

115 LB. CLASS.—1, Denovan ; 2, McLean, I.

125 LB. CLASS.—1, Clift, I.

135 LB. CLASS.—1, Hendrie.

145 LB. CLASS.—1, McMurtry, I. ; 2, Wiggins.

158 LB. CLASS.—1, Brown.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Stirrett.



BOYD

Winner of the Senior Field Championship



## WRESTLING

65 LB. CLASS.—1, Carrick, III.  
75 LB. CLASS.—1, Ault.  
85 LB. CLASS.—1, Patterson, II.  
95 LB. CLASS.—1, Scott.  
105 LB. CLASS.—1, Pugsley ; 2, Lewis.  
115 LB. CLASS.—1, Cameron ; 2, Robertson.  
125 LB. CLASS.—1, Clark, II. ; 2, Home, II.  
135 LB. CLASS.—1, McCarter.  
145 LB. CLASS.—1, Syer ; 2, Loomis.  
158 LB. CLASS.—1, Brown,  
COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.—1, Earle, I. ; 2, Stirrett.

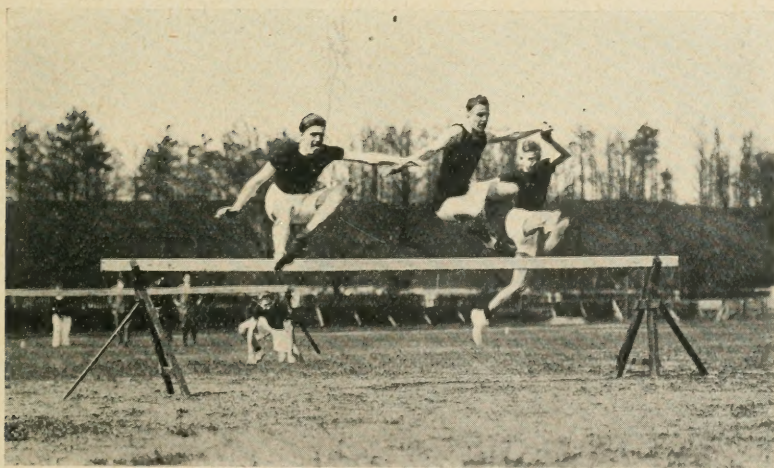
## FENCING

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.—1, Hewitt ; 2, Robertson.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.—1, McCarter ; 2, Startup.

There was a gratifying increase over last year in the number of entries. Let the good work go on.

A. G. C.

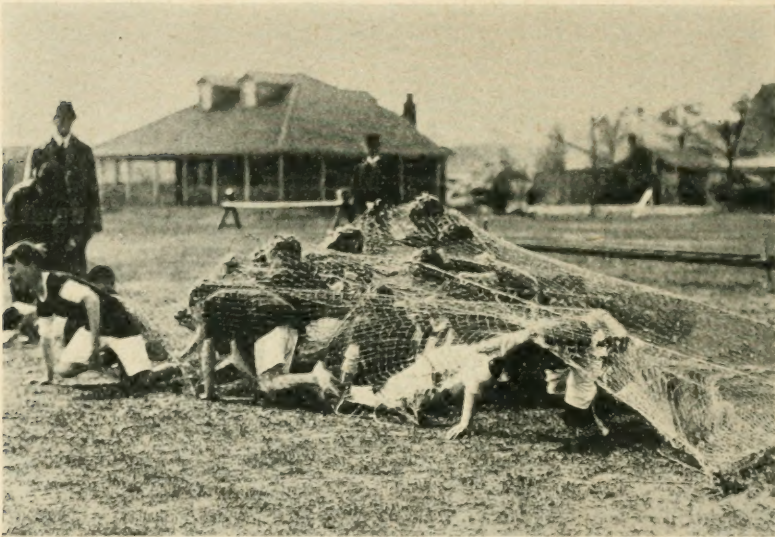


SENIOR HURDLES

## SPORTS DAY

THE Eighteenth Annual Sports Day of Saint Andrew's College was held on Wednesday afternoon, May 15th. Although a rather cool breeze prevailed, there was a good attendance. As this was the last Field Day to be held on the old campus, everyone tried his utmost to make it a success.

Heated competition and very close finishes were features of the events. The Senior Championship was again captured by Boyd and the House Championship by Gordon I. King carried off the Junior honours while Skeaff came second, among the

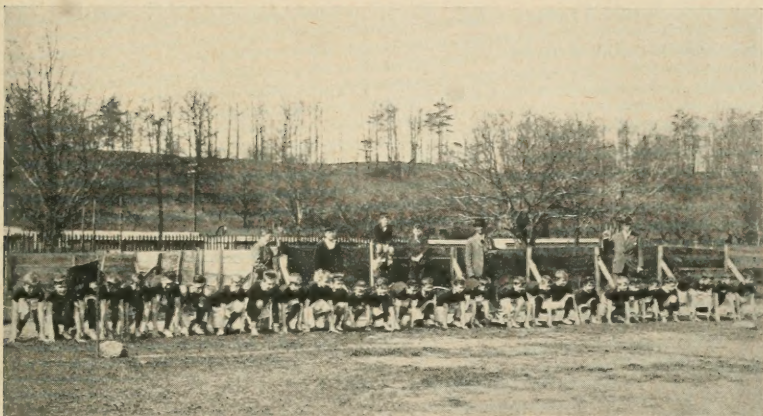


"THE CATCH"—OBSTACLE RACE

Lower School competitors. At the conclusion of the meet, Lady Hendrie very kindly consented to again present the prizes and complimented the winners on their splendid showing. She also asked Doctor Macdonald for a whole holiday which he granted.

After the presentation of prizes, an informal dance was held in the Assembly Hall, which was soon crowded by a happy bevy of pretty girls and their escorts. The Hall had been daintily decorated by Mrs. Macdonald, who had taken much pains to provide for the comfort of the many guests. Refreshments





THE START

were served during the dance. As the last strains of "God Save the King" were heard, one felt that a splendid afternoon had run its course—perhaps the last of its kind to be held amid the old scenes.

### THE EVENTS

FRIDAY, MAY 10TH

✓ 1 MILE.—1st, Gordon I.; 2nd, Boyd; 3rd, Smith, II. Time, 5 2-3 minutes.

MONDAY, MAY 13TH

✓ HALF MILE.—1st, Boyd; 2nd, Gordon, I.; 3rd, Welsh. Time, 2 minutes, 25 1-5 sec.



"THE FINISH"

440 YDS. DASH.—1st, Boyd ; 2nd, Gordon, I.; 3rd, Clark,  
II. Time, 1.3 1-5 minutes.

## TUESDAY, MAY 14TH

✓ STANDING BROAD (Senior).—1st, Sleight. Distance, 9 ft.

STANDING BROAD (Junior).—1st, Skeaff. Distance, 7.5 ft.

✓ RUNNING BROAD (Senior).—1st, Gordon, I.; 2nd, Hendrie.  
Distance, 18.1 ft.

RUNNING BROAD (Junior).—1st, Skeaff ; Findley. Distance,  
14.4 ft.

✓ KICKING FOOTBALL (Senior).—1st, Lightbourn; 2nd, Earle I.

KICKING FOOTBALL (Junior).—1st, King ; 2nd, Findley.

✓ THROWING CRICKET BALL (Senior).—1st, Sleight. Distance  
83.6 yds.

THROWING CRICKET BALL (Junior).—1st, Holgate. Distance  
71.3 1-3.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP (Junior).—1st, Bradley ; 2nd, Findley.  
Height

✓ PUTTING THE SHOT.—1st, Sleight. Distance, 31.7 ft.

HURDLES, UNDER 16.—1st, Nerlich.

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 15TH

50 YDS. DASH (Prep. Form).—1st, Dennis ; 2nd, Carrick,  
III.; 3rd, Dennison, III. Time, 7 4-5 sec.

✓ 100 YDS. DASH (Senior).—1st, Boyd ; 2nd, Sleight ; 3rd,  
Gordon, I. Time, 11 sec.

100 YDS. DASH (Under 13).—1st, Bloomfield, II.; 2nd,  
Robinson ; 3rd, Bloomfield, I. Time, 14 sec.

THREE LEGGED RACE.—1st, Meikle and Cameron ; 2nd,  
Kent and Nerlich.

✓ 220 YDS. DASH (Senior).—1st, Boyd ; 2nd, Sleight ; 3rd,  
Gordon, I. Time, 26 sec.

100 YDS. DASH (Under 16).—1st, Nerlich, I.; 2nd, Cam-  
eron ; 3rd, Sloan. Time, 12 sec.

LOWER SCHOOL RACE (Handicap).—1st, Dennis ; 2nd,  
Beer, II. ; 3rd, Blakie. Time, 14 sec.

100 YDS. DASH (Junior).—1st, King ; 2nd, Holgate ; 3rd,  
Bradley. Time, 13 sec.

✓ HURDLE RACE (Senior).—1st, Sleight ; 2nd, Brown ; 3rd,  
Loomis. Time, 19 4-5 sec.

220 YDS. DASH (Junior).—1st, King ; 2nd, Bradley ; 3rd,  
Skeaff. Time, 31 2-5 sec.



SACK RACE.—1st., Findley ; 2nd, Holgate ; 3rd, Beer.

OBSTACLE RACE.—1st, Skeaff ; 2nd, Bradley ; 3rd, Cameron.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP (Senior).—1st, Hendrie ; 2nd, Loomis ; 3rd, Sleight. Height, 4 ft. 11 1-2 in.

HURDLE RACE (Junior).—1st, King ; 2nd, Holgate ; 3rd, Blauvelt. Time, 22 sec.

CONSOLATION (Senior).—1st, Sissons.

CONSOLATION (Junior).—1st, Cift, II.

220 YDS. RACE (Under 17).—1st, Kent. Time, 29.2 sec.

TABLE RELAY RACE.—Table No. 1, Boyd, Loomis, Kent, and Harris.

Best contested event was awarded to Hendrie for Running High Jump.

G. H.



HENDRIE WINNING THE HIGH JUMP

## Exchanges

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In this, the last effort of the present staff, we are publishing a complete list of all exchanges received in the past school year. This department of the REVIEW has lain almost totally neglected apart from the actual exchange of copies, and we earnestly hope our successors will take steps to develop it—because a wide range of exchanges is a credit to any school publication.

We would also like to thank all our friends for their highly appreciated courtesy—and assure them that any criticism or suggestion made concerning the REVIEW will be well received.

- Acadia Athenaeum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.  
*The Ashburian*—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada.  
*Acta Ridleiana*—Ridley College, St. Catharines, Canada.  
*Black and Red*—University School, Victoria, B.C.  
*Blue and White*—Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.  
*Boone Review*—Boone University, Wuchang, China.  
*Branksome Slogan*—Branksome Hall, Toronto, Canada.  
*Cherry and White*—Williamsport, H.S. Williamsport, Pa.  
*Carlisle Arrow and Red Man*—U.S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.  
*College Times*—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Canada.  
*El Susurro*—Monterey Union High School, Monterey, Cal.  
*The Elevator*—Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.  
*The Excelsior*—Ingersoll Collegiate Institute, Ingersoll, Ont.  
*The Post*—Franklin High School, Portland, Oregon.  
*The Ramble*—N.Y. Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.  
*Red and White*—Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.  
*The Schoolman*—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Canada.  
*The Scotch Collegian*—Scot's College, Melbourne, Australia.  
*Vox Lycei*—Hamilton Collegiate Inst., Hamilton, Ont.  
*The Windsorian*—King's Collegiate School, Windsor N.S.  
*Western Canada College Review*—Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.  
*The Windmill*—St. John's School, Manlius, N.Y.  
*Cherry and White*—Undoubtedly one of our best exchanges. Your magazine is splendid in all departments.



*The Post*—Glad to see you. Your general arrangement is excellent. The presence of a few more pictures would help.

*The Branksome Slogan*—A few more pictures would improve your excellent publication. Your advertising department is well developed and your fiction is good.

*The Windmill*—Your exchange department is an admirable feature. Personally we are great believers in pictures. Why not add some to your otherwise complete magazine?

*The Ashburian*—One of our best Canadian exchanges. Don't you think a few stories would improve the general make-up?

STAN BEATH.



"IMITATIONS OF IMMORALITY."

# Honour Roll

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE MASTERS AND OLD BOYS SERVING THE EMPIRE

THE REVIEW is aware that this list is incomplete, but it is compiled from all the information at hand. Any additional information will be welcomed by the Headmaster.

\* Killed in Action.

† Wounded.

### Masters

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Allan, N. McD.	Sergt.	Dental Corps.	Paisley.	1915-1916
Bell, Dr. A. H.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps.	Merrickville.	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers.	England.	1913-1915
Caverhill, E. A.	2nd Lieut.	3rd Battery, 45th Brigade.	Toronto.	1915.
Church, F. H.	Private	1st Can. Tank Battalion.	Petrolia.	1916-1918
*Glover, J. D.	Capt.	4th Canadian Battalion.	Sudbury.	1908-1911
†Grant, W. L.	Major.	20th Battalion.	Kingston.	1903.
Green, A.		Army Service Corps.	Ottawa.	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy	England.	1912-1913
†Ker, A. W. W.	Capt.	55th Battery.	England.	1913-1914
*Knighton, G. G.	Major.	9th Oxford Bucks. L.I.	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. H.	Major.	16th Battery, 6th Brigade.	Kingston.	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H. W.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston.	1913-1915
Ralph, L. W. H.	Private	244th Co., M.G.C., F. Lines.	England.	1913-1914
†Sinclair, Alex.	Major.	Home Duty	Toronto.	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Major.	Headqrs. Staff, 4th Can. Div.	Toronto.	1905-1914
†Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	13th Battalion, 3rd Brigade.	England.	1909-1915

### Old Boys.

Abendana, E. M.	Lieut.	Canadian Engineers	Port Antonio.	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred.			Campbellton.	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Toronto.	1906-1910
Allan, J. A. C.	Cadet.	R.A.F.	Newmarket.	1911-1913
Allan, J. R.		R.A.F.	Ottawa.	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co., R.E.	Toronto.	1903-1905
†Allen, J. S.	Capt.	P.P.C.L.I.	Vancouver.	1910-1911
Ambrose, J. H.		American Aviation.	Nashville.	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Capt.	Royal Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1899-1903
Anderson, J. H.	Sergt.	198th Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1911
Anderson, R. F.			Ottawa.	1906-1908
†Anderson, W. S.		1st Newfoundland Regiment.	St. John's.	1909-1910
†Angstrom, L. C.	Major.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1903-1908
Angus, K. A.		R.A.F.	Regina.	1903-1905
*Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters.	Hamilton.	1905-1906
Aspden, A.	Private.	1st Tank Battalion.	Toronto.	1906-1913
Atkinson, H. J. H.	Gunner.	Artillery.	Toronto.	1913-1914
†Auld, J. C.	Capt.	C.F.A.	Toronto.	1904-1912
†Ault, A. D.	Gunner.	D Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.H.A.	Ottawa.	1911-1912
Balfour, W. E.	Gunner.	46th Battalion, 11th Brigade.	Regina.	1912-1914
Ballantyne, C. C.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps.	Toronto.	1901-1905



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Barclay, W. C.			Toronto.	1902-1906
*Bastedo, R. H.	Private	C.O.T.C.	Toronto.	1908-1911
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Oakville.	1905-1907
†Bath, C. L.	Capt.	Flight Com., R.A.F.	Toronto.	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub. Lt.	R.A.F.	Victoria.	1911-1912
†Beath, M. G.	Lieut.	227th Battalion	Sudbury.	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto.	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto.	1905-1910
*Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.	7th Brigade.	Edmonton.	1912-1913
*Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal.	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1908-1915
*Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	27th Winnipeg Battalion	Winnipeg.	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1900-1909
Bennett, F.	Lieut.	Newfoundland Record Office	St. John's.	1911-1912
Bennett, S.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	St. John's.	1911-1914
Bennett, R. E.		R.A.F.	St. John's.	1913-1915
*Bigwood, P. H.	Fl. Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1906-1909
†Black, S. C.	B. Sg.-Maj	2nd Battery	Montreal.	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.	Vancouver.	1911-1913
*Blake, G. E.	Capt.	Oxford Bucks L.I.	Toronto.	1901-1902
Blake, Hume, Jr.	Lieut.	Headquarters Staff, Shorncliffe.	Toronto.	1901-1902
†Blackstock, G.	Capt.	British Army, A.D.C.	Toronto.	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.	Pte.	60th Battalion	Toronto.	1913-1915
Bole, W. W. R.	Driver	Mechanical Transport	Toronto.	1909-1916
*Bond, H. St. G.	Capt.	R.C.E.	Toronto.	1904-1909
Booth, C. B.	Capt.	39th Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto.	1903.
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1911
†Booth, D. W.	Lieut.	169th Battalion	Toronto.	1902-1903
Bowden, A. W.	Pte.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1916-1917
Bowden, H. V.	Corporal	C.A.S.C.	Toronto.	1908-1909
Boyd, J. E.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1902-1909
Bradley, T. B.	Cadet.	R.A.F.	Hamilton.	1909-1913
Bradshaw, E. O.	Private	R.C.H.A.	Toronto.	1907-1909
Bradshaw, M. A.	Corporal	67th Battery	Toronto.	1908-1910
Broderick, F. N.		York Rangers	Toronto.	1906-1912
*Broughall, Derie	Private	3rd Battalion	Toronto.	1904-1905
*Brown, R. A.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1908-1914
*Brown, Bernal.	Private	4th University Co.	Toronto.	1908-1914
Brown, G. A.		R.C.D.	St. Thomas.	1918.
Burk, Gerrie.		8th Battalion	Port Arthur.	1906-1907
Burk, H. D.	Capt.	147th Grey Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1909
Bryan, F. W.	Sergt.	Canadian Corps Headquarters.	Toronto.	1908.
Bullock, T. H.	Gunner	9th Siege Battery	St. John, N.B.	1914-1917
†Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	20th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1908
Burns, G. K.	Private	Cyclists Corps	Toronto.	1913-1914
†Burns, M. C.		R.A.F.	Toronto.	1906-1908
†Burton, R. B. S.	Major	Headquarters Staff, Toronto	Toronto.	1902-1907
*Buscombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion	Vancouver.	1911.
Butler, E. L.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks L.I.	Toronto.	1906-1908
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment	New Carlisle.	1905-1907
†Calvert, C. W. L.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1912-1914
†Cameron, J. H.		51st Co., C.F.C.	Kenora.	1908-1909
†Cameron, R. A.	Signaller.	4th C.M.R.	Owen Sound.	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec.	Sergt.	2nd Div. Ammun. Column	Toronto.	1905-1912
†Campbell, E. S.	Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1907-1916
Campbell, A. R.	Major.	216th Battalion	Toronto.	1899-1900
*Campbell, Geo.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	Halifax.	1906-1911
Candee, C. N.	L.-Corp.	C.O.T.C.	Toronto.	1902-1909



Name.	Rank.	Unit	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Cantley, C. L.	Major	5th Royal Highlanders	New Glasgow	1900-1902
Cantley, D. F.	Lieut.	4th Canadian Siege Battery	New Glasgow	1911-1916
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1912
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Battery	Kenora	1907-1909
Carr, F. R.	Sapper	Divisional Signallers	Hamilton	1909-1913
Carver, D. F.		U.S. Army	Windsor, N.S.	1902-1906
†Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B.		4th University Company	Port Williams	1912-1913
†Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	C. Squad, 2nd Brigade	Port Williams	1904-1906
†Chase, W. H.	Private	No. 7 Stationary Hospital	Wolfville	1910-1911
†Chesnut, E. F.	Sergt.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
*Chesnut, A. W.		4th University Company	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, H.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Toronto	1905-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg Medical Corps	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Private	1st Canadian Battalion	Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, E. K.	Capt.	Queen's Can. Military Hospital	Toronto	1905-1911
†Clarke, A. R. S.	Private	P.P.C.L.I.	Toronto	1905-1909
†Clark, C. T.	Capt.	Military Headquarters	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.	Lieut.	1st Motor Mach. Gun Brigade	Renfrew	1901
†Clark, A. R. S.		Dorsetshire Regiment	Toronto	1901-1902
*Clement, D. W.	1st A.M.	R.A.F.	Kitchener	1913-1915
†Clerk, B. M.	Major	11th Machine Gun Co.	Toronto	1903-1904
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	2nd Canadian Pioneer Battalion	Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.		Ottawa	1905-1908
*Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sub. Lt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1907-1910
Cocking, A. H.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Vancouver	1911-1912
Collins, F. H.	Sergt.		Peterborough	1903-1904
Comstock, W. H.	Fl. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Brockville	1909-1916
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	Canadian Forestry Corps	Toronto	1902-1906
†Copeland, R. C.	Gunner	4th Canadian Siege Battery	Collingwood	1911-1912
†Corbould, G. B. B.	Capt.	R.A.F., Egypt	New Westminster	1905-1908
†Corasan, T. W.	Lieut.	7th Battalion	Victoria	1904-1906
Cosgrove, K. W.	Gunner	67th Battery	Toronto	1915-1916
Cossitt, E. G.	Lieut.	19th Battery	Brockville	1913-1915
†Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	12th Brigade, M.G.C.	Toronto	1902-1904
†Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	1st Can. T.M. Battery	Toronto	1901-1905
Cotton, H. H.	Lieut.	2nd Brigade, C.M.R.	Cowansville	1910-1912
†Coulthard, J. K. B.	Private	58th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.	Lieut.	50th Regiment	Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.	Driver	2nd Divisional Train	Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.	S. Sergt.		Toronto	1900
Crawford, H. A. C.		44th Battalion	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1911
*Crowe, H. L.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1908-1915
Crowe, J. A.	Lieut.	43rd Winnipeg Cameron High.	Winnipeg	1905-1909
†Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1, 19th Battalion Co.	Toronto	1913-1914
Crothers, W. G.	Lieut.		Ottawa	1912-1913
†Cruikshank, W. J.	Corp.	Infantry	Matsqui	1911-1912
*Cunningham, L. E.		13th Battalion	Parry Sound	1901
Cutler, J. G.		Pay Office, London, Eng.	Halifax	1905-1907
Dardis, G. D.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Morrisburg	1909
Dand, A. C.	Cadet	R.A.F.	New Glasgow	1912-1913
Dack, J. O.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1915-1916
Darroch, J. C.		Troop 3, Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Davies, H. E.		R.A.F.	Toronto	1912-1917
Davidson, J. J.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1903-1909
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1912-1913
Davis, R. D.		United States Navy	Pasadena, Cal.	1911-1915
†Davison, J. A.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1902-1910
†Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Co., R.E.	Bridgewater	1906-1908
Davison, R. F.		R.N.A.S.	Bridgewater	1906-1909
†DeBeck, C. V.	Private	Infantry	Penticton	1911-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.		Toronto	1903-1908
DeSherbinin, I.	Gunner	69th Battery	Toronto	1911-1912
*Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery	Winnipeg	1911
Dickson, I. W.			Toronto	1899-1900
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto	1910-1912
†Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto	1910-1915
†Dineen, G.	Lieut.	9th Battalion Royal Berk. Reg.	Toronto	1907
*Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	87th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	1st Can. Motor Mach. Gun. Brig.	Toronto	1909-1913
†Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion	Winnipeg	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
Donaldson, W. A.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Prince Albert	1913-1914
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1906-1910
*Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	7th Seaforth Highlanders	Toronto	1904-1907
†Douglas, G. K.	Gunner	1st Reserve Brigade	Toronto	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		R.A.F.	Moose Jaw	1913-1915
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Winnipeg	1904-1906
Duncan, J. H.	Eng. Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Orestes"	Toronto	1903-1906
Duncanson, A. E.	Major	6th Canadian Infantry Brigade	Toronto	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.	Sergt.	Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1907-1912
†Dymont, I.	Private	Staff, Army Pay Corps	Toronto	1906-1912
†Eakins, C. G.	Signaller	18th Battery, C.F.A.	Napanee	1911-1916
Easson, J. H.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1913-1916
*Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	U.S. Army, Aviation	Little Rock, Ark.	1906-1908
Empey, R. O.	Driver	C. Sub-Sect., R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1916-1917
Evans, Ed.	2nd Lieut.	68th Co., Chinese Labor Corps	China	1906-1907
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Farquhar, T. D.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Halifax	1907-1908
Ferguson, J. A.	Lieut.	17th Draft, Canadian Engineers	Massey	1910-1913
Ferguson, W. R.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Brandon	1911-1912
Ferguson, W. W.	Major	228th Battalion	North Bay	1902-1905
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1899-1902
Fergusson, J. T.	Lieut.	241st Battalion	Toronto	1899-1906
†Fergusson, H. C.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1910
*Ferguson, R. A.		25th Battery	Admaston	1913
†Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1906-1910
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Firstbrook, N. R.		University Overseas Co.	Toronto	1911-1916
Firth-Eagland, W.		Motor Cycle Corps	Toronto	1909-1911
Fisken, Sidney	Capt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.		Toronto	1901-1909
Fleming, D. W.	Lieut.	Military Service, Sarnia	Windsor	1910-1911
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Ottawa	1913-1916
Fleming, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Flemming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	C.A.M.C.	Toronto	1902-1907
†Follett, A. H.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Oakville	1900-1903

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Forbes, R. D.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Hespeler	1906-1910
Forgie, J. M.	Capt.	1st Tank Battalion	Pembroke	1904-1907
Foster, M. L.	Sub. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1909-1911
†Foster, W. F. T.	Sergt.	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Capt.	Machine Gun School, Kingston	Ottawa	1903-1911
Frith, Ed. V.	Lieut.	C.M.G.	Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Frith, N. L. H.		Volunteer Rifles, Home Defence	Hamilton, Ber.	1914-1916
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	94th Field Ambulance	Toronto	1900-1905
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1910
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Galbraith, D. N. B.	Fl. Com.	R.N.A.S.	Carleton Place	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. A. H.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Toronto	1907-1915
†Garratt, P. C.	Major	70th Squadron, R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1910
Gartshore, J. S.	Bomb.	6th Siege Battery	Toronto	1902.
Gartshore, L. B.	Lieut.		Toronto	1899.
Gauld, W. H.		Cycle Corps	Japan	1911-1912
*Geggie, W. M. M.	2nd Lieut.	Machine Gun Corps	Toronto	1907-1910
Gibson, D. P.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Guelph	1905-1907
Gibson, W. O.	Lieut.	31st Battery	Guelph	1907.
Gibson, Ira A.	Corporal.	C.A.S.C.	Perth	1911-1913
Gideon, T. R.	2nd Lieut.	9th (?) 6 Lincolns	Port Antonio	1904-1906
Gill, R. J.	Major.	215th Battalion	Bowmanville	1904-1907
Gillespie, J.	Lieut.	3rd Canadian Battalion	Toronto	1902.
Gillespie, P.		R.A.F.	Toronto	1899.
†Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1900-1902
†Gillies, C. C.		Canadian Engineers	Clover Bar, Alta.	1900.
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.	Forestry Dept.	Vancouver	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul.	Capt.	17th Nova Scotia Battalion	China	1902.
*Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	54th Battery	Toronto	1905-1908
Gooderham, G.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1906-1910
Gooderham, H. S.	Capt.	4th Infantry Brigade	Toronto	1901-1910
Gordon, D. W.		R.A.F.	Vancouver	1908-1909
Gordon, J. C.	Private	31st Forestry Co.	Winnipeg	1909-1912
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F.	Capt.	Can. Forestry Corps	Pembroke	1910-1914
†Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	15th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
*Graham, D. W.	Private	5th Canadian Mach. Gun Co.	Renfrew	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	58th Howitzer Battery	Belleville	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Napanee	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	Royal Canadian Dragoons	Perth	1910-1912
Grant, E. H.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, G. W.	Capt.	Canadian Medical Services	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, R. H.	Capt.	Dep. Asst. Provost Marsh. U.S.	Toronto	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.		R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1915
Gray, J. M.	Driver	C.A.S.C.	Stratford	1909.
*Greer, W. C.	Lieut.	11th Irish Fusiliers	Vancouver	1910-1911
†Grier, C. B.	Lieut.	Headquarters Staff, Folkestone	Montreal	1904-1905
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	14th Brigade, C.F.A.	Guelph	1911-1912
Hans, M. S.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade, M.G. Co.	Toronto	1903-1908
†Hachborn, E. W.	Major.	Royal Garrison Artillery	Toronto	1904.
Hale, Thos.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Pembroke	1905-1907
Hallam, M.		French Red Cross	Toronto	1901-1910
Hamilton, C. D.	Driver	Mech. Transport	Toronto	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	Mil. Inst., Univ. of Rochester	Toronto	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	Canadian Forestry Corps	Toronto	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sapper.	2nd Field Engineers	Erindale	1902.
*Hanlon, E. G.	Fl. Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1908.



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Hanna, W. B.	Capt.		Toronto	1903-1907
†Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	26th Battery, 7th Brigade	Sarnia	1908-1910
†Hardie, J. M. O.	Private	2nd C.M.R.	Lethbridge	1907-1909
†Hardie, W. E. G.	Private	29th Battalion	Lethbridge	1906-1909
*Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Imperial Army	Toronto	1899.
Harris, L. S.	Lieut.	Musketry Inst., Ex. Camp.	Toronto	1899.
†Harrison, W. L.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1913-1916
†Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	Service in Montreal	Montreal	1906-1907
Hastings, G. E.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1908-1909
†Hastings, V. J.	Major.	Sec. Can. Overseas Forces	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Capt.	Headquarters Staff, Winnipeg	Winnipeg	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport	Whitby	1910-1914
Hayden, R.		R.A.F.	Calgary	1910-1911
Hayes, B. Barry	Sub. Lieut.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto	1904-1906
†Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Capt.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Hennessey, J. W.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Battalion	Fort Coulonge	1912.
Hennessey, A. B.	Lieut.	74th Co., Can. Forestry Corps	Fort Coulonge	1912.
†Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	11th Ontario County Battalion	Oshawa	1910-1913
*Herald, R. A.	Private	16th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
†Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	1st Field Co., Div. Eng.	Toronto	1900-1904
†Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	7th Field Co., Div. Eng.	Toronto	1899-1901
†Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
†Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1909
†Hodgson, D. E.	Gunner	14th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1908-1909
Hoeffler, I. W.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Vancouver	1908-1912
Home, H. M.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1907-1917
Hope, J. C.	Lieut.	1st Tank Battalion	Toronto	1905-1908
Hughes, B. H.		Canadian Engineers	Toronto	1902-1904
Hume, R. F.		Canadian Army Medical Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	London, Ont.	1901-1903
Hunter, J. A. P.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Innisfree	1910-1916
Husband, C. C.	Pilot.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1914.
Hutcheson, W. B.	Capt.	25th Field Co., Can. Forestry	Huntsville	1911-1912
†Hutchings, D. J.	Lieut.	Lewis Mach. Gun, 46th Battn.	Calgary	1909-1912
Hutchings, H.		Bermuda Volunteer Rifles	Hamilton, Ber.	1915-1916
*Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	R.H.A.	Toronto	1912-1915
Ings, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Charlottetown	1913-1914
Isbester, H.	Capt.	42nd Battalion	Port Arthur	1900-1902
Jackson, James	Sgt.-Maj.		Toronto	1908-1910
James, W. C.	Lieut.	1st Tank Battalion	Toronto	1904-1910
Jardine, R. A.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Winnipeg	1909-1911
Jenkins, W. S.	Driver	67th Battery	Madoc	1915-1916
Johnson, G. R.	Capt.	177th Company, R.E.	Fernie	1904-1906
Johnston, F. V.	Lieut.	C.M.R.	Toronto	1908-1916
Johnston, H. A.	Capt.	13th Battalion	Montreal	1908-1912
Johnston, K. B.	Signaller.	66th Battery, 5th Can. Div.	Montreal	1910-1914
Johnston, R. G.		77th Battery	California	1905-1909
†Jones-Bateman, J. B.	Corporal.	A.P.M.'s Office, London, Eng.	Toronto	1909-1913
†Jones-Bateman, R. W.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion, M.G. Sect.	Toronto	1909-1913
Junkin, R. L.	Capt.	5th Field Co., Div. Eng.	Toronto	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1908-1912
*Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	Toronto	1903-1907
*Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade Staff	Toronto	1903-1910
†Kay, Jack	Major.	3rd Brigade, Machine Gun Co.	Toronto	1901-1909
†Kelly, Chas. H.	Private	10th Battalion	St. George's	1900-1902

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Keith, N. W.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit	Toronto	1899-1904
Kemp, C. A.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1913
Kerr, H. T.	Gunner.	Artillery	Toronto	1913-1918
Ker, W. J.	Cadet.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1917-1918
*Kilgour, Arthur	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1900-1907
†Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.		Toronto	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.	Sgt.-Maj.	Motor Boat Patrol	Toronto	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto	1905-1907
Knechtel, K. D.	Gunner.	Canadian Artillery Reserve	Hanover	1915-1916
Lafferty, Heber	Major.	R.C.H.A.	Calgary	1906-1907
Langton, W. T.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1911-1912
†Lash, G. H. G.	Lieut.	161st Battalion	Toronto	1910-1913
Lazier, T. H.	Signaller.	52nd Battery	Belleville	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	30th Ottawa Rifles	London	1903-1906
Leckie, C. P.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Vancouver	1911-1915
Leckie, H. S.	Sub. Lt.	Royal Navy	Vancouver	1909-1914
Lee, S. B. D.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1900-1906
Leishman, G. M.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1905-1910
†Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.	Sergt.	5th Co., 5th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1905-1909
Leishman, N. G.	Gunner.	A Battery, 1st Brigade	Toronto	1912-1913
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	H.G. School, Seaford	Dundas	1908-1910
Lightbourne, F. G.	2nd Lieut.	R.F.A.	Toronto	1903-1911
Lightbourne, G. O.		R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1903-1908
Lightbourn, A. H.	Lieut.	Volunteer Rifles	Paget, Ber.	1908-1909
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1914
†Livingston, R.	Lieut.	10th Battery	Kingston	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	1st Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1913
*Lockhart, N. B.	Lieut.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Lookhart, R. A.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1908-1912
Lorimer, N. H.	Lieut.	20th Battery	Toronto	1906-1908
†Loudon, L. B. H.	Capt.	5th Reserve	Toronto	1902-1906
Lowndes, E. B.	Lieut.	Gordon Highlanders (Imperial)	Toronto	1900-1915
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Capt.	2nd Divisional Train	Toronto	1906-1912
†Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	5th Canadians	Calgary	1906-1907
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1908
†McAvity, P. D.	Major.	26th Battalion	St. John	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Capt.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
McCutcheon, J. G. H.		R.A.F.	Toronto	1914-1915
McDonald, G. C.	Gunner.	40th Battery	Chatsworth	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.	Capt.	27th Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Private.	160th Battalion	Walkerton	1915-1916
†McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion	Vancouver	1909-1911
McGregor, D. G.	Lieut.	153rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1910
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	1st Depot Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
†McIntosh, P. D.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		Divisional Ammunition Park	Winnipeg	1910-1914
McKay, Frank M.		Cobourg Heavies	Toronto	1902-1906
McKenzie, K. G.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Moncton	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Headquarters Staff, Ottawa	Ottawa	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Ottawa	1904-1906
*McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	103rd Battalion	Abbotsford	1905-1907
†McLennan, A. R.	Sergt.	2nd Can. Command Regiment	Toronto	1907-1914
McLaren, G. B.	Sub. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1903-1907



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
McLeod, J. E.		R.A.F.	Toronto.	1909-1913
McMullen, R. P.		50th Queen's Battery	Vancouver.	1910.
†McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	R.F.A., 55th Battery	Toronto.	1912-1914
McMurtry, U. B.	Lieut.	116th Battalion	Toronto.	1915-1916
†McMichael, J. E.	Gunner.	3rd Canadian Siege Battery	Toronto.	1909-1914
McPhedran, M.	Capt.	Med. Officer, 12th Art. Brigade	Toronto.	1902-1906
†McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto.	1902-1910
†McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto.	1902-1910
McPherson, W. B.	Capt.	Military Headquarters, Ottawa	Toronto.	1902-1903
†McQueen, H. M.	Private.	58th Battalion	Petrolia.	1912-1917
McRae, D. A.		R.N.A.S.	Winnipeg.	1913-1915
†McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	219th Field Co., R.E.	Clinton.	1912-1914
†McTaggart, W. B.	Major.	12th Battery, 3rd Brigade.	Clinton.	1908-1910
Maclure, L. C.	Private.	C.A.S.C.	Kilgard, B.C.	1903.
Macdonald, F. M.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.V.R.	Toronto.	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1900-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Winnipeg.	1911-1915
MacDougall, J. W.	Gunner.	5th Battery	Vancouver.	1912-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery	London.	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders	Montreal.	1900-1902
†MacGregor, I. C.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	New Glasgow.	1912-1916
MacKeen, D. W.	Lieut.	5th Battery	Halifax.	1907-1912
†MacKeen, H. P.	Lieut.	Canadian Heavy Battery	Halifax.	1906-1910
MacKenzie, A. B.	Corporal.	255th Battalion	Toronto.	1906-1913
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Battalion	Washington.	1901-1902
MacKenzie, W. G.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Vancouver.	1916.
MacLaren, Ian.	Lieut.	58th Battery	St. John.	1910-1913
†MacLaren, K. B.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1903-1907
MacNutt, P. I.	Driver.	Canadian Engineers	St. John.	1900-1901
†Macpherson, C. S.	Lieut.	Young Soldiers' Battalion	Glenallan.	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.		Amherst.	1913.
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Montreal.	1907-1908
Macnee, W. K.	Capt.	Headquarters, M.D. No. 3.	Kingston.	1905-1908
Malcolm, E. B.		Service in Montreal.	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	Lieut.	Canadian Forestry Corps	Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, J.	Lieut.	R.A.F., Egypt	Campbellton.	1910-1913
*Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto.	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Lieut.	65th Battalion	Prince Albert.	1911-1913
Marsh, P. C.	Corporal.	Canadian Corps Supply Column	Huntsville.	1909-1910
Marshall, D. G.	Bomb.	52nd Battery	Vancouver.	1910-1912
*Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	New Glasgow.	1905-1910
Massey, A. B.	Fl. Lieut.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1906-1908
†Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery	Toronto.	1911.
Massey, V.	Lt.-Col.	Secretary, War Cabinet, Ottawa	Toronto.	1902-1906
*Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Ottawa.	1909-1910
Matthews, R. A.	Capt.	C.A.M.C.	Toronto.	1902-1903
May, G. H.	Lieut.	S.M.T.O., Can. Corps	Ottawa.	1903-1905
*May, T. C.		R.N.A.S.	Toronto.	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.	Sapper.	R.E.	Peterboro.	1907-1908
Meredith, E. W. J.	Capt.		Vancouver.	1903.
Meyer, C. H.		R.A.F.	Toronto.	1913-1915
†Mickleborough, K.	Lieut.	3rd Canadian Battalion	Toronto.	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	Lieut.	152nd Field Co.	Toronto.	1901-1907
Millington, C. A.	Private.	Ontario Mounted Rifles	Toronto.	1909-1914
Milne, J. K.	Private.	107th Battalion	Madoc.	1910-1911
†Mills, L. G.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto.	1907-1908
Mitchell, R. C.		28th Battalion	Weyburn.	1909-1911



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Moffat, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.	Toronto	1899-1906
†Montgomery, A. R.	Sergt.	4th Battery	New Richmond	1909-1910
†Montgomery, L. C.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion	New Richmond	1909-1912
*Montgomery, C. C.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1907.
Montgomery, J. A.	Lieut.		Toronto	1905.
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers	North Bay	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major.	2nd Canadian Pioneer Battalion	Oshawa	1906-1908
Morrison, A. M.	Private.	C.A.S.C., Mech. Transport	Winnipeg	1915-1916
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1903-1905
†Mortimer, V. S.	Private.	2nd C.M.R.	Toronto	1902-1905
†Morton, D. R.	Major.	Bd. of Inquiry re Transport	Toronto	1909-1911
†Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Royal Canadian Artillery	Toronto	1907-1912
Moseley, P. V.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	St. Hyacinthe	1910-1917
†Mulligan, W. R.	Trooper.	Lord Strathcona Horse	Regina	1911.
Munn, W. L. G.	Lieut.	Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1910-1914
†Munn, R. S. E.	Private.	1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1909-1913
†Munro, H. E.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1904-1909
Munro, J. E.	Gunner.	72nd Queen's Battery	Pembroke	1914-1917
*Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	36th Battalion	Dunnville	1906-1911
*Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon	Sergt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.	Private.	Can. Br. (B.C.) Record Office	Weyburn	1910.
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1900-1902
*Nation, Geo.	Lieut.	7th Canadian Battalion	Victoria	1910-1913
Neil, R. M.	Gunner.	10th Battery, 3rd Brigade	Peterboro.	1913-1914
*Nelson, G. V.	Major.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren	Lieut.	24th Battalion	Montreal	1906-1913
†Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. G. H.		14th Home Guards	Kingston	1906-1908
*Nicol, H. L.	Act. Maj.	Strathcona Horse	Vancouver	1909-1911
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner.	48th Battery	Toronto	1909-1913
†Norris, C. E.	Staff Sgt.	Div. Ammunition Park, A.S.C.	Toronto	1905-1908
†O'Brien, Lewis	Lieut.	R.A.F.	L'Orignal	1907-1911
*Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	26th Battery	Ottawa	1905-1909
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill General Hospital	McAdam Jct.	1908.
Page, F. P.	Major.	4th Canadian I.C.B.	Toronto	1902.
Parker, Park		U.S. Army	New York	1907-1908
Parsons, J. D.	Lieut.	4th Reserve	Galt	1911-1913
Parsons, Myles		19th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Paisley, J. E. H.	Lieut.	C Battery, R.C.H.A.	Ottawa	1908-1910
Paterson, G. O.	Sergt.	5th Div. C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1904-1913
Paton, W. H.	Corporal.	198th Battalion	London	1906-1907
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	3rd Canadian Reserve Div.	Toronto	1904-1909
†Peuchen, G. A.	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
*Phillips, R.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Ottawa	1912-1915
Phippen, L. C.	Fl. Lieut.	R.A.F.	Sarnia	1916.
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	6th Reserve Battalion	Belleville	1911-1915
Phillips, M.		R.A.F.	Parry Sound	1903-1909
†Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Winnipeg	1908-1909
†Ramsden, J. C.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
*Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	8th Battalion	New Westminster	1912-1913
Rankin, T. R.	Private	C.O.T.C.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	1911-1916
Reid, G. T.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1908-1909



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Rennie, G. C.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1903-1912
Reynolds, T. R.	Private	A.M.C.	Toronto	1905-1906
*Raney, P. H.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1906-1908
†Rice, H. F.	Bomb.	39th Battery	Toronto	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.	Private	Can. A.M.C.	Portage-la-Prairie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	4th Div. Can. Train	Toronto	1906-1909
Riddell, A. R.			Toronto	1900.
Risteen, C. F.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Vancouver	1909-1911
Risteen, G. N.	Driver	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1909-1914
*Rogers, C. F.	Sub. Lt.	R.N.A.S.	Toronto	1902-1909
†Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	38th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1913
†Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	4th Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Rolph, F. G.		C.O.T.C.	Toronto	1907-1917
Rose, J. T.	Lieut.	C-165 Brigade	Toronto	1911-1916
Ross, Dudley	Surg.-Prob.		Elora	1908-1913
Ross, J. D. F.	Private	C.O.T.C.	Toronto	1913-1918
Ross, David Roy	Cadet	R.A.F.	Truro	1916-1918
*Ross, G. F.	Fl. Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, M. E.	Lieut.	C.F.A.	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.		47th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
†Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto	1911-1916
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1900-1904
Scott, D. S.	Sub. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1908-1911
Scott, H. H.		Navy	Toronto	1909-1915
Shirriff, Q. S.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1906-1910
Silver, H. H.			Halifax	1909-1910
†Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	1st C.M.R.	Ottawa	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P.	Lieut.	1st Battalion	Cobourg	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner.	271st Canadian Siege Battery	Montreal	1910-1915
Slatyer, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	L.-Corp.	Canadian Reserve Cyclists	Kincardine	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1904-1910
Smith, N. M.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Vancouver	1912-1914
Smith, J. A.			New Westminster	1912.
Smith, J. D.		R.A.F.	Port Hope	1916-1917
Smith, J. R.		15th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1910
Smith, K. B. F.			Toronto	1911-1916
*Smith, L. F. W.	Sub. Lt.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1910-1912
Smith, S. H.	Sergt.	American Army	Los Angeles	1902-1910
Snelgrove, C. R.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1908-1913
†Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1904-1907
*Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
†Snowball, F. L.	Lieut.	2nd Brigade, C.F.A.	Chatham, N.B.	1911-1912
Somerville, G. A.	Lieut.	2nd C.O.R.	Toronto	1907-1915
†Somerville, H. A.	Lieut.	1st Battalion	Toronto	1907-1913
Spohn, P. D.	Capt.	Brook Military Hospital	Penetang	1902-1905
Spohn, H. G.	Lieut.	66th Battery, C.F.A.	Penetang	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B.	Capt.	Orpington Hospital	Toronto	1903-1906
†Stavert, R. E.	Capt.	119th Battalion	Montreal	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Capt.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps	Toronto	1903-1908
†Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Farran's Pt.	1911-1913
†Stevenson, C. C.		119th Battalion	Fort William	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Vancouver	1909-1912
†Stonehouse, G. E.	Sergt.	1st C.O.D.	Toronto	1903-1905
Stonehouse, G. G.	Lieut.	A.M.C.	Wallaceburg	1913-1914



Name.	Rank.	Unit	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
†Stovel, E. F.		Strathcona Horse	Winnipeg	1914.
Stokes, S. G.	Lieut.	25th Reserve Battalion	Petrolia	1910.
†Straith, J. L.		99th Battery	Windsor	1912.
Strother, K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army	Toronto	1904-1909
Stuart, J. F. P.		73rd Siege Battery	Vancouver	1906-1911
Stuckey, F. A.		R.A.F.	Calgary	1913-1914
Sutherland, W. E.		28th Battalion	Vancouver	1906-1911
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	12th Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1905.
†Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1910
Syme, A. A.	L.-Corp.	R.A.F.	St. John's	1912-1913
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Canadian Div. Sig. Co.	Toronto	1908.
*Taylor, J. S.	Private	Borden's Motor Car Battery	Whitehorse	1908-1910
Taylor, J. W.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Guelph	1907-1917
*Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	4th Can. Reserve Battalion	Chatham	1913.
Templeton, E. W.	Lieut.	178th Battalion	Vancouver	1910.
Thompson, E. W.		C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1901-1910
Thompson, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Canadian Regiment	Halifax	1910-1913
†Thompson, F. H.		Yukon Infantry Co.	Dawson City	1910-1912
Thomson, G. Grant	Gunner.	Canadian Reserve Artillery	Orillia	1902-1905
Tibb, J. G.	Sergt.	1st Depot Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1902-1904
Tibb, R. G.		American Army	Toronto	1899.
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	4th C.M.R.	Toronto	1907.
Tod, Geo. D.		R.A.F.	Summit, N.J.	1915-1916
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Montreal	1911-1913
Travis, G. W.	Lieut.	18th Brigade, M.G. Co.	Sydney, N.S.	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner.	Canadian Artillery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1905-1908
†Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	18th Battalion (Canadians)	London	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner	3rd C.D.A.C.	Toronto	1910-1914
Thomson, G. J.	Sub. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1907-1909
Thomson, R. A.			Paris	1905-1909
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	T.M.B.	Oakville	1912-1914
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Hamilton	1909-1911
†Verner, W. S.		36th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1910
Vogt, Geo. M.		159th Inf. Battalion, U.S. Army	Toronto	1909-1911
Walker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion	Fort William	1907-1910
Wallace, Cecil.	Cadet	R.A.F.	Blind River	1914-1916
*Wallace, H. D. M.		R.A.F.	Blind River	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.		Army Medical Corps	New York City	1901-1904
†Wallace, C.		5th Battalion	Vancouver	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.	Lieut.	234th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
†Wallace, N. E.	Lieut.	16th Battery	Hamilton	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	24th Battalion	Toronto	1903.
Waterous, C. L.	Lieut.	38th Battery	Brantford	1907-1910
Watson, H. E.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1915-1916
†Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1911
Webster, Harold	Sub. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol Service	Vancouver	1910.
Webster, W. L.	Corporal	C Battery, R.C.H.A.	Toronto	1907-1909
Wemyss, R. H.	Gunner.	60th Battery, 13th Brigade	Neepawa	1919-1913
†West, G. H.	Private	28th Battalion	Wetaskiwin	1902.
West, R. R.		R.A.F.	Brandon	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mechanical Transport	Brantford	1908-1912
†Whitaker, E. G.	Bomb	1st Battalion	Brantford	1908-1915
†Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner.	22nd Howitzer Battery	Brantford	1908-1916
Whitney, E. G.		208th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1912
Wildman, V.		R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1914



Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Wilkes, F. H.	Capt.	3rd Indian Cavalry	Brantford	1908-1909
Williams, J. H.	Private	C.A.S.C.	Winnipeg	1913-1914
*Williams, W. D.		4th Can. M.R.	Mexico	1906-1911
†Willoughby, H. B.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Oshawa	1911-1916
†Wilson, A. C. H.	Private	15th Battalion	Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
*Wilson, J. T.		5th Battery	Toronto	1910-1914
*Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	102nd Battalion	Vancouver	1904-1910
Wilson, J. R.	Lieut.		Glenora	1911-1913
†Winchester, A. S.	Sapper	Signal Corps	Toronto	1903-1907
*Winter, E. R.	2nd Lieut.	1st Newfoundland Regiment	St. John's	1912-1914
†Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	2nd Battalion, Nfld. Regt.	St. John's	1912-1915
Wishart, D. E. S.	Capt.	R.A.M.C.	Toronto	1901-1906
*Wood, R. S.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1905-1907
*Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1909-1913
*Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	R.A.F.	New Westminster	1906-1909
†Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	Canadian Field Artillery	Toronto	1907-1914
Wright, B. H.	Private	Royal Engineers	Toronto	1910-1916
*Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lancashire Fusiliers	Toronto	1907-1912
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Young, J. W.	Sergt.	67th Battery	Gravenhurst	1909-1912
Yuile, J. W.	Capt.	R.A.F.	Montreal	1906-1909
Yuille, W. B.	2nd Lieut.	R.A.F.	Toronto	1908-1913

## HONORS AWARDED

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	Jan., 1918
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	Aug., 1916
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	Jan., 1918
Morphey, J. A.	Major	Jan., 1918
Taylor, A. E.	Major	June, 1918

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Galbraith, Murray	Lieut.	Nov., 1916—(Bar to D.S.C. in Jan., 1917)
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	Sept., 1917

### MILITARY CROSS

Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	May 23rd, 1916
Auld, James C.	Capt.	June 13th, 1916—(2nd Clasp to Medal, Oct., 1916)
Bell, H. Brooke	Fl. Com.	May 13th, 1918
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	June 1st, 1917
Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	Oct., 1916
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	Jan. 2nd, 1916
Clerk, B. M.	Major	Sept. 8th, 1917
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	May 14th, 1918
Fisken, S. F.	Lieut.	Sept. 25th, 1916
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	Jan. 1st, 1917
Galbraith, J.	Lieut.	Jan. 24th, 1918
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	May 20th, 1918
Gillespie, John	Lieut.	July, 1917
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	April, 1917
Harrison, W. L.	Lieut.	April, 1918
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	Aug. 8th, 1916
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	Jan. 11th, 1917

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	Nov.,	1915
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	Nov. 16th,	1916
Junor, K.	Lieut.	April,	1918
Kay, Jack	Lieut.	June,	1917
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	Aug.,	1917
Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	Dec. 21st,	1916
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	Nov.,	1916
McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	Nov.,	1917
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	June 5th,	1916
Mackenzie, W. G.	Lieut.	May 27th,	1918
Malcolm, J.	Lieut.	Jan.,	1918
Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	April,	1917
Montgomery, L. C.	Lieut.	Jan.,	1918
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	Nov.,	1916
Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	(?) Date	—(Bar to M.C., May 15, 1918)
Ramsden, J. C.	Lieut.	Mar. 26th,	1918
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	Jan. 20th,	1918
Ross, M. E.	Lieut.	May,	1918
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	June,	1918
Stewart, A. E.	Capt.	Jan. 20th,	1918
Sykes, Hugh	Lieut.	Nov.,	1916
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	Jan. 25th,	1918
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	Aug.,	1917
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	Nov.,	1916

## MILITARY MEDAL

Anderson, W. S.	Oct.,	1917
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	Oct. 27th, 1916
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	Oct. 12th, 1916
Montgomery, A.	Sergt.	Jan., 1918
Montgomery, J. A.		April 19th, 1917
Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	Jan. 10th, 1918

## DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

Anderson, W. S.	Oct.,	1917
Black, S. C.	B. Sgt.-Maj.	April, 1918

## CROIX DE GUERRE

Bell, H. Brooke	Fl. Com.	May 13th, 1918.	(Italian)
Galbraith, Murray	Lieut.	Nov., 1916.	(French)
Hale, Thomas	Major	April, 1918.	(French)—Bar in 1917.
Malcolm, J.	Lieut.	Jan., 1918.	(French)
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	Feb., 1918.	(Serbian)

## ORDER OF THE CROWN (COMMANDER)

Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	Feb., 1918
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## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Bell, H. Brooke	Fl. Com.	May 13th, 1918
Duncanson, A. E.	Capt.	Feb., 1917
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	Jan. 1st, 1918
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Fl. Com.	1916
Gibson, W. O.	Capt.	Jan. 5th, 1917
Knighton, G. G.	Major	May 24th, 1917
Leishman, W. H.	Lieut.	—(Mentioned three times.)
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	Jan. 1st, 1918
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	Jan. 1st, 1918



Morphy, J. A.	Major	Jan. 1st, 1918
Taylor, Allan E.	Major	Jan. 5th, 1917—(Mentioned also Jan. 1st, 1918.)
Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	Dec., 1917
Wishart	Capt.	Dec., 1917

## OLD BOYS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN GIVEN FOR THE CAUSE

## Killed in Action

Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	Mar. 16th, 1915
Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.	" "	Sept., 1916
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	" "	April 25th, 1915
Bell, Trevor S.	Lieut.	" "	Sept. 14th, 1916
Bigwood, P. H.	Fl. Lieut.	" "	June 21st, 1917
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	" "	July 23rd, 1916
Bond, H. S.	Capt.	" "	Aug. 15th, 1917
Broughall, Deric	Private	" "	April 25th, 1915
Brown, B. B.	Private	" "	Sept., 1916
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	Died of wounds	Nov. 14th, 1917
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	Killed in action	June 10th, 1915
Campbell, G. H.	Lieut.	" "	May 20th, 1916
Clement, D. W.	Private	" "	Dec. 3rd, 1917
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sub. Lieut.	Died in German camp	Jan., 1918
Crowe, H. L.	Fl. Lieut.	Killed in action	June 22nd, 1917
Cunningham, L. E.	Lieut.	" "	June 13th, 1916
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	" "	Sept. 9th, 1916
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	" "	Oct., 1916
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	" "	April 12th, 1918
Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	" "	May 15th, 1917
Geggie, W. M. M.	Lieut.	" "	Oct. 4th, 1917
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	" "	April 25th, 1915
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	" "	Aug. 5th, 1917
Graham, D. W.	Private	" "	May, 1917
Hanlan, E. G.	Lieut.	" "	Aug. 9th, 1917
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	" "	Feb. 22nd, 1918
Herald, R. A.	Private	" "	Apr. 22nd, 1915
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	" "	April 18th, 1917
Kilgour, A. W.	Lieut.	" "	July 27th, 1917
Knighton, G. G.	Major	Died of wounds	May, 1917
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 3rd, 1916
Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	" "	June, 1917
May, T. C.	Fl. Lieut.	" "	July, 1917
Montgomery, C. C. S.	Lieut.	" "	Aug. 18th, 1917
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	Presumed to have been killed in action	Aug., 1917
Munro, W. M.	Fl. Lieut.	Killed in action	May 8th, 1917
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	" "	Oct., 1917
Nation, G. W.	Lieut.	" "	July 25th, 1916
Nelson, G. V.	Major	" "	Mar. 5th, 1917
Nicol, H. L.	Lieut.	" "	April 1st, 1918
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	" "	Nov. 24th, 1916
Phillips, R. A.	2nd Lieut.	" "	Aug. 14th, 1917
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	" "	May 4th, 1917
Raney, P. H.	Lieut.	" "	Aug. 21st, 1917
Rogers, C. F.	Sub. Lieut.	" "	Oct., 1916
Ross, Gordon F.	Lieut.	" "	May 10th, 1918
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	" "	June 15th, 1917
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	" "	Oct., 1916
Taylor, J. S.	Private	" "	Oct., 1916
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	April, 1918
Wallace, H. D. M.	Fl. Lieut.	Killed in action	June, 1917
Williams, W. D.	Private	" "	June 2nd, 1916

Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 11th, 1917
Wilson, J. T.	Gunner	" "	Nov. 23rd, 1917
Winter, E. R.	Private	" "	July 1st, 1916
Wood, R. S.	Fl. Lieut.	" "	Mar. 17th, 1918
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	" "	Dec., 1917
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	" "	Mar., 1918
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	" "	July 28th, 1916

#### Died on Service

Bastedo, R. H.	Private	Died from diphtheria	Feb. 19th, 1918
Chesnut, A. W.	Private	Died from pneumonia	Sept. 6th, 1916
Ferguson, R. A.	Private	Died from rheumatism, etc.	Sept. 9th, 1917
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed	July, 1915
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning	Oct. 25th, 1915
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed	July, 1915
Lockhart, N. B.	Private	Died from meningitis	Mar. 24th, 1915

#### PRISONERS AND MISSING

Allan, A. G.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	April 25th, 1915
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	April 25th, 1915
Boyd, J. E.	Lieut.	Interned in Holland	Oct. 5th, 1915
Burk, Gerrie	Private	Prisoner (escaped Aug., 1916)	May 12th, 1915
Chase, D. B.	Private	Prisoner in Germany	June 2nd, 1916
Cotton, H. H.	Lieut.	Missing	June 5th, 1917
Davies, H. E.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	Jan. 19th, 1918
Fleming, A.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	Oct. 25th, 1917
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	Missing	April 23rd, 1918
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	April 25th, 1915
Macdonnell, H. W.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	June 2nd, 1916
Risteen, C. F.	Lieut.	Missing	Oct., 1917
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	June, 1916
Urquhart, A. M.	Lieut.	Prisoner in Germany	Mar. 28th, 1918
Yuille, W. B.	Lieut.	Missing	June, 1918

### UPPER FLAT SOCIETY NOTES

THE Dog Show, the canine classic, was held for the last time at Kollege Kennels, behind the tuck shop. Mr. Worter Rendell's Blue Ribbon champion "Juno" was again successful in carrying off the honours of the meet. Mr. Speed Curry's entry was an orange and red dachshund entitled "Ichabod." It looked it! Captain Campbell, S.O.S., although present at the Show, did not enter any of his famous Newfoundland varieties, but when interviewed, stated that he was counting on capturing all premier honours with a new breed which he called the Sea-dog.

After the presentation of prizes, "Ragtime" Lightbourn's Flat and Sharp String, Rope and Wire Band subjected the guests to a trial of the new ultra-futuristic music. The gathering dispersed hastily.



Sir Peregrine Cadwallader Ogletree Sissons is with the party of the Duke of Petrolea shooting snipes in Tincanalley.

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The last performance of the present season of the Sphagetti Vermicilli Opera Co., of Tureen, Italy, and Oakville, Canada, was the occasion of Madame Euphemia Choppin's latest entertainment. Mme. Choppin's guests occupied the second balcony. A special detail of city police formed the guard (of honour). The opera "Tony and Bianca" was presented with great fervour, and the singing of Mlle. Tamale Gordon defied description. Senor Ypsilanti Leguina, the eminent Spanish basso très profundo, sang opposite Mlle. Gordon, and many wondering flatterers pondered as to how he stood the strain. Among the members of Mme. Choppin's party were Professor Piccott, of Zig-Zag Automatic Haircutter fame; and Discount Lorient, K.M.H., newly appointed Borneau Ambassador. No refreshments were served, on account of the baronet having spent the last year in starving Borneo.

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### TABLE ETIQUETTE

1st. While drinking soup, an appropriate sound should always be made. Silence shows lack of the virile qualities necessary to a good rugby player.

2nd. Care should be taken to spill some gravy on the coat at dinner and some egg at breakfast. This is the best way to distinguish the evening from the morning garments.

3rd. Always leave the spoon in the tea-cup while drinking tea. It prevents theft.

4th. Keep both elbows planted firmly on the table, particularly when eating pie.

5th. While drinking water grasp the glass firmly in both hands—this to prevent accidents.

6th. Be careful that every morsel of food be consumed and that the plate be left bare. Afterwards it should be carefully polished with the pocket handkerchief.

7th. If eggs be served for breakfast a little of the yoke should be left upon the chin. It lends colour to the landscape, besides being a good advertisement for the cold storage firm you patronize.

8th. When buttering bread, place it upon the knee. This is a hygienic measure, as it prevents the food from being contaminated by the table cloth.

9th. If lettuce be served, a small spray of it should be stuck in the buttonhole. This shows that you have an artistic temperament.

10th. It is always in good taste to fill your vest pocket with mayonnaise dressing. It is useful for cleaning shoes.

11th. Never refuse a second helping. If you can't eat it, put it in your pocket.

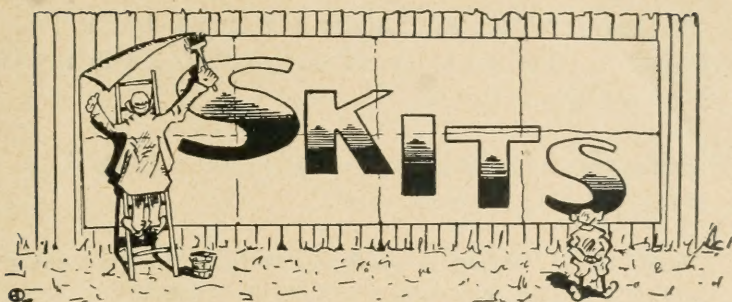
12th. It is always good form to unbutton some of your tighter garments toward the end of a meal, or even to take off your coat. If a collar be worn, it also may be removed and given to the hostess for safe keeping.

13th. Avoid the use of soap in conjunction with a finger-bowl bath. It renders the water unfit for drinking purposes. Should your face become greasy wipe it with a corner of the table cloth.

14th. The elbows may be spread out as far as desired. Should a neighbour object, refer the matter to the host.

15th. Always eat spaghetti from a knife. Have the chair tipped back at an appropriate angle during the performance. Equilibrium may be obtained by placing a foot upon the table.





Thomson : "Sir, may I go downtown to-day?"

Dr. Macdonald : "What do you want down town?"

Thomson : "I want to see an octopus about my eyes."

Mr. Findlay : "What is the meaning of the word forgery?"

Piccott : "It's what the blacksmith does, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw : "How did Cleopatra meet her death?"

Emory : "She stung herself with an asp, sir."

Choppin : "Open the window, fellows, I want to throw out my chest."

Extract from MacLean's essay on Thomas à Becket :  
 "They killed him in the church and scattered his brains on the altar."

Beath : "Why do you pour your tea in the saucer"?

Stonehouse : "'Cause the spoon goes into my eye when I drink it from my cup."

Mr. Magee, on duty and looking from the master's common room window : "There goes Lightbourne's band marching off to glory and they haven't given me a list of who are in it."

Mr. Detweiler : "Into what two great classes is the human race divided?"

Harris : "Prefects and the rest of us."

Thomson : "They say Lauder is a somnambulist."

Piccott : "Yes, he is apt to walk out of church any time at all."

Emmerson : "Is that dandruff on ——'s collar?"

Beath : "No, it's bone dust."

Clark, II. : "What is good for walking in your sleep?"

Meikle : "Take car tickets to bed with you."



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTH THE SAVAGE BREAST."

Cadet Corps Captain : "Everyone in the company except Ashton change step. I haven't the heart to bother him again."

Calvert : "I had an awful close shave down town this morning."

Rendell : "Well, you probably needed it."

Those farmers who prefer to have their sons stay at home and raise hogs rather than to go to the front and fight must believe that the pen is mightier than the sword.



Dad : "I'm glad to see you're studying French. I wish I'd studied it when I was at school."

Emory : "Wish I had too. Exams are next week."

First Lower School Boy : "My father's a veteran and has a hickory leg."

Second Lower School Boy : "That's nothing, my sister is engaged and has a cedar chest."

Rendell : "I believe the name on that tombstone is spelled wrong."

Dingman : "If so it surely is a grave mistake."

Dr. Macdonald : "Hendrie, you have been reported as being late."

Hendrie : "No, sir, I wasn't late; the class started before I got there."

Even if the price of paper does go up, writing paper will remain stationery.

Smith, I. : "It won't take that fellow long to be a colonel."

Loriente : "How's that?"

Smith, I. : "Well, he's a nut already."

Kent : "What leather makes the best shoes?"

Stirrett : "I don't know but bananas make good slippers."

Emmerson : "Where are you going?"

Lightbourne : "Out to see some people."

Heap : "Let's play making faces."

Smith, I. : "That wouldn't be fair; look at the start you have on me."

Lightbourne : "Gentlemen, I have here a nickel and a dime which I shall place on the table. The nickel rolls off while the dime remains. Who can explain this phenomenon?"

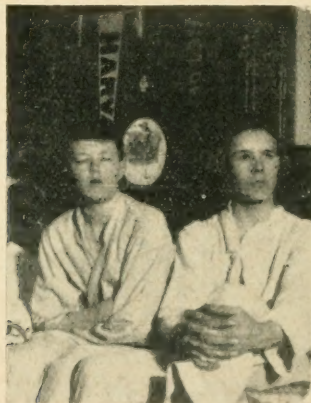
Syer : "How is that?"

Lightbourne : "Well, the dime has more sense."

If a body see a body eating tuck shop pie,

Then everybody knows somebody's surely going to die.

Extract from a composition of Kerr's : "Troilus and Cressida were dangerous places on the coast of Italy. One was a rocky point the other was a whirlpool."



MORNING AND NIGHT

McDonald, II. (at dance) : "I like a reserved girl, don't you?"

Smith, II. : "Yes, if she's reserved for me."

Loomis : "I dreamt last night that all the masters died."

Dingman : "Is that why you laughed out in your sleep?"



Dr. Macdonald : "Brown, what would your father say if he saw you doing that?"

Brown : "Sir, he'd be tickled to death ; he's blind.

Father : "Well, son, where do you play on the rugby team?"

Sissons : "I don't know but I think it's drawback."

It is reported that when Beer returned from his recent trip to New York, the roof of his mouth was sunburnt from gazing at the sky scrapers.

Beath : "I took a picture of the cricket match while a run was being made."

Lorient : "Did it come out well?"

Beath : "Yes, first rate ; it was a time exposure."

Query : "Why is the boy from Bermuda called the Century Plant?"

Cameron : "That record must be a Russian one."

Earle, I. : "Why?"

Cameron : "Because it has so many revolutions."

McDonald, II. : "Say, this coffee's muddy."

Smith, I. : "Well, it was ground this morning I suppose."

McGregor : "Do you know the best way to see Europe?"

MacPherson : "No! How?"

McGregor : "Well, when you get up in the morning look in the mirror and you'll see you're up."

Patten : "How many make a million?"

Brown : (With a grin.) "Very few."

Stonehouse : "Say, Ross, is it really true that you're going to join up?"

Ross : "Yes, but don't let it get about. You see the idea is to spring it on the Germans."

Returned Old Boy : "We were having a terrible time until the French brought up their 75's."

Thomson : "Gosh! I didn't think they had men that old in the army."

Doctor : "Well, how did you find yourself this morning?"

McDonald, II. (In sick room) "Oh, I just opened my eyes and there I was."

Thomson : (Calling on young lady in supposed boarding house) "May I see Miss —— please?"

Lady : "Why yes, but may I ask whom you are?"

Thomson : "I'm her brother."

Lady : "Oh, I'm very glad to meet you. I'm her mother."

Hostess to Heap : "Have some more pudding?"

Heap : "Thank you, but just a mouthful."

Hostess : "Hilda, fill Mr. Heap's plate."

Earle, I. : "Say, fellows, we want to get good bowlers and batters and players who know their business."

Emmerson : "That's all right but you see there's only one of you."

Beath : "Don't eat so fast, McLean."

McLean : "Aw, I wasn't goin' half as fast as I could."

Doctor Macdonald : (In a scripture class.) "Can any one tell me what Ananias did?"

Third Form Boy : "He wrote the weather reports, sir."



# St. Andrew's College

## TORONTO

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Sissons : (Showing lariat which he brought from the west.)  
"This is what we catch wild horses and cattle with."

Piccott : "What bait do you use?"

Richardson : "McCarter made a long speech in the debate this morning."

Macdonald, III. : "What did he talk about?"

Richardson : "He didn't say."

Hendrie : "My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Emmerson : "It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are stricter now."

Calvert : "I wonder why Choppin left the farm?"

Harris : "The cow kicked him and he threatened to have her court-martialled for treason."

Mr. Laidlaw : "What do you know about the Mongolian race?"

Carrick, I. : "Nothing, sir, I was at the baseball match."

Macdonald, I. : "I'm going to camp right across the lake from you this summer."

Leguino : "That's nice, I hope you'll drop in some time."

Piccott : (To policeman.) "Will this street take me down to Bowles'?"

Policeman : "Not unless you keep on moving youngster."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Why don't those Cadets show more ginger?"

Mr. Detweiler : "Oh, well, they're only lately mustered."

Stirrett : "I had a cherry on a sundae."

Hendrie : "That's nothing, I had a date on a Monday."



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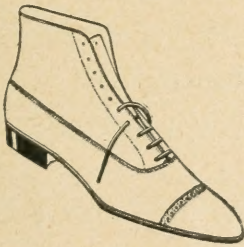
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OPEN EVENINGS

Emory : "I heard of a judge who gave a deaf man his hearing one day."

Glenn : "That's nothing, I know a blind man who went down to a lumber yard and saw dust."

MacPherson : "Have some more fish, Smith?"

Smith I. : "No thanks, that's *su-fish-ent*."

New Master : "I was here a month before I knew half of the boys."

Old Master : "I knew more than the whole lot of them before I came here at all."

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### APT QUOTATIONS

LIGHTBOURN : "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums."

McDOUGALL : "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

EMMERSON : "Sweet player on the cithern strings."

SMITH, I. : "So are you sweet, even in the lovely garish of a boy."

RENDELL : "Alas for those who having tasted once of that forbidden vintage of the lips."

HEWITT : "My love is like a red, red rose."

HEAP : "Who riseth from the feast with that keen appetite which he sits down."

THORLEY : "He never owned the foreign rule, no master he obeyed."

HARRIS : "Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebones !"

CLARK, I. : "I am not gamesome, I do lack some part of that quick spirit that is in Antony."



DINGMAN : "Let me not deem that I was made in vain."

CALVERT, I. : "Oh! the father! how he holds his countenance."

CHOPPIN : "Conceit more rich in manner than in words."

WOOD : "Glasses,  
With horn bows, satastride on his nose,  
with a look of wisdom supernal."

SMITH II : "He was perfumèd like a milliner."

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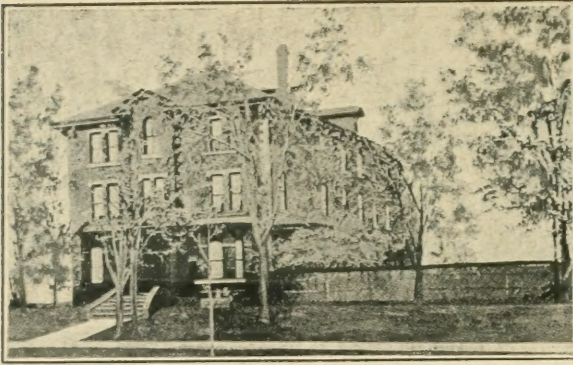
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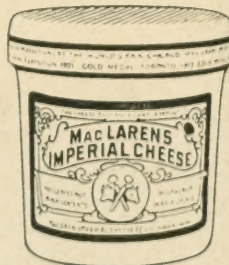
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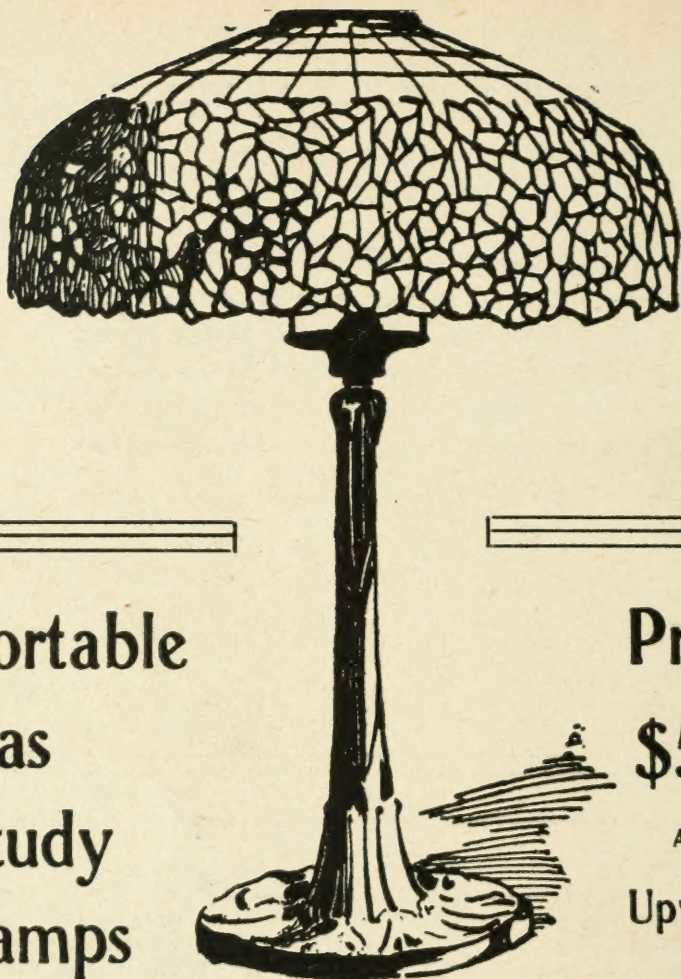
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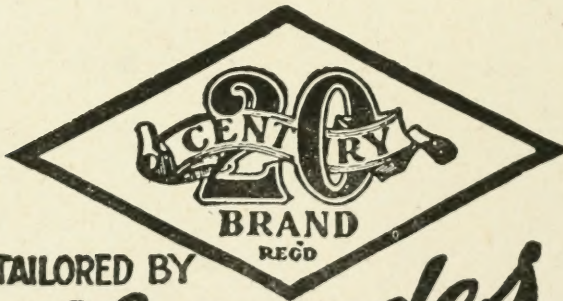


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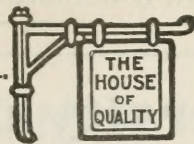
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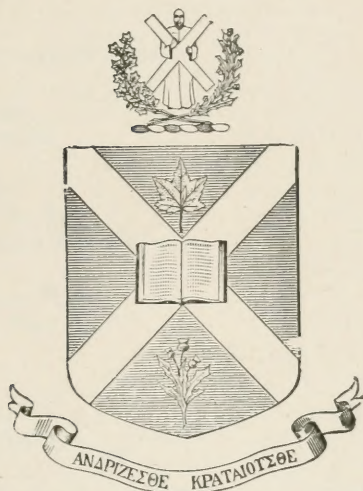
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Christmas, 1918

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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER





# Christmas, 1918

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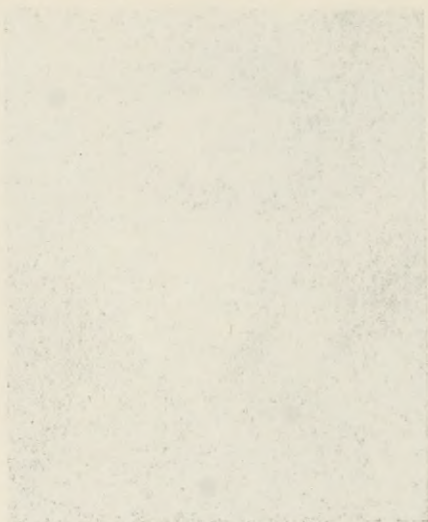
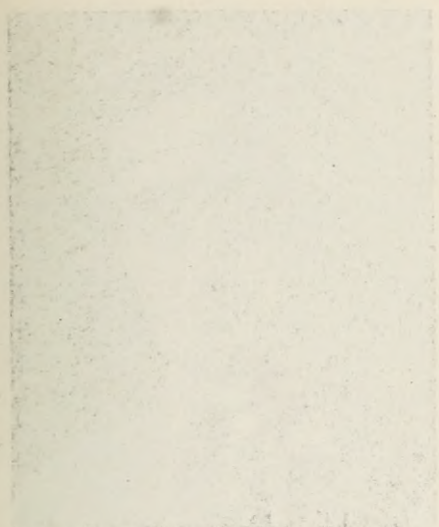
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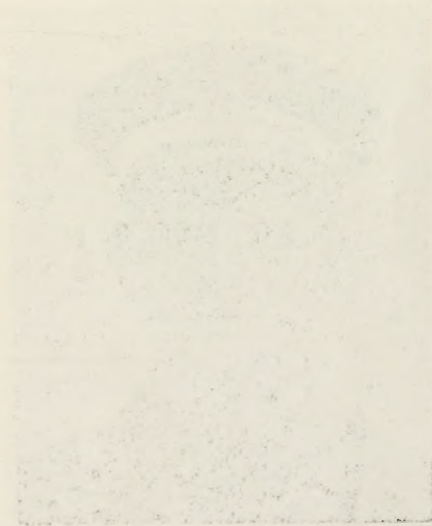
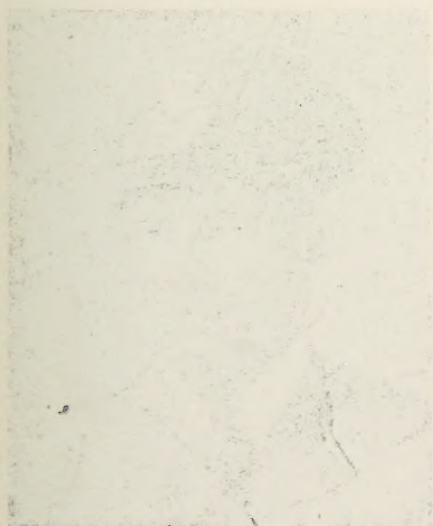
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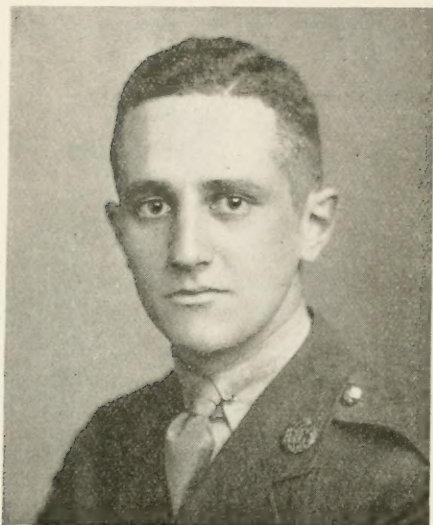
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## Portraits of Old Boys





CAPT. J. H. BROOKE BELL  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1910-1912



LIEUT. JOHN C. HOPE  
1st Tank Battalion  
S.A.C. 1905-1908

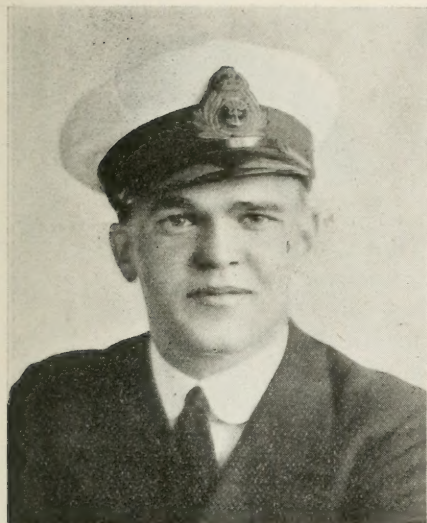


FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. ROSS WEST  
S.A.C. 1906-1912  
Royal Air Force



FLIGHT-LIEUT. MELVILLE PHILLIPS  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1993-1909

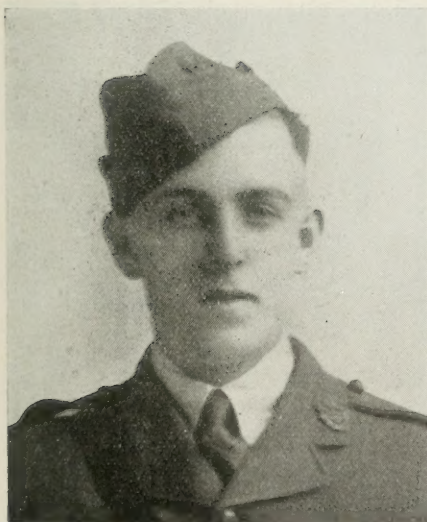




SURG. PROB. F. D. ROSS  
S.A.C. 1908-1913  
H.M.S. "Limmet"



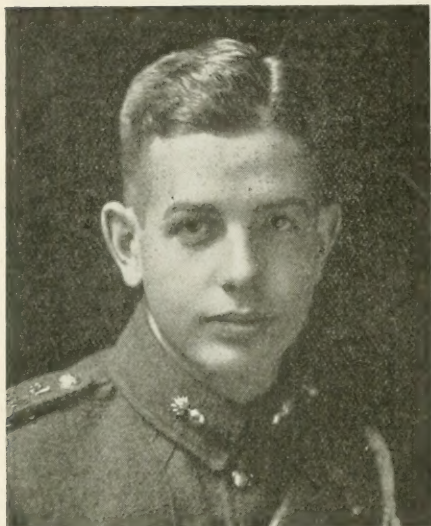
LIEUT. LANGLEY F. W. SMITH, D.S.C.  
"Order of the Crown" (Commander)  
Croix de Guerre (Serbian)  
Royal Naval Air Service  
Killed in action November, 1917  
S.A.C. 1910-1912



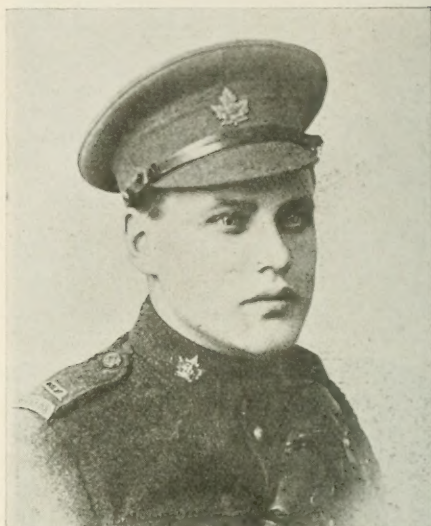
LIEUT. LOUIS CARLYLE PHIPPEN  
Royal Air Force  
S.A.C. 1916



LIEUT. E. A. RAND  
8th Battalion  
Killed in Action May 4th, 1917  
S.A.C. 1912-1913



GUNNER W. CRAWFORD TURNBULL  
S.A.C. 1912-1917  
67th Battery



GUNNER RODERICK A. FERGUSON  
25th Battery  
S.A.C. 1913  
Died on service September 9th, 1917



SERGT. M. G. WINTER, D.C.M.  
Newfoundland Regiment  
S.A.C. 1912-1915



PTE. DUNCAN L. ANDERSON  
Machine Gun Section of the 109th Battalion  
June 14th, 1918 Died on service.  
S.A.C. 1906



# St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas. 1918

---

## Editorial

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE,  
December Thirteenth, 1918.

*To the Old Boys Overseas.*

MY DEAR BOYS :

The Editors of the REVIEW have asked me to introduce this Christmas number with a message to the Old Boys overseas, and I gladly comply with their request. This I do the more readily as it affords me an opportunity of offering you, on behalf of the School, our felicitations on being a part of the great force for right, which has overcome the enemy and compelled his surrender. Some of you will soon be coming home, and you will be welcome. It will be the lot of others to remain behind to play a part in reducing order out of chaos. Your task will be one calling for patience, self-control and unselfish conduct. These qualities your careers as soldiers have already shown you to possess. You all have our very sincere congratulations on your contribution to the successful issue of the greatest struggle in the history of the world. We wish you all a speedy return to our midst, and I need hardly assure you that we hope at the old School that none of you will neglect to pay us a visit. The School will be delighted to find accommodation for you, if you are passing through Toronto, and our office is at your disposal for the care and forwarding of any mail, or, for help in any other manner. Remember, you are abroad in great numbers and it is not easy to follow the movements of all with accuracy. I shall hope, therefore, that when you return you will drop me a line to let me know that you are home once more.

Your country awaits the return of you and your comrades with confident assurance that your contribution to the new conditions which must surely arise from the subsidence of this gigantic world-disturbance will be of great moment and advantage to the Nation at large. The nations of the world have been thrown into a great crucible, with the result that re-actions have taken place which have hastened developments in a manner strange to humanity. Your best thought, your sanest judgment

and your most unselfish efforts will be the demand of your country's need, when you return to civil life. I have no doubt that St. Andrew's College boys will be found to face the re-adjustments of private and national life with the same fearless readiness that led them in such large numbers at once to drop the tools of their ordinary occupations and hurry overseas to offer themselves, in sacrifice if need be, for the good of humanity. May you always stand, in whatever community it may be your lot to dwell, for equal rights to all and no privileges for any class, high or low.

With me, I doubt not, you are all mindful of our fellow Andreians, of sacred memory, who remain behind awaiting in distant lands the great Resurrection that will accompany the appearing of our Lord. Should you be near their last resting places ere you return offer a prayer in the name of our old School, and thank God for the possession of that high spirit, of which they were such shining examples. Their memory will be perpetuated at the School, but the manner of the memorial will be determined after consultation with you, who should have most to say as to its form.

Christmas greetings and New Year's wishes of happy hope go out to you all from hearts that are full.

Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

---

Christmas again! Never before has the Season of Peace meant to us so much as it does now. For four years we have scarcely been able to say "Merry Christmas." The words seemed fraught with disloyalty to the men who were fighting across the sea. We could not forget the hardships they were enduring, nor did we know at what moment would come a message causing hopeful suspense to be turned to hopeless sorrow. Now, what a change! The enemy has been beaten; peace, like a silent footed messenger, has come to us; the soldiers will soon be coming home, and joy, made doubly joyous by contrast with the dark years of the war, will fill all hearts. Now indeed will "Merry Christmas," ring true. The bells may chime their liveliest tunes; the winter sun may shine its brightest upon dazzling snow; evergreens and red berries may vie with the emerald and the ruby in depth and richness of colour; cheeks may glow, eyes may sparkle, and the music of laughter may come from a thousand happy firesides, but each



and all will give but poor expression to the heart music of the mother who stands with open arms, awaiting the coming of her soldier son. To such we know that words of ours cannot bring a jot of additional happiness, yet to the sum of goodwill that is everywhere abounding we would add our "Merry Christmas."

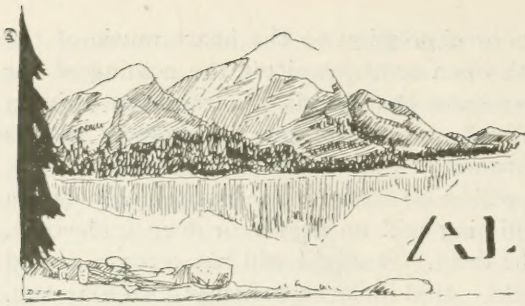
But for some there will be no season of merry making. Down beneath the liveliest chiming will be heard, in deep undertone, the solemn music for the dead. Sunlight will but serve to reveal the emptiness of the world,—that and a cross in war-torn Flanders. With full hearts they will look upon the joy around them,—look and be silent, as are the graves upon which their thoughts are ever fixed. But it is not all unhappiness. Perhaps in the true analysis of reality it may be that more real joy is hidden by the sombre garments of bereavement than there is in many a ringing laugh. To those proud, sad ones we extend a greeting of hope, peace and goodwill.

---

In this issue of the REVIEW will be found a list, as complete as possible, of all the Old Boys of Saint Andrew's College who have sacrificed their lives in the war, and also a list of those who have won honours on the field, by being decorated by the King, or by being mentioned in despatches. We sincerely regret the appearance of many new names in the former list. To have spent years in the midst of almost inconceivable dangers, to have passed through these dangers in safety and with honour, only to be sacrificed, as the white angel of peace comes fluttering earthward, is inexpressibly sad. We can but give our sympathy to the parents and friends of those heroes.

---

The REVIEW desires to acknowledge its appreciation of the patronage given to it by the many business men of Toronto, who advertise in its columns. It should require no argument to convince Saint Andrew's boys that they are under moral obligation to patronize firms which help to support their school magazine. That most of the school business will be directed by our advertising we feel assured. We trust that when the time comes for renewal of contract, firms will feel that money spent in this way is profitably invested and so keep their names on our pages. By patronizing our advertisers we can assist our school paper in a most practical manner.



# ALASKA.

BY MURRAY  
McPHERSON.

The word Alaska usually recalls to the mind a peninsula lying directly north of British Columbia and jutting out into Bering Sea. This, however, is not the Alaska best known to tourists. The best known part of the country is that narrow strip of land lying along the Pacific Coast which was bought from Russia by the United States in 1867.

Previous to the war most American tourists went to Europe for their vacations. But during the last four years these European pleasure jaunts have had to be discontinued. Naturally, the pleasure seeker has turned toward the unknown and scenic parts of his own country. The West has offered the greatest opportunity for travel and adventure and of the west the Canadian Rockies and Alaska easily take precedence over all other parts.

To the dweller of the East, Alaska is a far distant country. But when one is in Vancouver it is only a question of stepping aboard an ocean liner and then a three or four days' sail in order to see what is best of the subject of our sketch.

From Vancouver to Skagway, the chief point in this part, the distance is about one thousand miles and the trip occupies three days and a half. Both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway operate boats as far north as Skagway. The course lies along an inland passage, that is, between innumerable islands which line the coast and the coast itself. The open sea is encountered only twice during the passage and in these places it is usually very rough.

Small villages and towns are encountered along the route. Five hundred miles of the journey lie through Canadian waters. The Olympic mountains are passed, and the Strait of Georgia and finally the Seymour Narrows where the mainland and Vancouver island are separated by a channel one third of a mile wide. Ketchikan is the first port of call in Alaskan Territory. It is



situated on the Revillagigedo island. High mountains guard it like sentinels towering above its harbour which is shaped like a half moon.

The next stop is at Wrangell. There has been a settlement here for nearly one hundred years. Many fine totem poles are to be observed and other evidences of primitive Indian life. The town is situated at the mouth of Stikine river and Wrangell Narrows. The waters here have been the object of superstitious awe of the natives for generations. The treacherous currents are in their minds due to evil spirits.

Shortly after leaving Wrangell the great Taku glacier is passed. It is more than a mile wide and continually sends down giant icebergs into the waters at its foot. As we get further North a steady increase in the size of the mountains is noticed and the scenery becomes grander.

Skagway itself dates from the days of the Klondyke rush. Here there was gathered together fifteen thousand people. It was the gateway to the golden North. Though it has lost most of its feverish energy of its early days it is yet a town of importance.

Most people have a wrong idea of the climate of Alaska and fertility of soil. Along the coast there are no great extremes of temperature owing chiefly to the warm Pacific Currents. In the interior, however, it is a different matter. Here the high altitudes, dryness of the air and absence of wind produce great extremes of temperatures in the valleys. In the summer season—from the middle of June to the middle of August—the days are very hot, the thermometer hovering around  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade. But as soon as the sun dips below the horizon the mercury at once drops, and one is always able to sleep in comfort.

During the winter the cold is intense,  $90^{\circ}$  of frost being not uncommon. However, owing to the dryness of atmosphere, little discomfort is felt. When the temperature gets as low as  $40^{\circ}$  below zero very heavy mists form which prevent one from seeing more than fifty to one hundred feet ahead.

Alaska is often spoken of as a land of Midnight Sun. This, however, is only true of that portion within the Arctic circle. But the reflection of it is sometimes seen farther South by climbing very high hills on the 21st of June. In Dawson, for instance, the sun itself just dips below the horizon for an hour or two, at the summer solstice. Again at the winter solstice there are about six weeks during which the sun is never seen. It is not

dark during this time as one might think, a purple twilight bathing the land with a mystery of gloom rather than of darkness. In the homes the lights are lit during the greater part of the morning and early in the afternoon they are lit again.

Alaska is above all a land of mountains, of great rugged folds of rock capped with ice and snow and reflecting all the wonders of the North,—wonders of sun and stars, of frosty moon and northern lights.

Along the coast the headlands are cloud crowned and dim but inland its peaks stand out sharply in the clear air. And over all there hovers the spirit of the unknown.

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### AUX BRAVES

JUNE, 1918.

Hail and farewell!—Though our lips speak in sadness,  
And dark shadows fall over youth and its gladness;  
Though the grey clouds may cover the sky from our yearning,  
And fair fields seem barren, and song stilled by sorrow;  
Though our best and our bravest be dust on the morrow;  
Though this earth in her pain sees no true Spring returning;  
There are proud thoughts that rise! Let proud heads be held higher.  
The dead are the living! Their lives will inspire;  
They watch from beyond how our beacons are burning!

Hail and farewell to these walls that they cherished.  
How they turned in true love e'er their young lives had perished,  
To the school and the games and old days and the laughter,  
Our own boys, our brave boys! To these walls clings the story  
Of hearts brave in death and of deeds bright with glory.  
While we live we'll remember and those who come after  
Shall be proud of achievement that time cannot alter.  
Farewell to these walls! As we go who shall falter?  
New walls shall arise, glad days come hereafter!

P.J.R.



### OUTWITTING THE BOCHE

A Canadian Lieutenant, who was lately repatriated from Germany, where he had been a prisoner for two years, tells a rather amusing story of the manner in which a young Highlander outwitted the Germans, thereby gaining his freedom.

The German authorities have no wish to keep, as prisoners, soldiers who lose their minds. Besides being general nuisances, such soldiers cannot work, so usually they are sent back to England. The young Scotchman, in question, knowing this, decided to become crazy. His first move was to procure a mouth-organ. He tried in various ways to get one and finally succeeded in obtaining a very loud instrument, upon which he learned to play one tune, "Annie Laurie."

He next made known his plans to two trusted friends, and solicited their aid. Their share in the drama was to get food for their musical friend, and also to make complaints about him to the guard.

At five o'clock in the morning he started to play and kept it up until about twelve at night. Whenever a guard appeared he played like mad; he played while the rest ate, and, if he was spoken to, instead of answering he played the same mournful tune. The other prisoners thought him really insane and sympathized with his cell-mates in their distress.

In about a week his lips were swollen and raw; his eyes were protruding from his head. Yet he played on, always in the same tune and always in the same time. The guards tried to stop him, but he played louder than ever, nor could they get the instrument from him except by using force, which they did not think worth while. A month passed and still he was not removed. So he tried another plan. Each night, after lights were put out, he would kneel on the end of his straw pallet and crow like a rooster. As soon as the guards would come into the cell, he would again pick up his mouth-organ and play until they were glad to get out.

At last it became evident that his plan was succeeding. The guards notified the camp Commandant, and he began an investigation. The case was reported to the higher authorities. They, in due course, came to see the prisoner and were treated to the same musical selection. All their questions were answered by blasts of discord, and they left quicker than they came.

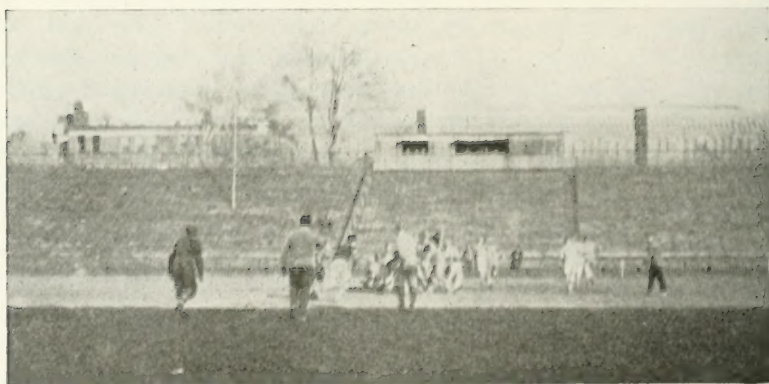
One day, about three weeks later, word came that the musician was to be sent to England. He thanked his friends for what they had done for him, and was taken to the train, still playing the mouth-organ. He went to Holland in a Red Cross train, with other prisoners, but he still played on. They marched from the train to the quay in Amsterdam, to the tune of "Annie Laurie." They were soon aboard the ship, but still the same tune was heard, played by the supposedly demented Scotchman.

At last, when about five miles out of port, the prisoners were much surprised to see a very sane-looking young man jump from his chair and throw the instrument of torture into the sea and then to sink back exhausted.

The trick was soon made known to his fellow prisoners, and "Angus" was the popular "boy" for the remainder of the trip.

Since being repatriated this young hero cannot tolerate the sound of a mouth-organ while the melody of "Annie Laurie" brings a look of agony to his face, even when played upon the bagpipes.

A. W. REYNOLDS,



PRACTICE AT THE STADIUM



### "DER TAG"

Never in the history of the world, has king or emperor received such token of submission as did Sir David Beatty on November 21st, 1918, when the German Fleet surrendered to him in the North Sea.

The result of the armistice terms is that Prussia has been stripped of her cloak of arrogance, and that all her hopes of naval supremacy have been shattered.

During the past four years, sheltering coast-batteries and networks of mines have prevented our dreadnoughts from engaging with those of the enemy, hiding in the Kiel Canal. Think of the many and tedious months which the watchful grey guardians of the sea have spent scanning the horizon for a sign of German formations! Their one attempt to break the blockade undoubtedly resulted disastrous to the fleet of the Black Cross. Jutland taught Germany's naval leaders that their power was inferior to that of the British Navy.

With complete subordination the enemy met our fleet forty miles east of the Firth of Forth, in the North Sea. The latter formed itself at May Island, and left for the rendezvous at three o'clock in the morning. Before leaving, the British Grand Fleet was reviewed by the King, and the British, American and French admirals were given a luncheon.

Those which struck colors are:—

The Kaiser, Kaiserin, Koenig Albert, Kronprinz Wilhelm, Prince Regent Luitpold, Markgraf, Grosser Kurfuerst, Bayern, Koenig, and Frederich der Grosse. The Seidlitz, which was the first in line, heralded the approach by a kite balloon flown high above her decks. Spreading into two drawn out lines, six miles apart, the Allied Fleet, which was composed of the British Grand Fleet, five American dreadnoughts and scores of torpedo-boats, together with several French battle cruisers.

At ten in the morning, the German flotilla of over forty ships formally surrendered to Admiral Sir David Beatty. With silent guns and with few hands on deck, they were soon steaming up between the files, led by the Queen Elizabeth. Numerous instances of Hun deception caused the Allies to make certain that they carried no ammunition.

Sir David Beatty, in company with the French and American admirals, was aboard the British flagship as she steamed at the

head of the surrendering Germans. The solemnity of the occasion was impressive, and not a cheer or cry of triumph was heard from an Allied craft.

Veering to the west, the vessels to be interned were escorted to Scapa Flow, a land-locked harbour in one of the Orkney Islands. It affords a most suitable anchorage for the German boats, and there is no lack of good roadsteads in its area of fifty square miles. Before the war the Scapa was used as the headquarters of the British home fleet, during the naval training season.

Never has there been such a gathering of warships as that which met to fulfil the armistice terms which look forward toward the end of the Great War. Certainly no previous fleet ever assembled under similar circumstances. The burial at sea of Germany's hopes of world-power which was to be built upon the destruction of Britain's naval supremacy, has taken place. Germany's chances of continuing the war have ended. She is conquered.

F. ROPER DAYMENT.



"A KENT SPECIAL"

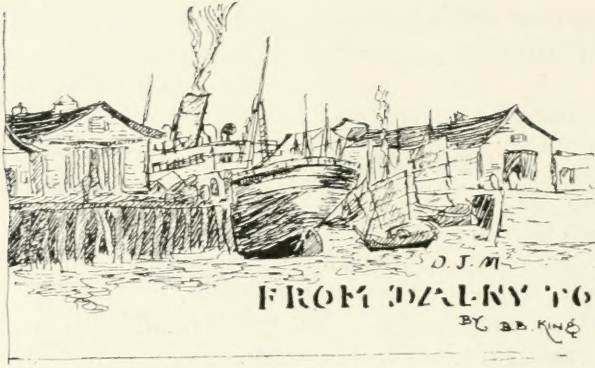


## OUR TRUST

White, white, all white beneath the dull gray sky,  
Save where yon clump of fragrant cedars stand  
Snow-covered; where afar the mountains lie;  
And where that rustic bridge of last year's band  
Of hunters crosses o'er the frozen creek.  
And silence! not a sound the awful hush  
Disturbs. So soundless that in that great bleak  
Eternity of space there comes a rush  
Of sound, the music of the heav'nly spheres.  
There God is King, nor, since the World began,  
Has sin been known, nor plague, nor earthly fears.  
Thou Northland, pure and fair, unsoiled by man!  
Ah Canada, so young, so pure, so fair!  
There may the tired mind relax and know  
Sweet solace, far from City's din and care,  
Among the trackless wastes of virgin snow.  
There do the souls of the brave warriors fly,  
Whose bodies now in war-torn Flanders lie.

And some to whom our faith we ever owe  
Beheld the Holy Grail on Flanders' plain,  
That thy unsullied space of silent snow  
Might always be as fair and free from stain.  
But still to us, since Youth forbade that we  
Should sip the mighty cup, and thus endure,  
There comes a sacred care from o'er the sea;  
To keep thy bosom sacred, fair and pure.

J. E. McDougall.



I made the voyage across the Yellow Sea, from Chiminisaka, Japan, to Dalny,—sometimes called Dairen—in company with my father.

Dalny is in the North of China and has been leasehold land since the Russo-Japanese war. It is probably the finest city in the whole of the Oriental republic. The North in general is the finest part of the country, the South being hot, dirty and unhealthy.

We sailed from Dalny on the night of October 29th, 1916. The boat was only a hundred-ton craft. While crossing the Gulf of Pichli many incidents occurred which I shall never forget. It was perfectly dark when we set out and the little steamer was without lights. The crew were all Chinese; in fact we were the only Westerners aboard.

I had not gone below preferring to stay on deck in the fresh air. It was so inky dark that one could scarcely see one's hand six inches away. To hear those Chinamen moving about and not being able to see them produced many uncomfortable sensations. We knew quite well that they could sandbag us or cut our throats and throw us overboard if they liked and our friends would never know what had happened to us.

After sailing for two hours we stopped at Port Arthur for a short time to take on fruit. I soon found that I was in for an exciting time. Two coolies grabbed me and tried to scare me. They certainly succeeded. I was so nervous that the scurrying of a rat across the deck almost caused me to jump out of my skin. Father, I afterwards learnt, was also uneasy.

When the boat left Port Arthur for Che-Foo, I had not yet seen our stateroom. However, when I did see it I wondered how





CANTON AND PIEHO RIVER, CHINA

on earth I was ever going to sleep there. It was the only state-room on the boat and we had to share it with an unsavoury Chinaman who indulged in all the filthy habits known to his race.

This Chinaman was of the higher caste and therefore could afford to sleep in a bed, a circumstance which he appeared to greatly enjoy. He must have become rich only recently for his habits were those of an ordinary coolie.

The whole room, including the bed, reeked with dirt. I did not sleep in the bed but rather on it. I disrobed to the extent of taking off my boots and lay on top of the clothes in a bunk above that of our friend the Chinaman.

In the next room there were about twenty-five Orientals, smoking the vilest tobacco imaginable. They kept us awake the first part of the night with singing and loud chatter which often rose to shouts. The Chinaman in the bunk below was snoring loudly. It is scarcely necessary to say that the whole situation was not conducive to sleep.

About one o'clock in the morning the noise in the next room partially subsided so, notwithstanding the snores of our yellow companion, which, by the way, I attempted to quiet by the use of one of my boots, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was still dark. Having no idea of the time I anxiously waited for some light to creep through the port-hole. It seemed hours before it came.

At dawn we left our stateroom with a feeling of relief.

The next room was in a condition which cannot well be described. The coolies, without exception, were all intoxicated to

the limit and lay about in every imaginable position. The room reeked of liquor and tobacco smoke. It was with a feeling of relief that we went up the companion-way and into the fresh air from that nightmare down below.

Land could be seen to the Westward quite plainly. It was the port of Che-Foo.

On arriving there we found a harbour inclosed by concrete walls and built in a semicircle. When the boat had anchored a small fleet of sampans came out to take the passengers ashore. But, when the boatmen saw two white people on board and realized that there was a chance of getting three times as much for their work as they had expected, they started to fight and to shove each others' boats away from the ship. When any one of them was not shouting or screaming or gnashing his teeth at someone he would try to induce us to get into his particular sampan. One may imagine the confusion of it all.

Finally a big coolie practically dragged us into his boat and started for the shore. When we had landed there ensued another scrap among the rickshamen. Several times I was picked up and put into different rickshas. Had it not been for the interference of the pater I might have found myself in the interior of China for all I know.

After selecting two rickshas we were taken to the only place in the town fit for human habitation, a little hotel kept by a Frenchman.

Che-Foo is a small congested place but it is the headquarters for the silk trade in the province of Shantung. It is dirty and has no drainage. The country is full of bandits and robbers, a fact which implies that the business is often tied up.

There are no railways. It is not safe to be in the streets after dark as there are neither lights nor police. The people look as though they had been through a threshing machine and then had ashes dumped on them.

A few days before we arrived there the jail had been emptied, the prisoners' friends refusing to support the prisoners longer. The authorities rather than have the poor wretches die released them. In China during a law breaker's confinement in jail his friends and relatives have to support him. Imagine jailing a husband for non-support and then making his wife support him while in jail.

B. B. KING.



## DIPLOMACY DIVULGED BY A DIPLOMAT

[Following Stephen Leacock.]

I am a Diplomat. Ah! I hear a murmur of surprises. But we diplomats soon become accustomed to such sensations, in fact we have to create them or we would starve.

Yes, I am a diplomat of the Empire of Switzerland, in connection with the famous Swiss Navy. More than this about myself I cannot reveal until another eminent person commits suicide or is assassinated. Indeed, it is only on account of the late Lord Kitchener being dynamited by number seventy-four of the Wilhelmstrasse, that I can safely divulge these secrets hitherto indivulgable.

I hold myself personally responsible for the death of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary, even although I was ordered to do what I did. I will now tell you what happened as truthfully as is possible by one of my calling.

I was reclining on an easy chair in my own little suite in Berne, Switzerland's noted seaport, when my third sub-spate secretary's assistant came creeping in. His name I think was Tokio and with true eastern grace he salaamed and handed me a note, disguised as a book, written by the inventor of the foodless cooker. After kicking him out I deciphered the code,—it was an order to attend the society for the prevention of thinking, our diplomatic headquarters.

Needless to say, I attended immediately and what happened there I am not at liberty to disclose, but I at once set out for Austria-Hungary via North America and the Orient.

I put on a disguise, for if the central powers learned that I was abroad there would be a great disturbance created which would be fatal to the mission I was to fulfil.

After travelling a distance that I withhold and having many adventures of which I may not tell, I arrived in Vienna at a date I need not mention, but in a disguise that I dare not state on account of an eminent person. I am discreet.

How I established myself in the Royal Household as a personal servant to Franz Josef the censor will not permit me to reveal,—the consequences at the peace conference would be staggering.

Nevertheless I became his personal servant as I said before.

I was soon very intimate with him; in fact, I caught a glimpse of him nearly every day.

An ordinary person under orders such as I was might have drawn a knife and shot him on the spot. But I am a diplomat; I use cunning.

At last! The stage is set, the German-Austrian Alliance is about to receive a terrible blow and, I,—I, am about to deliver it. Stealthily I sneak into the Emperor's bed-chamber, the assassin's implement in my hand. But the world sleeps on in ignorance. Softly I place it by his bedside and melt away into the shadows. I stumble, but the noise of my retreat was covered by His Majesty's snores and all is peaceful as before.

The next morning Franz Josef jumped lightly out of bed at the early hour of eleven-thirty. He started in horror, for there beside his bed, was a bucket, an old oaken bucket. Immediately he flew into a tremendous rage. "What impudent rascal?!!" he bellowed. "What low scoundrel?!!"—here he furiously KICKED THE BUCKET, and fell unconscious. A short time later he died.

\* \* \* \*

Some people say he died of blood-poisoning of the toe, some say gout and others apoplexy; but only three people in the universe know of what he really did die. And those are the only ones who ever shall know, for my lips are sealed as to the mystery of the old oaken bucket.

Having successfully accomplished my purpose I disappeared. For political reasons and also for several others I found it necessary to leave Switzerland, and so now am disguised as an Italian fruit-seller in Toronto. But when the present embarrassing financial conditions are passed I will return to my native land. That is diplomacy.

H. W. MARSH.



## DAWN

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*

'Tis night, but still war's foaming flood  
Rolls on in sacrificial blood;  
Lurid flashes stab the dark;  
Mortar answers Mortar's bark;  
While afar the big guns bellow,  
And the dead lie huddled stark.

The shriek of high explosive and the bullet's sighing whine;  
The deadly Maxim mutter as the foemen sweep our line;  
The red lust of killing, in a din of hellish sounds;  
The grim frenzy of the fight, the madness of deep wounds,  
And the Very's shuddering light shows the dead high-piled in  
mounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dawn rose o'er torn trench and muddy rill;  
The cold stars gaze in pale amaze to find the world so still.  
Comes a whisper on the dawn wind to where the Crosses show,  
To where the dead are dreaming dreams and Autumn flowers  
blow;

The flowers nod and bend to tell,—  
A whisper from each crimson bell—  
To tell the dead that all is well;  
The reason rules the minds of men,  
That peace on earth has come again.

DAVID. K. FINDLAY.



# MEETING THE CROWN PRINCE

By H. M. HUNTER

Capt. G. D. Hunter of St. Mary's, Ont., who was a prisoner of war in Germany for nine months and who was repatriated in February, 1918, gives an interesting account of a visit of the German ex-Crown Prince to the prison camp at Karlsruhe where he was confined.

One day the order went around that the grounds and huts must be tidied up. Later it was made know that His Royal Highness was coming to inspect them. The prisoners were kept busy all the morning and soon the place was in better condition than it had been in months, thanks to the labour of the prisoners.

It was two o'clock one bright day in September that the prisoners lined up to receive the Royal dude. There were about three hundred privates present but only twelve officers. After a long wait the visitor came.

He was first shown through the huts after which he addressed our soldiers in excellent English.

The speech was not intended to put heart into his hearers. Indeed so evident was it that Willie's design was the opposite of this that in a measure his object was defeated by himself. Among other lies told, the following will serve for example :

"Our famous German air men have been bombing England every night. The Savoy and Westminster Abbey have been blown up. The docks have been destroyed and England is in ruins."

Of course many of the British soldiers were discouraged, for prisoners of war even more than their brothers under arms or the folks at home, long for Victory, well knowing that until such goal has been reached there can be little or no hope of release. But most of them did not believe a word spoken and put each statement down as a Hun-truth.



After the speech to the prisoners the Prince shook hands with the officers and had a chat with each in turn.

He said, too :—

"Do you think they would throw stones at me if I was to go over to Canada ?"

"I don't know, sir, but we are pretty good sports over there," was the reply.

Whether or not the Prince understood the idiom is not known. It is hard to believe that he did not, yet he pretended ignorance.

"Oh yes, you have a lot of hunting and fishing over there," was the answer made.

After the conversation the Prince gave each of the officers three of his cigarettes. They were good cigarettes, too, each being about six inches long and hollow at one end. On the way to England from Holland the box which had contained these cigarettes was raffled by the repatriated officers.

Capt. Hunter says he was much surprised at the appearance of the Crown Prince. He is very unlike his pictures or rather his caricatures, being a clean cut, smart looking fellow and very good looking.

H. M. HUNTER.



"LIFE PILED ON LIFE"

### CLOTHES AND THE MAN

It was at the Highwood Barracks that Capt. Goldsmith took his morning air in charge of a machine-gun company of raw recruits which paraded daily at eight-thirty in the morning. And it was this same Captain who openly declared that they would never know a machine-gun from an umbrella stand unless fortune favoured them with common sense.

But what really "got Capt. Goldsmith's goat" was not the stupidity of the machine-gun squad, but the fact that a young man, usually with a girl on each arm, was wont to parade up and down on the walk in front of the barracks, which were situated on the bank of the Highwood River. This debonaire chap took his strolls regularly each afternoon at about four o'clock.

Now Capt. Goldsmith had seen two and a half years' active service in France. Having been invalided home he now was instructing in machine-gun work.

"Why I should have fought for two and a half years in France and an individual like that be allowed to strut up and down, with white silk socks on, is something I can't comprehend," Goldsmith was heard to say to Lieut. Turner one afternoon as the apparition with the silk socks was seen to disappear around the corner of the barracks.

This went on for some time steadily growing on the nerves of the captain and equally so on those of the sergeant-major who suggested that the apparition be taken and ducked in the river the next afternoon it appeared. This Goldsmith readily agreed to and gave orders for the sergeant-major to select six men who at the time appointed might seize Silk Socks and duck him in the cool waters of the Highwood River.

That night Lieut. Turner dropped into a little café on his way to the Barracks. He was rather startled by a voice behind him which suggested that he sit down and have a drink. He turned and to his amazement his would-be companion was the chap with the white silk socks, who daily strolled by the Barracks.

"Thank you, I shall just have some coffee," returned Lieut. Turner.

In a few minutes they were chatting leisurely. Turner was interested in his new acquaintance. There was something in his voice that was gentle yet strong. He did not seem to be the swell with the silk socks any longer.



"He's a man," Turner kept saying to himself, and Turner knew. He was a good judge of men and had learned to know them. Although he was only twenty he wore three service chevrons.

Turner who had been captivated by his host's engaging manner, had, almost unawares, warned him what was to take place on the following afternoon. This caused his host to break into a loud laugh.

"And you think they'll throw me in, eh? Well I'll wager five pounds to one they won't."

"You mean that bet? Well I'll take it on condition that I give you the odds," returned Turner. The wager was fixed, Turner betting five pounds to his newly-found friend's one.

It was almost four o'clock. The sergeant-major and his picked squad awaited anxiously the coming of their intended victim. A little distance off Capt. Goldsmith and Lieut. Turner were seen conversing. The former chuckled audibly at the thought of the doom of Silk Socks which he had planned.

But Turner seemed less joyful. He had taken a great liking to the chap and was almost on the verge of interfering with the plans of his superior officer. But still why should he protect a slacker,—a man who had shirked his duty to remain safely at home!

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. The victim was approaching. He would appear around the corner in less than a minute and then—

Yes it was he but minus the silk socks. He wore a pair of artillery stock boots. It was a major wearing the M.C. ribbon and four service chevrons that walked by the amazed group who stood stiffly at attention.

What Capt. Goldsmith said under his breath and what thoughts passed through his mind are not recorded.

The young fellow with the white silk socks may be seen any day strolling down the walk at Highwood River. Indeed he sometimes appears with even more elaborate footwear than that which first attracted attention, for he has spent most of Turner's five pounds in fancy silk hosiery.

ROY McMURTRY.

## Our Old Boys

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ED. WHITTAKER

### OLD BOYS NEWS

J. E. McDougall—EDITOR

The REVIEW extends a cordial welcome to Mr. G. E. Whittaker upon his return to St. Andrew's College as house master. In 1915, Whittaker was captain of the First Rugby Team. Shortly afterwards he went overseas and about a year ago came back to Canada convalescing from serious wounds. The School is be congratulated upon having this gallant young soldier on its house staff. No finer example of loyalty, courage and manliness could be found in all of Canada to serve as a type for the character moulding of young Britishers.

LIEUT. ERLE B. LOWNDES has won the Military Cross. It was awarded for bravery and adroitness in leading a raid on the enemy trenches, after he had been there only three days.

CAPT. SYDNEY BENNET has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre with Palms. This is the highest decoration of the



order and has been conferred upon him for gallantry shown while commanding a Flying Squadron during the recent Marne offensive.

He has also been mentioned in General Petain's despatches.

LIEUT. INGVAR DE SHERBININ has been awarded the M.C. for tenacity shown in trench-mortar fighting while wounded in the arm and legs.

CAPT. J. K. GILLESPIE has been promoted from the rank of Lieutenant. He was awarded the M.C. for pushing forward after a number of the crews of his machine guns had become casualties.

Another Old Boy to receive the M.C. is LIEUT. "TIF" FINDLEY, who paid us a visit this term. He was decorated for his services rendered during the last German offensive, when he was brought down.

It will please everyone to hear that LIEUT. WILLIAM H. COMSTOCK has been recommended for a decoration for his bravery and presence of mind when a break occurred in the petrol feeding pipe of his seaplane, while 75 miles out at sea. Lieut. Comstock climbed out on the plane and held the pipe together for an hour until land was reached.

CAPT. D. T. FRASER has been mentioned in despatches for his excellent work at Wei Hai Wei, China.

The late LIEUT. G. F. ROSS who was killed in an air raid at Ostend in May last was mentioned by Admiral Keyes for especially distinguished service during the second blocking operations.

Word has come to hand concerning the death of LIEUT. CLARENCE ROGERS from a totally unlooked for source, namely, from a captured German aviator who was present at his death. Upon his tomb at Arlense the Germans have written: "Here sleeps a gallant English officer, Lieut. Clarence Rogers, from the British Flying Squadron. Erected by the Third German Battle Squadron."

HARRY WATSON is in an R.A.F. Squadron containing eleven Canadians who have over 100 enemy machines to their credit. He is expected home for the Hockey season this year.

COATSWORTH's father received a letter from him stating that he was sending home some magazines that he valued and would like to have kept for him. His father expected to see some London illustrated periodicals but, when they arrived, they turned out to be three very much battered S.A.C. REVIEWS.

LIEUT. ERNEST ROLPH who was reported missing is a prisoner in Germany.

LIEUT. BROOK BELL, who was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and publicly thanked by the Italian Government for his services on that front, paid a short visit to the school this term. He was given three cheers and a good old "Hoot."

FL. CADET S. A. BEATH, an editor and illustrator of last year's REVIEW staff is in Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. qualifying for his Lieutenancy in the R.C.N. "Stan" says that should peace negotiations put him out of a military job he would like nothing better than to return to S.A.C. The REVIEW will welcome him back.

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### BIRTHS

To MR. and MRS. D. C. McLAUGHLIN, a son. June 14th, 1918.

To CAPT. and MRS. J. M. FORGE a daughter, August 15th, 1918.

To MR and MRS. ADAM SPROAT, a son. July 15th, 1918.

To CAPT. and MRS. P. C. TIDY, a son. July 16th, 1918.

To CAPT. and MRS. ELLESWORTH FLAVELLE, a daughter. September 6th, 1918.

To MR. and MRS. EDWIN COPP, a son. October 26th, 1918.

To CAPT. and MRS. CHAS. E. BALLANTYNE, a daughter. November 17th, 1918.

To MR. and MRS. A. M. DOUGLAS, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES

MR. CLAYTON S. CRAWFORD, to Miss Mae Henderson, June 3rd, 1918.



- CAPT. J. S. ALLEN, to Miss Doris Bury, of Montreal, August 6th, 1918.
- CAPT. W. S. McCLINTON, to Miss Clara Crawford, of Oro Station, Ontario, in July, 1918.
- MR. W. LOYD WORD, to Miss Carmen P. Bryson, in August, 1918.
- PTE. IRVINE DYMENT, to Miss Edith Garret, in England, July 27th, 1918.
- MR. PERCY MILLIGAN, to Miss Stephenson, in summer, 1918.
- LIEUT. GUY RUTTER, to Miss Mary M. Scott, September 17th, 1918.
- MR. K. ST. C. MACLACHLAN, to Miss Jessie M. Gooderham, September 5th, 1918.
- LIEUT. G. STAFFORD RICE, to Miss Edith Porter, on October 30th, 1918.
- LIEUT. G. G. STONEHOUSE, to Miss Bessie Stafford, of Kingston, Ontario, November 9th, 1918.
- LIEUT. H. G. KENT, to Miss Hoidge, of Toronto, November 13th, 1918.



WEINER LINE—YORK MILLS

# Honour Roll

## KILLED IN ACTION AND DIED ON SERVICE

Abendana, Eric M.	Lieut.	Died on service	October, 1918
Anderson, D. L.	Pte.	Died on service	September, 1918
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Bastedo, R. H.	Pte.	Died on service	February, 19, 1918
Bath, E. O.	Capt.	Died on service	November, 1918
Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Bell, Trevor S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September 14, 1916
Bigwood, P. H.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June 21st, 1917
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 23rd, 1916
Bond, H. S.	Capt.	Killed in action	August 15th, 1917
Broughall, Deric	Pte.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Brown, B. B.	Pte.	Killed in action	September, 1916
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	Died of wounds	November 14th, 1917
Bascombe, R.	Capt.	Killed in action	June 10th, 1915
Campbell, G. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 20th, 1916
Chesnut, A. W.	Pte.	Died of pneumonia	September 6th, 1916
Clement, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action	December 3rd, 1917
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sub-Lieut.	Died in a German Camp	January, 1918
Crombie, V. R. A.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	October 26th, 1918
Crowe, H. L.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June 22nd, 1917
Cunningham, L. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 13th, 1916
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September 9th, 1916
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 12th, 1918
Eberts, M. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 15th, 1917
Ferguson, R. A.		Died from rheumatism, etc.	September 9th, 1917
Geggie, W. M. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October 4th, 1917
Gibson, Donald P.	Lieut.	Died on service, operation	July 6th, 1918
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Killed in action	April 25th, 1915
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 5th, 1917
Graham, D. W.	Pte.	Killed in action	May, 1917
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed	July, 1915
Hanlan, E. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 9th, 1917
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	Killed on service	November 20th 1918
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Killed in action	February 22nd, 1918
Herald, R. A.	Pte.	Killed in action	April 22nd, 1915
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning	October 25th, 1915
Ings, J. Walter	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 18th, 1917
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed	July, 1915
Kilgour, A. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 27th, 1917
Knighton, G. G.	Major	Died of wounds	May, 1917
Lockhart, N. B.	Pte.	Died from meningitis	March 24th, 1915
Loudon, L. N. M.	Capt.	Killed in action	September, 1918
McTaggart, Wm. B.	Major	Killed in action	September 2nd, 1918
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1917
McQueen, H. M.	Pte.	Killed in action	October, 1918
Macpherson, C. S.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed in Eng.	October, 1918
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 3rd, 1916
Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June, 1917
May, T. C.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	July, 1917
Montgomery, C. C. S.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 18th, 1917
Morrison, Donald W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 19th, 1918
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	Presumed to have died	August, 1917
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 8th, 1916



Nation, G. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 25th, 1916
Nelson, G. V.	Major	Killed in action	March 5th, 1917
Nicol, H. L.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 1st, 1918
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	Killed in action	November 24th, 1916
Phillips, R. A.	2nd Lieut.	Killed in action	August 14th, 1917
Porter, Roger M.	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Quigley, Frank G.	Capt.	Died of pneumonia	October, 1918
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 4th, 1917
Raney, P. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	August 21st, 1917
Risteen, G. N.	Driver	Died of wounds	October, 1918
Rogers, C. F.	Sub-Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Ross, G. F.	Lieut.	Killed in action	May 10th, 1918
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 15th, 1917
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Killed in action	October, 1916
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	April, 1918
Travis, C. Weldon	Lieut.	Killed in action	September, 1918
Walker, H. H.	2nd Lieut.	Died of pneumonia	July 13th, 1918
Wallace, H. D. M.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	June, 1917
Whitaker, R. B.	Pte.	Died of pneumonia	June, 1918
Williams, W. D.	Pte.	Killed in action	June 2nd, 1916
Wilson, J. T.	Gunner	Killed in action	November 23rd, 1917
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	Killed in action	April 11th, 1917
Winter, E. R.	Pte.	Killed in action	July 1st, 1916
Wood, R. S.	Fl.-Lieut.	Killed in action	March 17th, 1918
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	December, 1917
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	Killed in action	March, 1918
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	Died of wounds	August, 1918
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	Killed in action	July 28th, 1916
Yuille, W. B.	Lieut.	Killed in action	June 5th, 1918

**Honours Awarded****D. S. O.**

Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut.-Col.	January, 1918
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	August, 1916
McTaggart, W. B.	Major	January, 1918
Morphey, J. A.	Major	January, 1918
Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	May, 1918
Taylor, A. E.	Lieut.-Col.	June, 1918

**D. S. C.**

Galbraith, Murray	Capt.	November, 1916-Bar 1917
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	September, 1917

**MILITARY CROSS**

Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	May 23rd, 1916
Auld, James C.	Capt.	June 13th, 1916-2 Bars
Bell, H. Brooke	Capt.	May 13th, 1918
Brown, R. A.	Lieut.	June 1st, 1917
Cassels, G. T.	Lieut.	October, 1916
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	January 2nd, 1916
Clerk, B. M.	Major	September 8th, 1917
de Sherbinin, I.	Lieut.	September, 1918
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	May 14th, 1918
Fisken, S. F.	Lieut.	September 25th, 1916
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	January, 1917
Galbraith, J.	Lieut.	January 24th, 1918
Galbraith, R. D.	Major	May 20th, 1918
Gillespie, John	Capt.	July, 1917
Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	November, 1918

Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	November, 1918	
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	April, 1917	
Harrison, W. L.	Capt.	April, 1918	
Hastings, V. J.	Capt.	August 8th, 1916	
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	January 11th, 1917	
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut.-Col.	November, 1915	
Johnston, H. A.	Capt.	October 5th, 1918	
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	November 16th, 1916	
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	April, 1918	
Kay, Mack.	Lieut.	June, 1917	
Lash, H. S. H.	Capt.	November, 1918	
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	August, 1917	
Lowndes, E. B.	Lieut.	October 3rd, 1918	
Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	December 21st, 1916	
Leishman, H.	Lieut.	September, 1918	
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	November, 1916	
McTaggart, D.	Lieut.	November, 1917	
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	June 5th, 1916	
Mackenzie, W. G.	Lieut.	May 27th, 1918	
MacLaren, Ian	Lieut.	November, 1918	
Malcolm, Jack	Lieut.	January, 1918	
Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	April, 1917	
Montgomery, C. L.	Capt.	January, 1918	
Oliver, Allan	Lieut.	November, 1916	
Pedley, J. H.	Lieut.	November, 1918	
Quigley, F. G.	Capt.	(?)	Bar May, 1918
Ramsden, J. C.	Lieut.	March 26th, 1918	
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	January 20th, 1918	
Ross, M. E.	Lieut.	May, 1918	
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	June, 1918	
Stewart, A. E.	Capt.	January 20th, 1918	
Spohn, Gordon	Lieut.	November, 1918	
Sykes, H.	Lieut.	November, 1916	
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	January 25th, 1918	
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	August, 1918	
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	November, 1916	

#### DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Reid, G. T.	Capt.	November 7th, 1918
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#### CROIX DE GUERRE

Bell, H. Brooke	Capt.	May 13th, 1918 (Italian)
Bennett, V. S.	Capt.	September, 1918 (French-Palms)
Galbraith, Murray	Lieut.	November, 1916 (French-Bar)
Hale, Thomas	Major	April, 1918 (French)
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	October, 1918 (French)
Malcolm, Jack	Lieut.	January, 1918 (French)
Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	February, 1918 (Serbian)

#### ORDER OF THE CROWN (Commander)

Smith, L. F. W.	Lieut.	February, 1918
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#### MILITARY MEDAL

Anderson, W. S.		October, 1917
Chase, G. A.	Serg't.	October 27th, 1916
Johnston, K. B.	Signaller	October, 1918
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	October 12th, 1916
Montgomery, A.	Lieut.	January, 1918
Montgomery, J. A.		April 19th, 1917



## D. C. M.

Anderson, W. S.....	October, 1917
Black, S. C.....	Lieut.....April, 1918
Winter, M. G.....	Serg't.....January 10th, 1918

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Bell, H. Brooke.....	Capt.....May 13th, 1918
Bennett, V. S.....	Capt.....September, 1918
Comstock, W. H.....	Lieut.....July, 1918
Duncanson, A. E.....	Capt.....February, 1917
Fraser, D. T.....	Capt.....August, 1918
Hertzberg, H. F. H.....	Lieut.-Col.....January 1st, 1918-June, 1918
Galbraith, D. M. B.....	Capt.....1916
Gibson, W. O.....	Capt.....January 5th, 1917
Grier, C. B.....	Lieut.....March, 1917
Knighton, G. G.....	Major.....May 24th, 1917
Lash, H. G. H.....	Capt.....1918
Leishman, W. H.....	Lieut.....Mentioned 3 times.
McLagan, P. D. M.....	Lieut.....January 1st, 1918
McTaggart, W. B.....	Major.....January 1st, 1918
Morphey, J. A.....	Major.....January 1st, 1918
Mills, L. G.....	Capt.....1918
Ross, G. F.....	Lieut.....August, 1918
Taylor, Allan E.....	Lieut.-Col.....Mentioned 3 times.
Winter, M. G.....	Sergt.....December, 1917
Wishart, D. E. S.....	Capt.....December, 1917

## OBITUARY

ABENDANA, ERIC M., was born on July 10th, 1892. He came to St. Andrew's College from Port Antonio, Jamaica, in September, 1905. In October, 1909, he entered the Faculty of Applied Science at the University of Toronto, and obtained the degree of B.A.Sc., in 1914. After leaving the University he obtained the appointment of Chief Assistant on topography of the oil belt, with headquarters at Calgary. Later he joined the St. Mary's Portland Cement Co., with which organization he was working in 1915, when he joined the Corps of Guides. In April, 1916, he obtained a commission in the Canadian Engineers, and after training at Shorncliffe, went over to France. He had seen considerable service in France, when on October 16th, 1918, he succumbed to an attack of pleurisy and was laid to rest in a military cemetery near Arras. The many friends whom he made during his years at St. Andrew's will regret his loss very much and join in sincere sympathy with his family.

ANDERSON, DUNCAN L., was born on October 17th, 1891. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1906, remaining here one year. On leaving school he went in to business and was employed

in Toronto, when, in July, 1915, he enlisted in the 75th Battalion. In October of the same year he went overseas with this Battalion and was later attached to the Machine Gun section of the 109th Battalion. He was wounded at the Somme, suffering a fracture of the skull. After a long illness in England, following this injury, he was returned to France fully recovered, and rejoined his Battalion in April, 1918, and saw much fighting. On June 14th, 1918, he died of cerebro-spinal meningitis in Hospital at Etaples. Anderson enjoyed the reputation of being a crack shot, while with his Battalion, and proved himself an excellent soldier. His old school mates will sympathize deeply with his family in their loss.

BATH, EDWARD OSLER, was born on March 22nd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and left in December, 1907, to enter the office of the Anglo American Insurance Co. Later he joined the Toronto Electric Light Co. He went overseas as a Lieut. with the 48th Highlanders in the autumn of 1914. In April, 1915, he was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Julien, after being wounded and gassed. In October, 1916, word was received that he had been re-captured after making his escape from prison. As a punishment he was confined in a fortress for seven months. In March, 1918, he was sent to Holland, and some time after was repatriated to England suffering from chronic bronchitis, the result of gas. On November 27th, 1918, word was received that he had died in London, as a result of influenza.

"Tod" Bath's many friends of his old school days will remember him with affection. He was always keen on everything at school, played his games regularly and was deservedly popular.

CROMBIE, VINCENT ROBERT A., was born on June 4th, 1897. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1913, and left in the spring of 1914 to enter business. For a time he was with the Harbor Commission, and at the time war broke out was working as a fire ranger under the Provincial Government. He resigned his appointment and enlisted in the 19th Battalion, with which unit he went overseas. He saw considerable service in the trenches. In July, 1916, he suffered a scalp wound, a bullet grazing his head while on sentry duty. In September, 1916, he was again wounded. He was recommended for a commission and returned to France as a Lieutenant. After two months



further service at the front, on October 11th, 1918, he suffered a severe gunshot wound in the chest, and on October 26th, 1918, he succumbed to his injuries, while in Hospital in Camiers, France.

Although only a short time at St. Andrew's, Crombie was an active participator in both football and hockey, and made many friends.

GIBSON, DONALD P., was born on May 2nd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and remained here two years. After graduating from the University of Toronto, he entered the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Early in 1917, he applied for admission to the Royal Flying Corps, but did not pass the physical examination. In January, 1918, he obtained an appointment as equipment officer with the R.A.F., and was serving with that Branch of the service in England when he died in Hospital, following an operation for intestinal obstruction.

A steady going, conscientious boy while at School, he did well not only in Class but on the field and many of his old school mates will regret to learn that he went overseas not to return.

HANNA, WILLIAM NEIL, was born on January 18th, 1905. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1908, to June, 1910. He entered the University of Toronto, registering at Victoria College in 1913. In April, 1915, he obtained a commission with the 26th Battery, C.F.A., qualified at Kingston, and went overseas that autumn. Later he transferred to the Royal Field Artillery. In July, 1916, at Monette Woods he received a serious injury to his hip, which confined him to Hospital for some weeks. On his return to the front the hip injury interfered with his working in the saddle and he transferred to the Royal Air Force. His training had been completed and he was flying in Italy, when on November 20th, after the signing of the Armistice, he was accidentally killed.

Quiet, unassuming and steadfast, Neil Hanna endeared himself to many friends and he will be much missed by all who knew him at school and in his later days.

INGS, JOHN WALTER, was born December 28th, 1897. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Charlottetown, P.E.I., in February, 1913, entering Form IVA. He was always in earnest whether at work or at play, and won his removals with regularity

in the Honor List. In June, 1915, he passed 9th into the Royal Military College, where he spent the following College year. While at St. Andrew's Ings proved himself to be a first class athlete, as well as student, excelling in Football and Boxing, in addition to being an unusually good gymnast. When he went on to R.M.C. his record was maintained, and he won the Boxing Championship the year he was there. In September, 1916, he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers and went overseas. June, 1917, found him at Saloniki. While there he contracted malaria and was invalided to Malta and later sent back to England. In June, 1918, he was sent to France with the 56th Field Co. of the Royal Engineers and was with them continuously until the latter part of this year when he was killed in action. From his commanding officer it has been learned that "he was working with a small party on a Light Railway Line when a heavy barrage came down. He got his men safely into a neighbouring trench and was sheltering there with them when they were struck by a shell. He was struck in the head and must have died instantaneously."

Walter Ings will long be remembered at his old school as one of the plus boys of his day. His brief career at R.M.C. and in the Engineers bore ample evidence that the promise of early days was being fulfilled. Many an old boy will learn with sorrow that he, too, has been called upon to lay down his life.

LOUDON, BRIAN M., was born on October 3rd, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1902, and remained until June, 1906. In 1915 he obtained a commission with the 92nd Highlanders, being one of the eleven S.A.C. Old Boys who were officers in that Battalion. In the spring of 1916 he went overseas with his Battalion and was soon drafted to the 15th Battalion in France. With this Battalion he saw continuous service, obtaining his Captaincy. He was severely wounded in September, 1916, at the battle of Courceleite. After being some time in Hospital, he was given leave home. In the autumn of 1917 he returned to England and was attached to the 5th Reserve Battalion. Later he was Commandant at the Otterpool Camp. He made strenuous efforts to get back to France for the second time, and in February, 1918, he reverted to a Lieutenancy in order to get across. He had been at the front since that time until September, 1918, when he was killed in action.



"Don" Loudon was one of the old guard at St. Andrew's College. He was keen on Athletics, and a consistent, as well as persistent, worker, possessed of keen ability. His passing will stir the feelings of real regret among many of the Old Boys of the earlier years of the school.

MACPHERSON, CHRISTOPHER S., was born on October 3rd, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1911, going into Form IIIA. His removes were obtained regularly with honours, and he matriculated into the University of Toronto in 1915. In August, 1915, he joined the University Company then recruiting for the P.P.C.L.I. The following winter he spent in France and was wounded in the arm in May, 1916. On recovering he returned to France with a commission, and spent his second winter in the trenches. In March, 1917, he was posted as "seriously ill" with pneumonia. After a stay in Hospital in England he was appointed instructional officer to the Boys' Battalion. In April, 1918, he resigned this post to join the R.A.F. and had about completed his training when on September 8th, 1918, he was killed in an aeroplane accident in England, something having gone wrong with his machine when he was only 200 feet above the ground.

"Christie" was universally liked while at St. Andrew's. He played all the games consistently and was always ready to play where the school wanted him. In addition to his interest in athletics, his steadiness of character and attention to his work resulted in an excellent influence in the school. Those who knew him as a boy in his school life are not surprised that one who was with him in the R.A.F. wrote that "he was a pal in every sort of trouble, whether things went right or wrong."

MCQUEEN, HUGH MURRAY, was born on September 1st, 1894. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Petrolia in September, 1912, entering Form Upper VI. On leaving school he went to Manitoba, where he was engaged for some time in drilling for gas and oil. In the autumn of 1915 he obtained a commission in the 70th Battalion, and was attached to the Signalling Section. When the Battalion went Overseas in April, 1916, in order to insure his chance of getting away with them, he reverted to the ranks and went overseas as a Private. Later he was drafted to the 58th Battalion and saw much heavy fighting during the summer of

1916, being wounded at the Somme. After recovering he returned to France and was gassed in January of the present year. He again returned to the front and saw considerable fighting before being killed in action on September 30th, 1918.

Murray McQueen was a deservedly popular boy during his year at St. Andrew's, and succeeded in winning both his First Team Football and his First Team Hockey Colours. Members of both the teams of that year will learn with deep regret what he must be numbered with those who will not return.

MCTAGGART, WILLIAM BRODER, was born on April 19th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, entering Form VB. He obtained his removals in due course, always winning a Proficiency Prize. In 1910 he won the 1st General Proficiency in Form Upper VI, and stood third in the Dominion in the Royal Military College entrance examination. Throughout his course at R.M.C. he led his class and was C.S.M. in 1912-1913. In the autumn of 1913 he entered the Faculty of Applied Science at McGill University. In February, 1915, he joined the 12th Battery, C.F.A., as a Lieutenant. On October 25th, 1915, he was slightly wounded but returned to duty. He obtained his Captaincy and was appointed in command of the 12th Battery in July, 1916. In October of the same year he was again wounded. In November, 1916, he obtained his Majority and continued in command of the 12th Battery, seeing continuous service. On November 1st, 1917, he was severely wounded in the thigh and a few days later was reported seriously ill at Rouen. In January, 1918, he received the decoration of D.S.O. and was invalided home on leave. On March 13th, 1918, he was again back at the front and remained there until he was killed in action on September 2nd, 1918.

Broder McTaggart was undoubtedly one of the *plus* boys of St. Andrew's College. In all his undertakings he excelled. His unselfish nature, consistent good humour, sterling character and high level of ability brought him not only success, but with it the genuine affection of his fellows. Many hearts will be sorrowful because of his death. We venture to quote from a letter received from a brother officer who knew him at school and in the field. The writer says:

"I just heard last night of McTaggart's death. He escaped many and many a heavy bombardment and was killed in the end



by a chance shot. Still he lived to see what I believe is the turning point in our fortunes and he set us all an example of fortitude and patient brave endurance. Never excited or depressed, always the personification of efficiency and good spirits he has lived an ideal life and died at the height of his powers regretted by everyone.

"He has been through so much with no thought of ever giving himself any respite or getting others to take up the burden. He was indeed a 'gentleman unafraid.'

"There are some lines of Kipling where he describes those who have toiled and wrought and fought and made our world:

" 'And to them cometh our wise Lord God, Master of every trade,  
And telleth them tales of His daily work of Edens newly made,  
And they rise to their feet as He passes by—gentleman unafraid.'

"I like to think of these lines in connection with people like him. He was so quite and unobtrusive that he might have passed for a rather timid person likely to lean on others for support. The truth was just the opposite. He had perfect self-reliance and was quite capable of carrying on and acting on his own initiative. He was always so quiet and reserved that I never felt I knew him very well but one felt instinctively that he was pure gold tried in the fire."

MORRISON, DONALD W., was born on August 23rd, 1896. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1903, to June, 1905, when, his family moving to Chicago, he attended school in that City for two months. Later he went to Howe Military Academy, where he spent eight years, leaving with an unusually good record. In May, 1916, he obtained a commission with the 213th Battalion. On going overseas he was transferred to the 3rd Battalion and saw continuous service in France until he was killed in action on August 19th, 1918.

Morrison was quite a small boy while at St. Andrew's, and consequently made his closest friends in his later school life. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit from him shortly before he went overseas, and naturally learn with deep regret that he has been called upon to join the great number of those who will not come back.

PORTER, ROGER MORROW, was born on May 19th, 1897. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1911, going in to Form II. He left school in the autumn of 1915, and joined the

155th Battalion, qualifying at Kingston for his commission. In October, 1916, he went overseas with his Battalion. Later, when the Battalion was broken up, he was sent to Aldershot for a course in Machine Gunnery and on completing his course he was retained for some time as instructor. He was subsequently sent to France and brigaded with the Machine Gun Section of the 2nd Canadian Division. He was killed in action during the taking of the Wotan line in September, 1918.

During his four years at school Porter made many friends who will regret exceedingly that he has been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

QUIGLEY, FRANCIS G., was born on July 11th, 1894. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in January, 1908, obtaining his remove to Form III at the close of the summer term and in June, 1909, was promoted to Form IV. On leaving St. Andrew's College he went to Pickering College. In 1913 he entered Queen's University and soon came to the front as a football and hockey player. In April, 1915, he joined the Queen's Engineers and went overseas. After some eighteen months' service in France with the Engineers, he transferred to the Royal Air Force. In April, 1918, he was in Hospital with a gunshot wound in the right ankle. In May, 1918, he won his Captaincy and had been awarded both the Military Cross and a bar to the Military Cross. In June of this year he was awarded the D.S.O. for "exceptional gallantry." During last summer he was returned to Canada and was for some time on duty at Armour Heights and Beamsville Camp. In October he was returned to England for overseas service. On the way over he contracted influenza and developing pneumonia he died at Liverpool on October 20th.

Quigley, like many other Canadian athletes, had shown himself to be an unusually intrepid and daring aviator. The early promise of his school career was confirmed while he was at the University and he is to be numbered with those whose non-return to Canada must be regarded as a real loss to our National assets.

RISTEEN, GEORGE NEVERS, was born on January 23rd, 1898. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Vancouver in September 1909, entering Form I, in the Lower School. He obtained his removes from year to year and left in June, 1914, to go into the Imperial Bank. In May, 1916, he came East and enlisted as a



Driver in the 50th Queen's Battery. Early in 1917 he was drafted to the 53rd Battery and saw continuous service with them until October of the present year, when he was seriously wounded and died shortly afterward.

George Risteen will not soon be forgotten by the many boys who knew him, both as a Lower School and Upper School boy during his five years at St. Andrew's. He was active in all the school undertakings and a good athlete. His death in action is all the sadder as his brother Clifford has been posted as "missing" for nearly a year.

TRAVIS, C. WELDON, was born on May 15th, 1893. He came up to St. Andrew's College from Sydney in September, 1911, entering Form VB. He obtained his promotions with regularity wrote his McGill Exam. from Form Lower VI in 1913, and his higher mathematics from Form Upper VI in June, 1914. During that summer he acted as an Assistant Master at the Summer Camp, and, as might be expected, was eminently successful in that position of responsibility. During the year 1914-1915 he attended McGill University. He joined the 86th Hamilton Machine Gun Battalion in September, 1915, as a Lieutenant and went overseas with that unit. In July, 1916, he was sent to the Canadian Machine Gun Depot at Riseborough and was kept there for some time as an instructor. Early in 1918 he obtained permission to go over to France and saw continuous service until he was killed in action in September, 1918.

So much might be said of "Trav" and yet so little can be said in the space of this brief memoir, that the writer is in difficulty. Travis was undoubtedly a *plus* boy and one who left an ineffaceable impression for good on the life of the School. During the years 1912-1913 and 1913-1914 he was Head Prefect and gave a most acceptable account of himself in that responsible position. He played on the First Hockey Team and managed, most successfully, the Football Team. His influence was always great and ever on the side of right. Loyal to the School to the core as he was, his consistent aim was to let no dishonour tarnish her name. Deservedly popular, all the boys were ready to follow his lead. Excellent business opportunities waited for him on his return from the scene of conflict and one could have safely predicted that great success would have been his. Like so many other lads of sterling worth and bright promise, he rests in

Flanders, his life work finished. Much water will pass under the bridge ere he is forgotten at the old School which he loved so well and always the results of his influence will continue here.

WALKER, HARRY HUNT, was born on September 8th, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1907, entering Form III. In 1908 he won his removal to Form IV, winning the Third Proficiency Prize. He was out of school for some months and returned at Christmas, 1909, to enter Form Lower VI. In June, 1910, he left to enter business in Fort William.

In December, 1915, he joined the 94th Battalion as a Lieutenant and went overseas with that unit. Later he transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and had had considerable experience in flying, when, on July 13th, 1918, he died of pneumonia in Blandford Hospital.

While at school Walker proved himself a steady worker, a good athlete and a loyal St. Andrew's boy. Many of the boys of his time will deeply regret to learn that he has died on service.

WALLACE, GUY HALIFAX, was born on February 12th, 1887. He entered the Fourth Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1901, obtained his promotions each June until 1904, when he matriculated into the University of Toronto. While at St. Andrew's, Wallace took a very prominent part in all the School activities. He was an unusually good athlete and won both his football and his cricket colours. In his last year he was School Captain in football. He excelled as a bowler and has gone down in school history as "the fastest bowler the school ever had." On obtaining his degree in Medicine at Toronto in 1909, Wallace became an Interne at the Bellevue Hospital, which position he held until 1911, when he was appointed Pathologist at that Institution. In 1913 he entered on private practice and was doing unusually well when in November, 1915, he left his practice to join the Canadian Army Medical Corps, with the rank of Captain. He saw some eighteen months' service overseas, when in May, 1917, he was invalided home suffering from bronchitis. His discharge was obtained at a later date and after a rest he resumed his practice in New York. On December 9th, 1918, he died after a brief illness. The cause of his death was pneumonia following influenza.



Wallace's career at St. Andrew's College was an exceedingly good one, both in Class and in outdoor activities. He belonged to the old guard of those who had much to do with introducing tradition into the School. The promise of boyhood was amply fulfilled in the success he attained in his chosen profession. Many a boy of the old days will deeply regret to learn that Guy Wallace has had to lay down the tools of life so early.

WRIGHT, HENRY ROBERT LINDSAY, was born on May 31st, 1896. He entered St. Andrew's College in January, 1907, going into the Upper Preparatory Form. His promotions were obtained with regularity, until he left School from the Lower Sixth in June, 1914. On leaving School he took a position with the MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co. During his last two years at School he was a Prefect. In 1913 he captained the Championship Football Team, was Captain of the Cadet Corps and Captain of the Cricket Eleven. He also won his first Team Hockey Colours and his Gymnasium Colours. As might be expected, he exercised great influence in the School.

In the autumn of 1915 he enlisted as a Gunner in the 34th Battery and trained at Kingston. He was soon made a Bombardier and later a Corporal. In December, 1915, he went over to England and was at Shorncliffe until April, when he was sent over to France with the 3rd Canadian Division. On arrival at the front he volunteered for the trench mortars and was constantly on the firing line until July 14th, 1916, when he was somewhat severely wounded. He was sent to Hospital at Birmingham, suffering from gunshot wounds in arm, back and neck. In the autumn of that year he was sent to the 2nd Reserve Battery, C.F.A., and later was recommended for a commission. After completing his training he was sent as a Lieutenant to the Trench Mortar Battery of the First Canadian Division in France in October, 1917. His service with that unit was continuous until August, 1918, when he was instantly killed by a direct hit on the officers' mess, where he was sitting at a table writing at the time. Two other old boys had been sitting beside him but five minutes previously and had left him as he was closing his last letter home.

"Lin" Wright was an outstanding boy at school and it is not easy to write of him in the compass of a memoir which must be brief. He was probably the most popular boy of his time and was idolized by the smaller boys. His prowess as an athlete was

undoubtedly effective in attracting the esteem of his fellows, but he really won their affection and regard through the possession of a remarkably bright and lovable character. Like his close friend, Weldon Travis, he was a strong influence for good in the school and a most loyal old boy. His name will long be remembered and his influence remain in the old school where he spent his boyhood days and for whose inner life he did so much.

YUILLE, WILLIAM BERESFORD, was born on June 13th, 1895. He entered the Second Form at St. Andrew's College in September, 1908. His promotions were obtained with regularity and in 1912 he was in the Lower Sixth. The sudden death of his father resulted in his leaving school before the conclusion of the school year and going into business.

In May, 1917, he obtained his commission in the Royal Air Force and had been flying in France for some time when, on May 30th, 1918, he was killed in action. "Billy" Yuille will be remembered with affection by many of the Old Boys. He was ever a steady worker in class and an enthusiast in all the school athletics. He played on all the Junior Teams in his younger day, was Captain of the Third Football Team in 1911 and obtained his Second Team Colours in 1912. In the same year he played on the Third Hockey Team. Yuille always gave his best in what he undertook and was most loyal, both as boy and old boy. His many friends will long cherish his memory as that of a most lovable and upright lad.



## Extracts from Letters

[NOTE: Of the many letters received by the Headmaster since the publication of the Midsummer number of the REVIEW, we are reproducing a few extracts which are of general interest. The names of writers are omitted in all cases for the reason that their appearance in this connection might be distasteful to the ones concerned. Editor.]

"I was wounded on September 27th, in the attack on the Canal du Nord, by a piece of shrapnel in the shoulder and was the last officer in the Company to be hit. We certainly had bad luck to start with, but the attack was a big success. The war is certainly very interesting these days, but I hope, like everybody else, that it will be over soon and that next summer will find us all back in Canada."

\* \* \* \* \*

### DADDY-LONG-LEGS AND RATS

"There are several S.A.C. Old Boys in the Brigade. I have not seen any of them for some time, but the last time I was speaking to one he was telling me that they were trying to arrange a dinner for all the Old Boys, but I expect that this will not take place till some time when we are out.

"Fritz welcomed us with a little gas, but luckily the wind was right for us, so someone else got it. However, it wasn't much, just for about fifteen minutes. He has been mixing up gas with his harassing fire lately, but in small amounts like that he is very unlikely to get anyone.

"The worst pests in this place are old daddy-long-legs, as we used to call them. There must be millions of them crawling all over everywhere, but they are not bad. Up sniping we had rats. At night they would come out and do battalion manoeuvres in our sleeping quarters and showed no common decency at all. They ran over everything, including my face, but we managed to keep them down somewhat by burning three or four candles all night. Rats happen to be my pet horror. I hate those things worse than Fritz."

\* \* \* \* \*

### MUST BE A QUICK DODGER

"This isn't really such a terrible life, although one has to be a pretty quick dodger when the big ones are coming at you. I personally reckon that the separation of a man from his family is far harder even than shell or machine gun fire.

"I suppose every one at home is delighted with the recent trend of events. Our boys are really wonderful and the Hun doesn't like to come to close grips, with the result that the past month has seen our P. of W. cages pass through some 20,000 prisoners, which is surely a fine record for the Canadian Corps. Of course, there is a lot of hard plugging ahead of us yet, but with the substantial help of the U.S.A. the Hun is in a pretty bad way."

\* \* \* \* \*

### OLD BOYS

"I am with the 27th Battery C.F.A. now. In fact, I left the 19th a good deal over a year ago. I see S.A.C. boys almost wherever I go. Not long ago, when in England, I saw Hume Crawford, Bill Comstock, Joe Taylor, and others. It does seem good to see so many of the Old Boys again. Everybody is cheerful over here about the war and the confidence of the men is really wonderful.

"I saw Bob Neill just about a week ago. I heard he was killed and of course was very glad to find out the report was all wrong."

"Have come across any number of St. Andrew's boys since I left Canada. Charlie McKeague came over with me and the last time I saw him he was on leave. He thinks the war is a splendid idea and from all reports is a very good soldier."

"Was a fellow instructor of Ken Junor's in England. He did very well in the Air Force, getting about twelve Hun Machines down before he was reported 'missing.'"

"I can sincerely tell you that St. Andrew's spirit is wonderful. Wherever in England or France a few are gathered together there is generally a St. Andrew's boy to welcome one with open arms and make one feel immediately at home."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A WONDERFUL CHANGE

"It is a great and wonderful change to be here after three years of captivity, in fact it takes one several weeks to really realize that one is practically a free person again, to do anything and to go anywhere at one's own will, without being followed by a Hun with a rifle and bayonet."

"To a prisoner of war in Germany, parcels are the greatest joy of his heart, next to letters from home. Twice I was lucky enough to receive College REVIEWS that Campbell sent me, and they were most eagerly read, not only by myself, but by other Canadians in the Camp, most of whom had gone to one or other of the schools in the Little Big Four. I have spent many an hour in Germany discussing the football battles of years gone by. I received the Easter REVIEW a few days ago and find it most interesting, but it is very sad to see that so many of the boys I sat in class with have fallen."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LOST IN THE FOG

"We are, of course, working fairly hard now-a-days like everyone else in France. I had my first crash since I commenced flying about two weeks ago. We got lost about midnight over the lines in a thick, muggy fog, so after four hours of futile search for our aerodrome, decided to land and chance it. As it happened, we ran into the side of a mountain, hit a tree and crumbled up in a heap about 20 feet from a four-hundred-foot precipice. Considering the fact that we had a full load of bombs on board, and no one was even scratched, I consider myself very lucky to have escaped. A wearisome vigil then commenced as we did not know whether we were in Germany or France. Peasants arrived ten hours later with shot guns and other ferocious looking things, and it took all the French I ever learned at S.A.C. to keep them from making the situation unhealthy. As luck would have it, an American Tommy came along and you can readily imagine our relief when we found out that we had narrowly escaped landing in Switzerland. Two days later we did a day's journey in a car home to our squadron through some of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Our greeting at the squadron was a warm one I can assure you, as we were 'missing' to them."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THAT'S WORTH STRIVING FOR

"I had been living in hopes that the news I had read concerning poor 'Trav' and 'Lin' would turn out to be false, and I was almost heartbroken to hear your



confirmation of their death. They were both more or less idols of mine at S.A.C. and I tried hard to be like them in most ways, without much success, but it was something worth striving for anyway. To have them both go so suddenly was a shock to me, even though I was too young in the old school days to have become great personal friends of either of them ; but in the Lower School and lower flat it was always 'well, Trav. does it this way,' or 'Lin. does it that way,' and whatever it was the argument was thereby settled. I know they will be deeply grieved by every chap who was in the old school during their time, right down to the kids in the 'Prep.' "

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#### THOSE DUTCHMEN

"You will wonder what we do here to pass the time away. Some of the men are taking up different work, which is the very best thing one can do here. I have been cricketing this last two months, but have lost quite a lot of my old form, which is only to be expected. However, it gives me the opportunity of visiting different towns in Holland. Last week we played the sailors at Groniugen. The game ended in an easy win for the soldiers. Groniugen is about six hours' journey from the Hague, or about ten miles for the German border. That is just as near to Germany as I wish to get again. I have been coaching a Dutch Club at Schiedam, but I am afraid it would take a good many seasons to before one could knock anything like good cricket into a Dutchman."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE REVIEW

"I have just received a copy of the Easter REVIEW and decided to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I thought it was one of the best numbers yet, especially the 'Skits,' they were very good. I have already gone through it twice and it only arrived at noon to-day.

"I was sent here for night bombing and have almost completed my course. We are flying the big Handley-Page machines and although they are more like ocean liners to handle and in appearance, I suppose an 'Archie' could make short work on one with a direct hit. So far I have been very lucky not having had one crash in 65 hours' flying, my only accident being to blow out a tire on landing about a week ago."

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"To-day I have received a copy of the REVIEW for Midsummer and, as I haven't written the old School for some time, thought I would do so to-night and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I have finished it from cover to cover and must say it gets better as it gets older. The Skits were the best I have seen."

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"The Midsummer number of the REVIEW, which you kindly forwarded, arrived yesterday and provided an hour's very interesting reading.

"I was very pleased to learn that you have succeeded in securing Knox College for the use of the school during the next two years and I'm sure it will prove a very fine building for school purposes."

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"The Summer number of the REVIEW arrived yesterday and I think the good old magazine is better than ever. It certainly makes a great appeal to an old boy out here. I have been receiving it regularly and am sorry I have not acknowledged it before this. I also enjoyed very much the candy sent at

Christmas. I was attending a course in England when it arrived and the Imperial officers said they had never tasted anything like it before. Very much thanks to you all.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ONE NEVER GETS DULL

"The fighting since August the 8th has been wonderful. Everywhere successful, always advancing, sometimes after stiff fighting, often as the fruits of some battle, advancing with no apparent effort. It has been an experience new to everyone. One never gets dull, one never has time to, and the whole war now seems to be filled with surprises and the unexpected."

"I am now with the 27th Battalion. Everything is fine over here and we have great hopes of getting another crack at the Hun soon."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We were in the line when the drive of March 21st started. It was with a forward gun which I was forced to send back owing to the terrific shelling and gas. I then went to the forward observation station. From that time until we came out of action, a month or so later, it was one continuous round of excitement. I was fortunate to escape with no wounds. I was gassed, but that wore off.

"We had a few weeks' rest and are now back at work again. The last ten days have been wonderful and they make one rather homesick.

"I am at present beside a pretty little stream and certainly everything does look peaceful. The noise of guns and shell bursts, however, does not permit me to day-dream for any length of time."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WOULD RATHER FIGHT

"About a week ago, much to my disgust, I was detached from the Train and detailed to work with the Imperial Purchase Board. It is a very soft job and I have my own car, a decent billet and all that sort of thing, but I would very much sooner be up near the line with our own people."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We had a very interesting time during the Hun push; fought a rearguard action all the way from the original line to our present line. After the Boche was held up, they gave us a couple of weeks to refit. As we are Army troops, they move us about wherever we are needed; consequently we see a good deal of rather warm scrapping. So far we have missed the stunt down South."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LOST EVERYTHING BUT HIS BOOTS

"Within the last two months Don has lost all his belongings; the first time when a German shell burst in his dugout and caused him to lose practically everything, and secondly when, in assisting to hold up the line, the Battery was forced to retire. I understand they brought back the guns and ammunition, but absolutely nothing else, and when Don finally found a resting place, I believe he had his boots, socks and trousers, but nothing else. Under the circumstances he has had to make a couple of calls on his bankers for a new outfit, but this is quite all right as long as he got back with a whole skin."



## A MEMORIAL TO OLD BOYS

"I am just writing a line, as, with the signature of the Germans to the Armistice, there has been a great deal of excitement and celebration ; but, after the first burst, our thoughts turn to those who made the great sacrifice and gave their all for the cause in order that we might celebrate. I want to find out if the old School is going to erect a memorial to our old school-mates who paid the price, and, if so, I might be given a chance to subscribe to it, as, even in the wildest delirium of joy, we cannot forget the grand and glorious army of the dead who obtained this result for us."

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## EVIDENCES OF HUN CULTURE

"This last phase of warfare we have been in has been about the most exciting and interesting yet. There has been very little fighting, but lots of traveling, as Fritzie retired a good distance on this front and only put up a rearguard opposition which didn't avail him much. All the villages we have passed through lately have had civilians in them, and after four years of the Hun, or "pig," (as they call the Fritz), you may imagine how glad they were to see Allied troops again. I had the honour to be amongst the first troops to enter a good many of the towns and villages and it was a wonderful greeting we received. The civilians met us at the entrances of the places with coffee, cocoa, chocolate, etc., and in fact what was theirs was ours. Old women, young girls, men and boys, were all the same, all shouting 'Vive la France.'

"I would hate to tell the number of bowls of coffee and cocoa I have had within the last week, not to say anything of soups. I do not think I ever ate as many vegetables in my life. A fellow begins to realize what he has been fighting for when he hears the stories of some of these poor French people. One don't necessarily have to hear what the Hun has done, you see with your own eyes the wanton destruction and ruin he has caused everywhere. You know then why the Allies hold strong and will listen to nothing but absolute and complete surrender on his part. At nights we billet in these villages and the people can not do enough for us. One place, in particular, I met an awfully nice old couple. I was called out about seven in the evening to carry a despatch and when I got back about midnight the old man was waiting for me with a big tub of hot water for a bath, and he gave me hot coffee and cocoa.

"It is not often in this war that a fellow can make a trip to the front line and into No Man's Land, as we did that night, and then come back to a treat like that. I was able to return their kindness a little by procuring one of our doctors for a little girl friend of theirs who was pretty ill. I visited them about three or four days later and they gave me to understand that any time I was near their home, or any of their relatives, I would be received with open arms."

\* \* \* \* \*

"These men of ours are marvellous. There has not been a single case of indiscipline. I think that, deep down in their souls, there is something too great to allow them to give away now. These men, who have made this miracle possible, have seen, have felt, have feared, have suffered, have sorrowed too much, to give way now when the end of it all has come. Too many dear friends lie behind them to let them forget that those friends, too, have done their share ; and though the men may not realize it, I am sure it is the beautiful thoughts, the great tender feeling for the absent chums, that is making them voluntarily

maintain the life standard of discipline which has made the name of the Canadian Corps one to be very proud of. We need have no fears of our men, they are behind the Empire to a man. The German population, who will soon see them, need have no fear of them. We shall not forget the treachery of their army ; we shall not cease to hate as we have been given great cause to hate ; but I know that, nevertheless, our men will conduct themselves in a manner which will be in keeping with the glorious name they have won and that their actions will always be just, courteous and firm."

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The following letter from a Captain at the front, an Old Boy of course, because of its general interest, we print in full :

#### THE ATTACK

"Our attack of last Friday was really quite a wonderful affair. Operating with a comparatively small force, in a restricted area, with the enemy occupying very strong, natural, defensive positions, which completely prevented us making a previous reconnaissance of the ground, we nevertheless advanced some two miles and, arriving at our final objective on time, enabled another brigade to cross the canal and continue the liberation of the City. Some idea of the extent of our success and the strength of the opposing forces may be gained if I quote you a few figures which I know to be true. My company, which was the assaulting company, captured one field gun, ten heavy machine guns, five light machine guns, and a number of automatic and anti-tank rifles, as well as two mienwerper machines. To this must be added a very large number of prisoners. The German dead on the ground taken by the battalion amounted to more than 800, while the captured numbered 1,800.

"All the way the fighting on my company frontage was street fighting and we had a great deal of trouble with machine guns and snipers located in houses and the larger factory buildings that line the canal and railway. My frontage was restricted owing to much of the area being flooded and I had the greatest difficulty at times to prevent the men from bunching and thereby becoming excellent targets for machine gun fire. But I was covered with horseshoes, as usual, and I only lost three men killed and the smallest number of wounded of any company in the battalion. I was unfortunate though in losing my only officer, a very splendid fellow, he being killed by machine gun fire after we had attained our objective."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE DUCK POND AND THE STYX

"A rather funny incident occurred to me during the advance, though it was not quite as amusing at the time as it appeared later. We had been held up by fire from some houses in a street, so, leaving a small section to watch the front, I proceeded to the rear with the intention of outflanking the enemy if possible. I had not gone far when I was fired on and, as the shots were unpleasantly close, I thought it best to look for cover. All I could see were some bushes at the far side of what appeared to have been a rather decent lawn. I made a dash for them. Imagine my surprise when I suddenly found myself sinking down, down into icy water. I had stepped into a waist-deep duck pond whose surface had been hidden from view by dust and weed seeds. Apparently I must have passed out of the sniper's vision at the same time, for I was able to scramble out and to regain the street in safety. There we threw a few bombs ahead of us to



make the Hun duck and, following them up with a rush, broke into the house, where we found an officer, his servant and a number of men. We sent the officer joyfully on his way and, as we considered it would be undignified for a German officer to do any hard work, we sent a few men with him to row him across the Styx. The remainder, when they come out of hospital, will help to rebuild the railways they blew to pieces a few weeks ago.

"Another amusing incident happened when we reached our final objectives. We had orders to communicate our positions to our contact aeroplanes by means of ground flares and other apparati. At the time there seemed to be about twenty planes a few hundred feet above us, firing their machine guns for all they were worth. We had plenty of work on our hands, so without bothering to investigate their identity, we merely showed our flares and went on with our job of cleaning up the machine gun nests that were bothering us. It was not until some hours later that we learned that we had very kindly signalled a large flight of enemy aeroplanes and that the firing we had heard was being directed at us. However, none of us were hit, so I suppose that didn't matter. And that, I guess, is about all there is to tell about that show."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MEETS THE PRINCE OF WALES

"It was the day before yesterday that I had the pleasure of being introduced to and shaking hands with the Prince of Wales. I was attending a conference of company commanders at Battalion headquarters when a staff officer walked in and said that the Prince, who was outside, would very much like to come in and meet us if it was convenient. The C.O. told him we would be pleased, so he ushered in the Prince. He was wearing an old trench coat, drenched with rain and plastered with mud, splashed on him by motor lorries as he walked along the streets. His boots were unrecognizable as such, and his puttees were covered with mud.

"He is a very pleasant young fellow, of medium height and build, with rosy cheeks and large very pale blue eyes. His chin is round and firm, with just the trace of a dimple in the centre of it, his teeth even, white and well set. His fair almost blonde hair he wears brushed well back from his forehead and parted on the left side and, according to army regulations, it is in need of attention from the regimental barber. He is attempting to grow a mustache, but, even to Princes, these facial adornments appear to be as elusive as to many ambitious youths of humbler birth.

"Judging from the way he spoke of the Hun, I do not think we need have any fear of our future queen being of Teutonic lineage. His remarks would have tickled the heart of the most bloodthirsty Canadian soldier. He made himself solid in our affections by giving us his views on ceremonial parades, those views, we being gratified to find, coinciding with the ones we had many times expressed in words not to be found in the new Oxford dictionary. By the time that his twenty-minute visit had ended, we almost felt sufficiently acquainted to call him 'An old sport,' and I am sure the only thing that prevented our extending a little of Scotland's hospitality to him was the fact that there wasn't a bottle of it in the canteen.

"A very funny incident happened during his visit. The conversation was in full swing, when one of our Majors came into the room, with a cigarette in his

mouth and his hands in his pockets. The C.O. turned to the Prince and said, 'This is my Senior Major, Major Blank.'

"The Major, not recognizing the Prince and noting that his military rank was merely that of a Captain, did not bother to remove the cigarette, but, putting out his hand, took that of the Prince and said, 'Glad to meet you. What did you say the name was?'

"The poor Prince became quite embarrassed for the moment until the C.O. who was rapidly losing his control of the situation, came to the rescue and disclosed the visitor's identity to the Major. I never saw anything funnier than that Major's face. It became suffused with every imaginable colour. It was so ludicrous that we all burst out laughing, and the loudest of us all was the Prince.

"He is at present attached to the Canadian Corps Staff as a learner and is, I understand, making himself very popular there by his unassuming manners and his eagerness to do all that he can for the successful prosecution of the war. He hates show, and one story is that when he was going to visit a certain divisional headquarters, he did it by sneaking along some back yards and vaulting a fence, while a whole army of officers and men were busy controlling traffic in various streets so that the progress of his car would not be impeded.

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#### VALENCIENNES

"Yesterday morning we marched to Valenciennes, where, in the Grand Place in front of the Hotel de Ville, we received the thanks of the citizens for the liberation of their City. Only those who actually took part in the attack were in the parade. We lined up on three sides of the great square, facing the City Hall, in front of which a large platform, banked with palms and flowers, had been erected to hold the civic dignitaries. They took their place upon the platform and in front of them stood a number of little girls dressed in white and bearing large bouquets of flowers. General Currie, the Divisional Commander and the Commander of the British Corps which operated on our right, stood on the pavement in front of the platform. As the Army Commander, General Thorne, and the Prince marched into the Square, we presented arms.

"An address was then read by the Mairie, to which General Thorne replied. He was followed by a French General, who was replied to by the Prince. The little girls then presented the Generals with flowers and Currie made a hit with the crowd by picking up his little girl and kissing her. This was followed by the playing of the French and British National Anthems during which we stood at the 'present.' An inspection followed and the ceremony concluded with a march past.

"The Square was decorated with flags and bunting. Above the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville the Allied flags were draped and in the centre above them, alone, conspicuous and occupying the place of honour, hung the flag of Canada. Hundreds of civilians came to watch the ceremony, all windows, balconies and pavements being crowded. Many photographers were present so that you at home may soon have an opportunity of seeing this historic assembly upon the screen. Canada holds a wonderful place in the hearts of these people, so long oppressed. We are more than Allies to them, more than friends; we are liberators, and to them all that the magic of that word means.



"A funny thing happened while the speeches were being read. A goat, some regimental pet, made its way on to the platform and, in spite of the attempts of a number of attendants, it persisted in its efforts to eat the flowers the youngsters were guarding so zealously. So if you should see any pictures of the ceremony, you will know why all the boys are smiling so cheerily."



THE END OF THE HUNT

## The School

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E. G. SMITH—EDITOR

### OUTING AT YORK MILLS

While the Spanish Influenza was prevalent in the city it was thought advisable by the health authorities, both of the school and of Toronto, to keep private schools isolated as much as possible. The question arose as to what would be done on Saturdays. We decided that our best course was to go out to the new school grounds at York Mills and have more or less of a picnic. Consequently for three successive Saturdays all the boarders went out to the grounds in private street cars and played baseball and other games. In the middle of the day could be seen a long line of hungry fellows eagerly awaiting their turn to be helped to weiners, milk, pie and apples. The afternoons were spent in a treasure hunting after the conclusion of the baseball league, and at about half past four we returned to the school feeling that, after all, this was not such a poor way of spending a Saturday.

### CAPTAIN H. W. MACDONNELL'S VISIT

Many of our Old Boys will remember Capt. H. W. Macdonnell, who was house master here from 1913-1915 and who went overseas with the "Princess" Pats at the beginning of the war. Captain and Mrs. Macdonnell were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald for a short time in October.

Captain Macdonnell gave an interesting talk to the boys in the library on the evening of Saturday, October nineteenth. His theme was his experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany. Needless to say the graphic account of his adventures in the land of the Hun was received with much interest by all.

### VICTORY LOAN PARADE

The Cadet Corps, in the Highland uniform, headed by the pipe and bugle bands, paraded at the Victory Loan celebration, which was held in Toronto on November the eleventh. After marching through the streets the parade, which consisted of representatives of every military unit in the city, assembled in



front of the Parliament Buildings, where, in company with thousands of civilians, a peace service was held. The music was led by the bands of the 48th Highlanders and the famous Sousa's band, which came over from Niagara Camp for the occasion.

### THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S VISIT

On the afternoon of Monday, November the 25th, His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, visited the college and inspected the buildings. The Cadet Corps paraded on very short notice and acted as guard of honour. His Excellency showed his knowledge and sympathy with schoolboy ideals by asking for a half-holiday for the school, which was granted by the Headmaster.

### UNFURLING THE FLAG

An interesting ceremony took place at eleven o'clock, on the morning of December the fourth, when, for the first time, St. Andrew's College unfurled the Union Jack on the new flagstaff, on the tower of the Knox College buildings. Mrs. Gandier, wife of the Principal of Knox College, performed the ceremony. Afterwards, in a few well chosen words, she thanked the Headmaster for the honour thus conferred upon her and addressed the boys. As the flag was being raised, three cheers were given by the students who were assembled in the quadrangle. This was followed by the singing of "God Save the King."

### PRIZE DAY

The eighteenth annual distribution of prizes, which was postponed from the usual day, St. Andrew's Day, took place on the afternoon of December sixth, in the Chapel of the College. A large number of parents and friends of the pupils were present and also many Old Boys.

Shortly after three o'clock the Headmaster entered the Chapel accompanied by the Lieut.-Governor of the Province and a number of other distinguished guests.

Among the many prominent men who had seats in the Chancel may be mentioned, Sir John Hendrie, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, (Chairman of the Board of Governors), Doctor Macdonald, Sir Robert Falconer, (President of the University of Toronto), Rev. John Pringle, Prof. Ballantyne, Dr. John Neill, Rev. T. O. Little, Principal W. L. Grant, of Upper Canada College, and many others.

Lady Hendrie also was present and presented some of the prizes.

### PRIZE LIST

#### PREPARATORY FORM.

General Proficiency : 1st, Denison III.; 2nd, Dennis.

#### FORM I.

General Proficiency : 1st, Matthews, Van Winckel, Carrick II.

#### FORM II.

General Proficiency: 1st, Beer II, McLean II; 3rd, Blomfield.

#### FORM III.

General Proficiency : 1st, Dayment; 2nd, Carrick I; 3rd, Cook; 4th, Earle II; 5th, Patterson II; 6th, Cameron I.

#### FORM IV.

General Proficiency: 1st, Pringle; 2nd, Clift I; 3rd, Black II; 4th, Robertson; 5th, Calvert II.

#### FORM V.

##### A. DIVISION

General Proficiency : 1st, MacKay ; 2nd, Mitchell; 3rd Sleght.

##### B. DIVISION.

(NO AWARDS.)

#### LOWER VI. (TORONTO GROUP).

General Proficiency : 1st, McDougall ; 2nd, Black I; 3rd, Wood.

#### UPPER VI.

General Proficiency : 1st, Curry; 2nd, McLaughlin.

### SPECIAL PRIZES

Governor-General's Medal : A. G. Curry.

Lieut.-Governor's Silver Medal : R. R. McLaughlin.

Lieut.-Governor's Bronze Medal : A. G. Curry.

Chairman's Gold Medal : J. E. McDougall.



Headmaster's Medal : A. G. Curry.

Cooper Medal in Science : S. R. Black.

Head Perfect's Prize : J. D. F. Ross.

“ “ “ B. W. Emmerson.

“Wyld Prize in Latin” : J. E. McDougall.

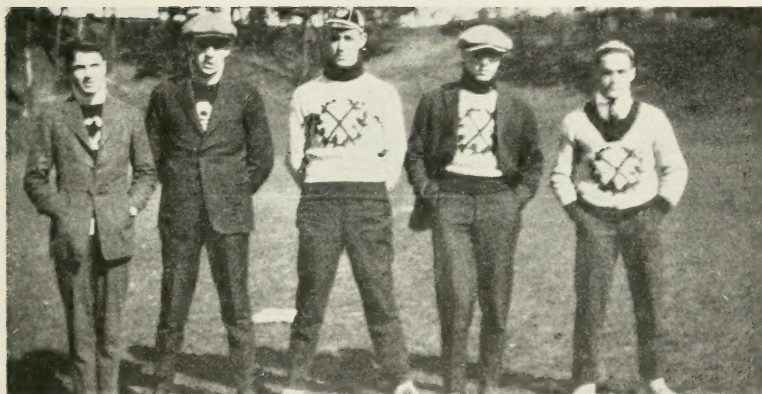
“James George Prize in English : S. A. Beath.

Thorley Medal for Proficiency in Shooting : W. D. Lightbourn.

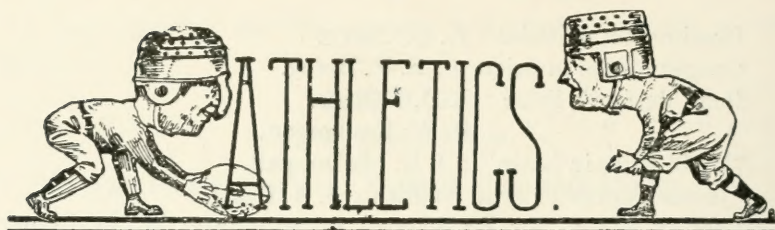
Gooderham Medal : R. T. Black.

Christie Cup : R. Robertson.

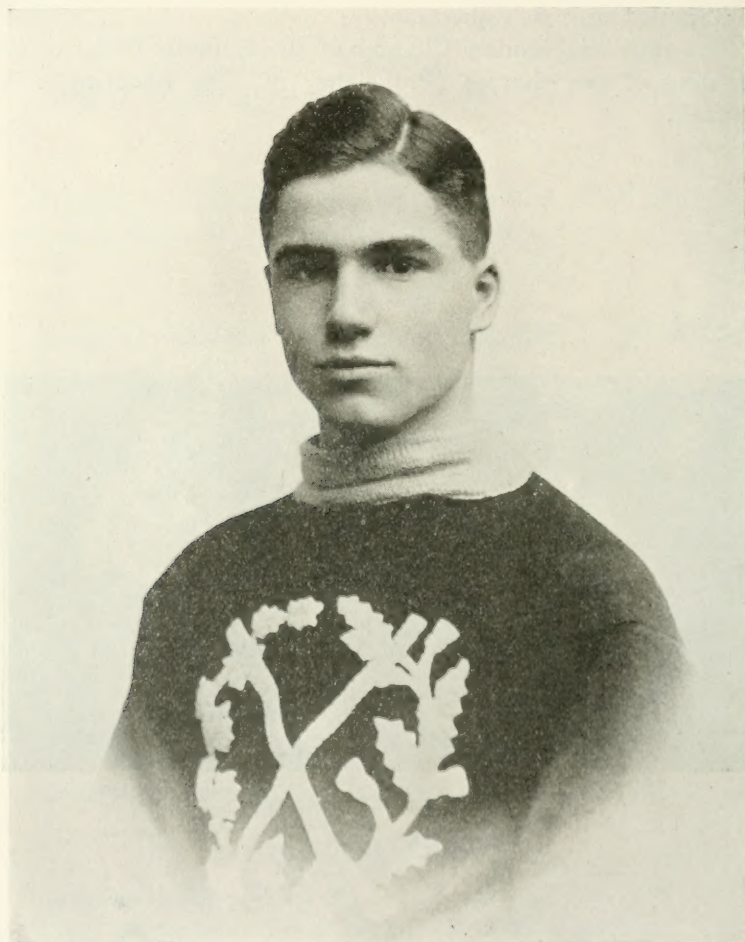
The 48th Highlanders Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire (Proficiency in Rifle Shooting) : W. Campbell.



A PERFECT DAY—AT YORK MILLS



D. I. GRANT—Editor



R. GRANT GORDON  
Captain, First Rugby Team



**PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM**

GORDON I ("Gord").—Captain and quarter, the same position he held last year. Made an excellent captain and ran his team splendidly. Was the fastest man on the field in all games and was in no small way responsible for both our victories over U.C.C.

STIRRETT ("Petrolia").—Left Half. Moved from his last year's position of Outside Wing. The heaviest man on the team, who uses his weight to advantage in running and plunging. A good catch, but rather weak in tackling and is inclined to get excited.

LOOMIS ("Eddie").—Right Half. Came up from last year's seconds. A good runner and catcher and a very steady all-round player who can be depended upon. Rather a weak tackler.

STONEHOUSE ("Stoney").—Flying Wing. An old colour who particularly showed up well in the second U.C.C. game. Probably the best defensive player on the team. A good tackler and fair runner.

KENT ("Leght").—Flying Wing. Third year on the team. Did practically all the kicking and never was out-kicked. Scored a beautiful field goal in the first U.C.C. game. One of the best tacklers on the team with plenty of speed.

MCCARTER.—Centre Scrim. First year on team. A good steady player who always works hard. A good tackler with a fair amount of speed.

MASON ("Norman").—Left Scrim. A new boy who although it was his first attempt at rugby proved to be a reliable man. A good defensive player, but inclined to tackle high.

CARRICK I ("Jess").—Right Scrim. Graduated from last year's thirds. One of our heaviest men and a fair tackler. Owing to illness did not play in the second U.C.C. game.

SMITH I ("Smithy").—Left Scrim. Also came from last year's thirds. Played well in his only game. A poor tackler but a hard worker.

SYER ("Rufus").—Left Inside. An old colour who was probably the best at smothering opponents' plays with his breaking through and good tackling. Opens holes and bucks well.

MCDONALD III ("Mac").—Right Inside. Played on last year's seconds. A good tackler and a fast runner when he gets away. Plays a hard, steady game.

CARLE I ("Morris").—Left Middle. Another of last season's colours. Good at opening holes and a hard tackler. Uses his weight to advantage. Always plays his hardest.

MACDONALD I ("Butts").—Right Middle. Came up from the seconds. A very good buckler with speed who fights all the way.

McMURTRY I ("Roy").—Left Outside. An old colour. Tackles and follows up well. Perhaps plays a better defensive game, never lets up.

THORLEY ("Chick").—Right Outside. One of last year's colours. Although the lightest man on the team is one of the best tacklers. Follows up well but is poor on handling the ball.

### THE FIRST UPPER CANADA GAME

Owing to the influenza, the regular schedule of Little Big Four games was not played. Several exhibition games, however, were arranged. The first was with Jarvis Collegiate which we beat by the score of 9 to 5. It was the first of the season and both teams played loose football.

Home and home games were next arranged with U.C.C., the first of which took place on Wednesday, November 6th, at the Varsity Stadium.

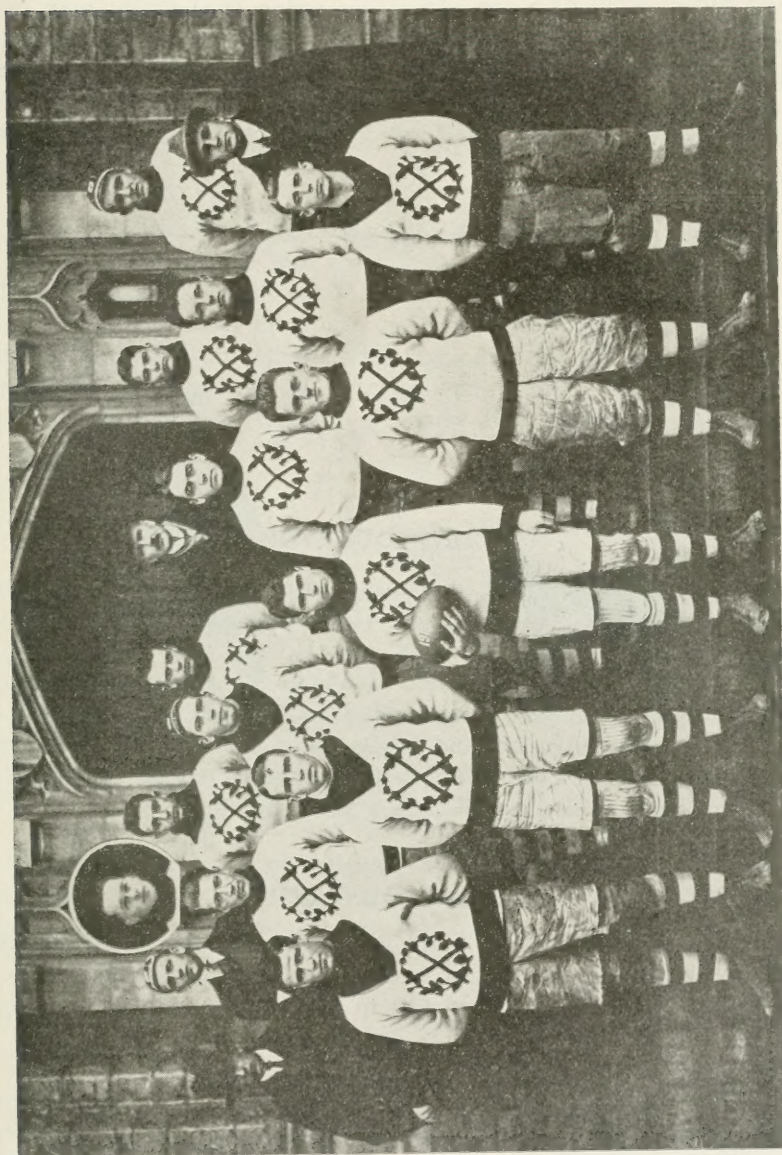
#### THE LINE UP.

<i>St. Andrews.</i>		<i>Upper Canada.</i>
Kent.....	Flying Wing.....	Yager
Stonehouse.....	Left Half.....	Chisholm
Stirrett.....	Centre Half.....	Zybach
Loomis.....	Right Half.....	Rowell
Gordon.....	Quarter.....	Cross
Carrick.....	Right Scrim.....	W. McDougall
McCarter.....	Centre Scrim.....	Richard
Mason.....	Left Scrim.....	J. McDougall
Syer.....	Left Inside.....	Beatty
McDonald III.....	Right Inside.....	Davis II
Earle I.....	Left Middle.....	Davis I
Macdonald I.....	Right Middle.....	Hyland
McMurtry.....	Left Outside.....	Evans
Thorley.....	Right Outside.....	Rogers

Referee—Dr. Wood.

Umpire—Ray Clark.





THE FIRST RUGBY TEAM

### FIRST QUARTER

S. A. C. kicked off and got possession of the ball on an off-side which U.C.C. recovered a few seconds later on a similar offence. Loomis got the ball and made a fine run before he was forced out. On the next play Gordon brought the fans to their feet by a wonderful 50-yard run for a touchdown which was not converted.

S. A. C.—5.

U. C. C.—0.

Both teams were now settling down to steady rugby with S.A.C. forcing the play.

After two bucks which netted 5 yards U.C.C. lost the ball on a forward pass, but regained it a moment later on interference, and kicked to Stirrett, who ran back twenty yards before he was brought down. S. A. C. now began to use her bucks and the team was well down the field when the whistle sounded for quarter time.

S. A. C.—5.

U. C. C.—0.

### SECOND QUARTER

Gordon again called for bucks and gained yards twice, only to have the ball change hands on interference. On an exchange of punts S.A.C. gained 20 yards and U.C.C. tried bucks twice for yards, lost the ball after having made 30 yards on line plunging and gained possession again on S.A.C. offside.

Thorley, McMurtry and McCarter were following down fast on Kent's high kicks and McMurtry recovered a kick on U.C.C.'s 15-yard line just as the half-time whistle sounded.

S. A. C.—5.

U. C. C.—0.

### THIRD QUARTER

U.C.C. kicked off. Stonehouse ran back twenty yards and Kent kicked, recovering the ball. Gordon again caused a sensation by a run covering half the field and MacDonald III went over for a touch on a buck that simply couldn't be stopped.

S. A. C.—10.

U. C. C.—0.

Loomis ran the kick-off back over two white lines and for the rest of the quarter both teams played straight rugby, two bucks and a kick, the play remaining near the middle of the field. No further score was made.

Score at three-quarter time, S.A.C.—10. U.C.C.—0.



On an off-side U.C.C. gained possession on the S.A.C. 25 yard line and Beatty made a fine attempt at a drop which missed only by a few feet. The ball was run out around the end by Loomis. Kent kicked and S.A.C. got the ball on a wild pass. Stirritt did some fine line plunging and again Kent kicked. U.C.C. bucked twice, lost possession of a loose ball, and Kent put over a beautiful drop from the 30-yard line.

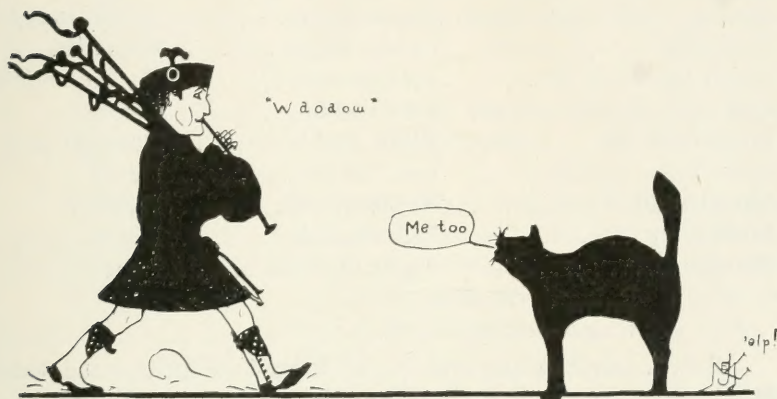
S. A. C.—13.

U. C. C.—0.

After a five minute punting duel of which Kent had decidedly the better, the whistle blew for full time.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—13.

U.C.C.—0.



A DUET

### NOTES

Gordon was probably the best man on the field. He handled his team with great skill, besides giving a splendid individual exhibition, being directly responsible for one touch, and opening the way for another.

Kent's kicking was decidedly good, his long spirals outdistancing those of Beatty on nearly every occasion. He also put over one splendid field goal.

Upper Canada's line work was perhaps better than ours, Davis and Hyland starring in this department.

The field was in perfect condition, consequently the game was fast. Unfortunately, however, neither half-line was dependable, although the Crimson and White had the edge on their opponents.

## THE SECOND UPPER CANADA GAME.

The return game between S.A.C. and U.C.C. was played on Wednesday, November 13th, on Upper Canada's grounds.

The line-up was as follows:—

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
Kent.....	Flying Wing.....	Yager
Stonehouse.....	Left Half.....	Chisholm
Stirrett .....	Centre Half.....	Zybach
Loomis.....	Right Half.....	Rowell
Gordon I.....	Quarter.....	Cross
Mason.....	Right Scrim.....	J. McDougall
McCarter.....	Centre Scrim.....	Richards
Smith I.....	Left Scrim.....	W. McDougall
Syer.....	Left Inside.....	Beatty
McDonald III.....	Right Inside.....	Davis II
Earle I.....	Left Middle.....	Davis I
MacDonald I.....	Right Middle.....	Hyland
McMurtry.....	Left Outside.....	Evans
Thorley.....	Right Outside.....	Rogers

Referee—W. Hewitt.

Umpire—Lou Marsh.

S.A.C. won the toss and U.C.C. kicked off against the wind. Stonehouse ran back 20 yards. U.C.C. gained possession of the ball on interference but lost it again, failing to make yards. After two bucks, Kent kicked, McMurtry making the tackle. U.C.C. failing to break through, kicked and Stirrett made a fine run back. After an exchange of punts, Kent fell on a loose ball and, on the next down, drew first blood with a kick to the dead-line.

S.A.C.—1.

U.C.C.—0.

S.A.C. was now playing fine rugby, every man playing his position and playing it well. The score was further added to when Stonehouse following down on a "Kent special" got the ball on a muff and went over for the first touch, which Kent converted.

Score:—S.A.C.—7.

U.C.C.—7.

During the next few minutes the officials were kept busy, both teams being penalized for off-sides and interference.



After a few minutes' play Zybach of Upper Canada was hurt in a buck but after a few minutes continued the game. U.C.C. kicked and Loomis ran the ball back 15 yards before he was tackled.

Quarter Time:—S.A.C.—7. U.C.C.—0.

Shortly after the change of ends Chisholm of Upper Canada got away around the end for a 40-yard run and on the next down Beatty tried a drop but the S.A.C. line broke through to a man and spoiled the kick. U.C.C. taking advantage of the wind began to kick frequently but were not able to gain ground, Kent holding his own splendidly even against the wind. U.C.C. now got possession of the ball at S.A.C. quarter way but after two downs lost it on interference.

After an exchange of punts S.A.C. began to buck their way up the field and sent Syer across for a touch which Kent converted just as half-time was called.

Score:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—0.

After five minutes of play S.A.C. lost the ball on interference and Beatty kicked for U.C.C.'s only score.

S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

S.A.C. came back and worked their way into U.C.C. territory using all their bucks, varied with a plunge by Stirrett which netted 8 yards and several end runs, only to lose the ball on interference.

The play for the remainder of the period swung back and forth about the centre of the field, no further score being made.

End of 3rd Period:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

With the wind in their backs U.C.C. began to kick and again and again the S.A.C. halves were called upon to make difficult catches, a call to which they responded well, not a ball being muffed. The game developed into a kicking duel which was still being fought when the whistle blew for full-time.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—13. U.C.C.—2.

The team wishes to thank Grant, and his assistant Pringle, for their able management during the season. They gave much time and took great pains to see that the team was always properly cared for.

To Herbie Allen who has been the First Team coach for a number of years we owe a great deal of gratitude. Although handicapped by the shortage of men he was up to the stadium to assist us as often as he possibly could and certainly without his coaching the team could not have gained the successes it did.

We only regret that the league was not played out to give ourselves an opportunity of showing him how we had profited by his instruction.

R. G. G.

### NOTES.

The field was in poor condition owing to rain, and consequently Gordon was handicapped, but he handled his team splendidly, and his head work was in no small way responsible for our victory.

Stonehouse at flying wing played as well as any man on the field, starring particularly at defensive work. Time and again he broke up our opponents' plays with his hard and accurate tackling.

Both half-lines gave a much better showing than in the preceding game, this being especially noticeable in the last quarter, when time and again, both made difficult catches. Stirrett used his weight to advantage in running back kicks, making many yards on straight plunges. Loomis also ran back well.

For U.C.C. Zybach and Chisholm did very well indeed, the former's plunges through the centre being exceptionally good.

Ridley defeated U.C.C. on the previous Saturday by a very close margin, the score being 10 to 6.

The season was a very successful one for the school as a whole, only one game being lost, by the thirds, and that by the close score of 4 to 3. Indeed they won on the round.

The abbreviated Little Big Four standing was as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pts. For	Against.
St Andrews.....	2	0	26	2
Ridley.....	1	0	10	6
Upper Canada.....	0	3	8	36
T. C. S. ....	Did not play.			

### THE SECOND TEAM

In spite of the influenza epidemic the seconds were successful in winning their two games from U.C.C. There was only one day boy on the team and he was back in time for the second game.

### THE FIRST UPPER CANADA GAME

On Wednesday, Nov. 6th, St. Andrew's second team opened their season in a game with Upper Canada Seconds at the latter's



grounds. Our team was somewhat heavier than U.C.C. and had little difficulty in defeating them. The teams lined up on a field which was rather wet.

The line up :

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
Smith	} ..... Scrimmage .....	Tomenson
McCarter		Short
McPherson II		Thompson, W. M.
Mason }	} ..... Insides .....	{ Whitby
Boyd }		
Patten }	} ..... Middle .....	{ Davis II
Macdonald I }		
Earle }	} ..... Outside .....	{ Huckvale
Richardson }		
Robertson	Flying Wings.....	Thompson, J. E.
Loomis }	} ..... Halves .....	{ Swabey
Clark }		
McPherson I }		
McKay. (Capt.)	..... Quarter .....	Winslow (Capt.)
Referee—Beatty.		
Umpire—Gordon.		



THE SECOND RUGBY TEAM

S.A.C. won the toss and decided to defend the west goal. In the first quarter, the ball having changed hands several times Macdonald bucked for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C.—5.

U.C.C.—0.

U.C.C. kicked off and was gradually forced back to the 30-yard line, when the whistle blew for the quarter time.

St. Andrew's commenced strongly on the second quarter and in a short time were on U.C.C.'s 20-yard line. Loomis broke away for a nice run which resulted in a touch.

S.A.C.—10.

U.C.C.—0.

U.C.C. kicked off to Clark. St. Andrew's bucked but lost the ball on interference. U.C.C. was determined to score and after some good bucking Creighton went over for a touch which was not converted.

S.A.C.—10.

U.C.C.—5.

S.A.C. kicked off to U.C.C. The latter fumbled, St. Andrew's recovering. The ball changed hands on interference and U.C.C. were forced to kick. Loomis caught nicely and made a brilliant 60-yard run. S.A.C. bucked for yards and the period ended with the ball 1 yard from U.C.C. goal.

Half time:—S.A.C.—10.

U.C.C.—5.

St. Andrew's kicked off to Upper Canada. The latter held 30 yards out. U.C.C. bucked on three downs but failed to make yards, giving us the ball. Macdonald and Boyd both bucked for yards and Mason by a clever 20 yard run went over for a touch.

S.A.C.—15.

U.C.C.—5.

U.C.C. kicked off and after some good bucking Loomis kicked to U.C.C. who were held 2 yards out. Upper Canada bucked but fumbled the ball. St. Andrew's bucked but lost on interference. U.C.C. went at it with renewed vigour and went down the field for more than 50 yards before they were downed. Both teams were playing straight rugby, two bucks and a kick, when three quarters' time blew.

S.A.C. bucked for yards and Loomis kicked on the first down for a rouge.

S.A.C.—16.

U.C.C.—5.

After considerable bucking by both teams S.A.C. again kicked for a rouge.

S.A.C.—17.

U.C.C.—5.

U.C.C. scrimmaged the ball at quarter way but lost the ball on a fumble. St. Andrew's kicked on the first down to U.C.C.



who fumbled behind their own line. McCarter by quick following up fell on the ball for another touch which was converted by Loomis.

Final Score:—S.A.C.—23. U.C.C.—5.

The splendid manner in which McKay handled his team was largely responsible for the victory over U.C.C. Loomis is to be complimented on his splendid catching, running and kicking. Macdonald I and Mason showed up well on the line. For U.C.C., Davis and Creighton played well on the line while Swabey did good work on the half.

### U.C.C. II TEAM vs. S.A.C. II TEAM

On Thursday, November 14th, the return match with U.C.C. was played at the Varsity Stadium.

The line up was as follows :

U.C.C.		S.A.C.	
Swabey	} Halves	Clark I	} McPherson I
Maggan		McPherson I	
Harcraft		Fairbank	
Thompson	Flying Wing	Auld	
Huckvale	} Outsides	Earle II	} Richardson
Mitchell		Richardson	
Hyde	} Middles	Boles	} Glendenning
Kirke		Glendenning	
Creighton	} Insides	Peene	} Boyd
Whitby		Boyd	
Grainger	} Scrims	Smith I	} Robertson
Short		Robertson	
Darcens		Clift I	
Winslow (Capt.)	Quarter	MacKay	

U.C.C. won the toss and defended the south goal. Clift I kicked off and the ball was run to half-way. U.C.C. bucked twice for yards and gained yards on S.A.C. off-side. U.C.C. bucked three times but failed to gain yards and lost the ball. Auld for S.A.C. made twenty yards and Earle II made 10 yards. Glendenning and Boles bucked for yards and then Boyd got away on an end run for a touch which was not converted. There



TWO KICKERS

was no further scoring during the remainder of the quarter, the play remaining mostly in the centre of the field.

Quarter time:—S.A.C.—5. U.C.C.—0.

In the second quarter an exchange of kicks ensued for a few minutes and then Clark got away for a twenty-yard gain on a fake kick. S.A.C. lost the ball on interference. U.C.C. bucked to our quarter line and lost the ball on interference. S.A.C. bucked twice and kicked and Swabey of U.C.C. ran the ball back to our territory. U.C.C. bucked to within a few yards of the touch line but were unable to score.

Half time:—S.A.C.—5. U.C.C.—0.

In the second half U.C.C. kicked to Clark. S.A.C. bucked for yards and lost the ball on interference in the next down. S.A.C. recovered the ball again on U.C.C. interference and kicked before the opposing halves could get back, gaining thirty-five yards. Both teams bucked twice and kicked for about five minutes, when Clark kicked a field goal from the thirty-yard line. This ended the scoring.



Third Quarter:—S.A.C.—8. U.C.C.—0.

After gaining yards several times U.C.C. kicked on their last down. S.A.C. now used their end runs and gained fifty yards but lost the ball on failing to gain yards on a third down. U.C.C. kicked to McPherson who ran it back twenty yards. S.A.C. bucked to U.C.C. quarter line. Clark tried another drop kick which was unsuccessful. Both sides exchanged kicks with Clark outkicking Swabey. U.C.C. tried to buck out their territory but could not break through the S.A.C. line. Full time ended with S.A.C. in possession of the ball near their quarter line.

S.A.C.—8.

U.C.C.—0.

R. M.

### THE THIRD TEAM

The Third Team, owing to the influenza epidemic was only able to play three games, two with U.C.C. and one with U.T.S.

### S.A.C. III vs. U.C.C. THIRD

On Friday, November 15th, our first game was played on Upper Canada's grounds. In the first quarter U.C.C. was forced



THE THIRD RUGBY TEAM

to rouge making the score 1 to 0. A few minutes later Glenn went over for a touch, which was not converted.

S.A.C.—6.

U.C.C.—0.

At half time the score stood, S.A.C. 6 ; U.C.C. 0.

In the third quarter we gained 5 more points, Applegath securing a loose ball behind goal. U.C.C. forced us to rouge making the score S.A.C. 11; U.C.C. 1. In the last quarter U.C.C. forced 3 more rouges on us which brought their score up to four.

When the whistle was blown for time the score remained, S.A.C. 11; U.C.C. 4.

Pugsley, Heap and McMichal were the outstanding stars for S.A.C.

### THE RETURN GAME WITH U.C.C. III

On Thursday, November 21st, the Thirds played at the Stadium, their return game with Upper Canada.

A few minutes after play began Upper Canada forced us to rouge. In the second quarter Johnson of U.C.C. kicked a field goal, making the score half-time, U.C.C. 4 ; S.A.C. 0.

In the third quarter St. Andrews got on their toes and played much better rugby, no points being scored by U.C.C. In the last quarter Applegath kicked a field goal bringing the score up to 4 to 3. A few minutes later he used poor judgment when he tried a drop over on the last down. By continual bucking we were able to reach U.C.C.'s line where Boles bucked it over, but this was not allowed on account of interference.

Full time score : U.C.C. 4. S.A.C. 3.

Although we were defeated in the return game, we won on the round.

### S.A.C. III vs. U.T.S. III

On Saturday, November 23rd, the third team played with U.T.S. their third and last game of the season.

The U.T.S. team being a very light one S.A.C. were easy conquerors the score being, S.A.C. 29. U.T.S. 0.

The following were granted third team colours:

Heap, Emory, Applegath I (Capt.), Pugsley, Glenn, Findlay I, McMichal, Ashton, Marsh, Davidson, Crowther, Noonan I, Leckie II, Sissons.

L.J.A.



### LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY

Owing to conditions caused by the Influenza the Lower School Rugby teams spent the entire season at home. One practice game with Model, however, which resulted in an easy victory, proved that the First Team might have had a successful year had it not been for restriction.

T.R.K.



LOWER SCHOOL—FIRST TEAM

### HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospects for a good hockey season are brighter than they have been for the last five years. Of last year's eight colours seven are back, namely; Patten, Rendell, Syer, Cameron, Heap, McMullen and Gordon. Besides these there are available most of last year's seconds and thirds, not a few of whom looked very promising. Among new boys there should be some talent unearthed also. We are entered as usual in the Junior O.H.A. and hope to form the Prep. School group as was the case last year. Practice hours have been arranged at the Arena and we should be well under way before the holidays commence.

R. G. GORDON.

Prep. Captain.

## Exchanges

---

D. K. FINDLAY—Editor

Following are exchanges received since the publication of the last number of the REVIEW:—

Acadia Athenæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

The Black and Red—University School, Victoria, B.C.

Inklings—Ethical Culture School, New York.

The Windsorian—King's College School, Windsor, N.S.

Boone Review—Boone University, Wuchang, China.

Acta Ridleiana—Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

Acadia Athenæum being a University publication is rather of a higher standard than that of our other exchanges. It is well illustrated and the literary matter is bright.

The Black and Red is little more than a catalogue of Athletic events. The illustrations are first class.

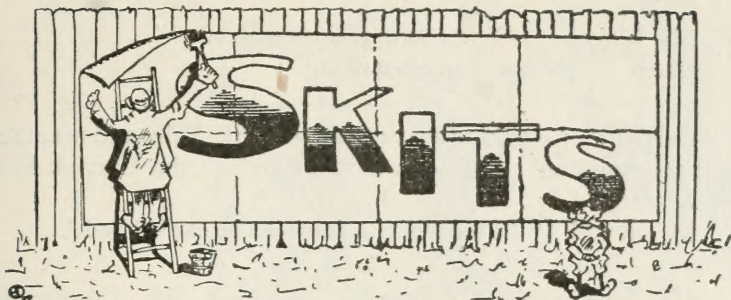
Inklings, from the School of Ethical Culture, New York, is a clever little magazine, particularly excelling in its poetry. The heading designs are good. A little lighter matter, however, in the form of skits or jokes, would make the publication more popular. We always welcome Inklings to our desk and read it with pleasure.

The Windsorian. An attractive magazine from cover to cover. Something good is expected from this famous old school and the editors do not disappoint us. We suggest a table of contents in the next number.

Boone Review. Though the poet says that, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," yet the orient sends a message to us in its journal which shows that their aims are one with ours. The entire magazine is of a heavy and serious nature and dwells mostly on the welfare of the country rather than with school matters. A few more pictures and a smile or two would be an improvement.

Acta Ridleiana has no table of contents and very few stories. It contains some good verse in the lighter vein.





W. E. McDONALD—EDITOR

## FINANCIAL NEWS

An enterprise soon to be launched upon the troubled waters of the sea of business is the Carrick Hotel Company, Unlimited. There are three partners in the scheme at present but the prospects are that one of them will drop out. The business meetings are stormy in the extreme, so it is to be expected that at least one casualty will occur before the rooms are available for guests.

Many new features are to be inaugurated in the new hostelry. Board will be 50c. per square foot—meals extra. Breakfast will be served at five, dinner at six, supper at seven. There will be a private telephone line from each room to the undertaker's, so that hearses will always be available. Should a guest not desire a hearse and still want to drive he will find a hammer on the table. No alarm clocks will be needed as a light repast of biscuits made from self-raising flour will be provided at night. Snoring will not be tolerated as it might disturb the slumbers of the night-clerk. Bicycles and Ford Cars must not be kept under the pillow, but may be deposited in the office safe. Safety in case of fire is assured; there will be a fire escape only three blocks down the street. A pitcher will be found on each stand for the convenience of baseball fans. No lights will be provided; should a guest require one he can open a pillow and take out a feather; that's light enough for any room. All bedrooms will be provided with halters in case a nightmare should prove troublesome. As the house will be supported by the foundation, guests need not worry about paying their bills. Letters of enquiry should be addressed to the Tuck Shop as at least one of the firm is always to be found there.

C. H. ASHTON,  
Publicity Agent.

Mr. Magee : "Are you in residence, Clare?"

Clare : "No sir, I'm a boarder."

---

Carrick I. : Getting seat in car to York Mills and seeing two brothers standing : "I see where a third of the Carrick family gets a seat."

McDonald : "I see where a third of the car is filled."

---

Dr. Macdonald : "There is no music like the bagpipes, it makes the greatest fighters in the world."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Yes, I always want to fight when I hear them."

---

Clare's philosophy : "The boy that kicks is the one that is having a good time; when trouble comes he is too busy trying to get out of it to think of kicking."

---

Prefect : "I have a very famous name; it is known wherever the English language is spoken."

New Boy : "What is it?"

Prefect : "Smith."

---

Sissons : At Station—"Taxi, how much to St. Andrew's College?"

Taxi : "Fifty cents."

Sissons : "How much for my grips?"

Taxi : "They are free."

Sissons : "All right, take them ; I'll walk."

---

Macdonald I : In rugby field—"What will we do with Boles?"

Dr. Macdonald : "Bole him over."

---

Mr Carmichael : In Physics class—"What is a chord?"

Millar : "It is a string, sir."

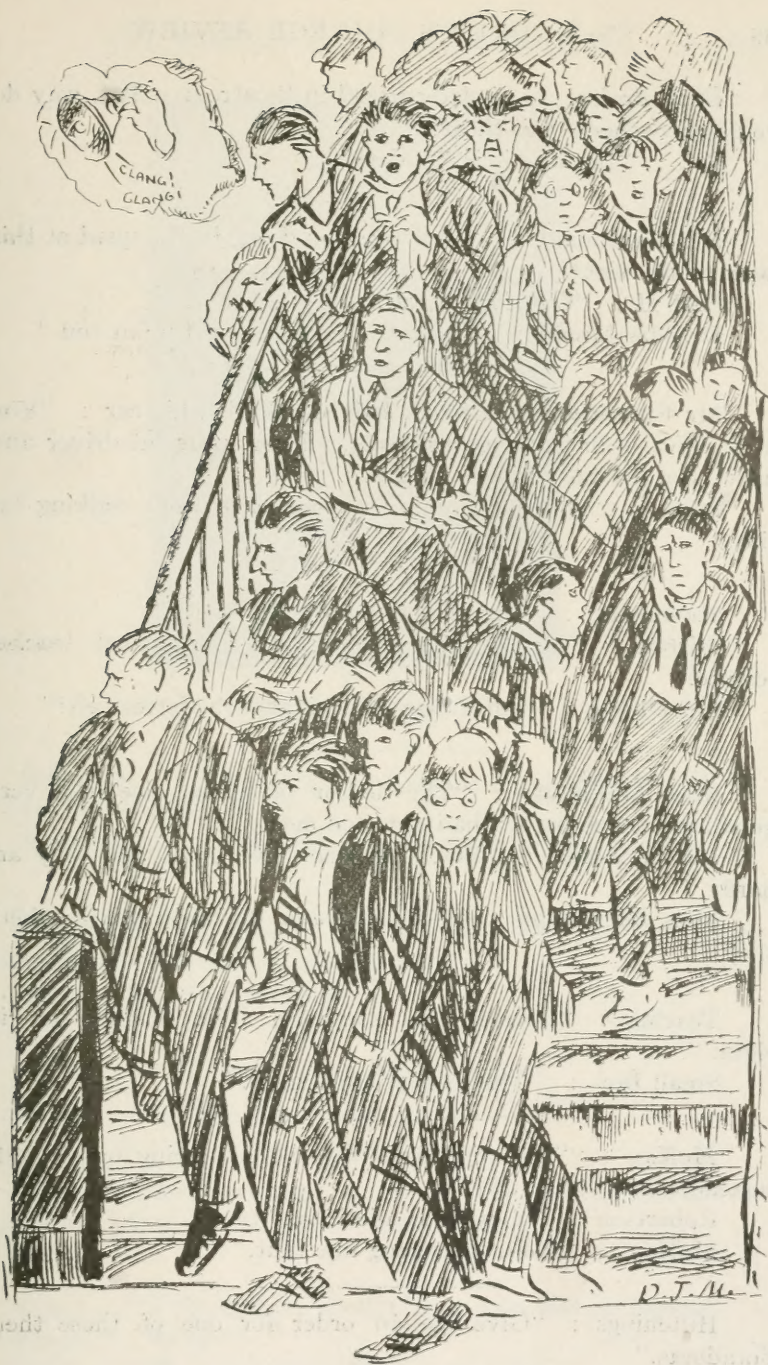
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Smith : "Got a new helmet, eh?"

McDonald : wearing a lightly padded helmet—"Yes but there is nothing in it."

Smith : "I know."





7.45 A.M.

Head Prefect, to his lady friend in theatre : "Pat, why do you always choose this theatre?"

Pat : "Because it is the darkest."

---

Dr. Macdonald : "What are you doing in the quad at this hour of the night?"

Earl II : "Out for air, sir."

Dr. Macdonald : "Come to the office and I'll fan you."

---

Mr Emmerson, running a lady down with his car : "You must have been walking carelessly. I am a careful driver and have been driving for seven years."

Lady : "You got nothing on me; I've been walking for sixty."

---

Stonehouse : "Are all the old masters back?"

Stirrett : "Mr Detwiler is not; Mr. Carmichael teaches science."

Stonehouse : "Ah, a case of survival of the fittest, eh?"

---

Miss McCallum : "The doctor says that rice is a very good food, much better than eggs and meat."

Mr. McLaren : "Yes, Chinamen live on it and they are hardy."

Miss McCallum : "They always do look *tough*, don't they?"

---

Teacher : "Correct this sentence, 'The teacher am in sight.'"

Small Boy : "The teacher am a sight."

---

McKay : "The vegetarian says we are going to get nuts instead of fruit after this."

Robertson : "You mean dietitian."

McKay : "Well, something like that."

---

Hutchings : "Give me an order for one of those there floradoras."





WEINERS—ALPHA AND OMEGA  
(An Idyll of York Mills)

Ferguson : "You have two minutes to get dressed and be in time for breakfast."

Macdonald I : "Oh gee, only one more minute to sleep."

Stonehouse, at dance : "They say that the homeliest fellows always take out the prettiest girls."

Syb. : "Oh you flatterer."

Doctor : "We must isolate the patient."

Nurse : "Where will we put the ice, doctor?"

Hewitt, drilling awkward squad : "Your line is crooked as a corkscrew; all of you fall out and take a look at it."

Sidey : "I think Heap should have been named Flannel."

Glenn : "Why?"

Sidey : "Because he shrinks from washing."

The bell proclaims the slowly waking day,  
 The fellows from beneath warm blankets peep;  
 But falling back with sighs of great delight  
 Remember there is yet a little sleep.

A. W. REYNOLDS.

Gordon II. : "You have your watch home again, eh?"

Ashton : "Yes, but I don't know for how long,—it's going again."

### THE GAME

One afternoon at half-past three, St. Andrew's Seconds met U.C.C. in a friendly game of Rugby,—as fine a game as you'd wish to see. Right on time the whistle blew. Clift kicked off, we broke right through; we gave a Hoot and they a yell; St. Andrew's boys were starting well. St. Andrew's team were playing fast, never slacking from first to last; McDonald made a beautiful run and went over the line for number one. Just before the whistle blew, St. Andrew's scored touch number two; and now it was the fun began, a U.C. man got the ball and ran.

Mid shouts of applause and yelling much, Upper Canada scored her only touch;

"Come on St. Andrew's," yelled our men,

"Up and at 'em, score again."

Big Kid Stirritt of weight and fame, won for himself a glorious name; he drew from us yells, put pep in our hoots, and shook Upper Canada right to her boots. Every man was playing fine; they couldn't break St. Andrew's line. Our rooters yelled, "put her over men," and Norman Mason scored again.

The loudest rooter for our team was our cute little mascot, Pat McVean; he yelled so long and he yelled so loud, that he scared the whole Upper Canada crowd. Eddie Loomis with well kicked punts, from us brought Hoots, from the others grunts; for he kicked her over three times or more, each time adding to our score.

Now Zeke McKay, the Captain true, deserves great praise, I think, don't you? For the way he handled his team they say, is the best it's been done for many a day. The whistle thrilled. the game was done; St. Andy's sons had fought and won; and so the score, as all may see,—Upper Canada five, St. Andrew's twenty-three.

A. W. REYNOLDS.



# St. Andrew's College

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Mason : "I ate in one of those new style lunch rooms to-day."

Loomis : "What new style?"

Mason : "I think they call them grabateria."

Master : "What were you doing with your light on late last night, Pink?"

Pink : "I was walking in my sleep and turned the light on to see where I was going."

Mr. Robinson : "Findlay, what is chaos?"

Findlay : "I don't know exactly, but it is something they always bring order out of."



A BIRTHDAY—WHOSE ?

Mr. Fleming : "What is an average?"

Bradley : "Sir, it's what the hen in the arithmetic lays an egg a day on."

Emory : "Glenn told me you told him that secret I told you not to tell him."

Ponce : "It's beastly of him to have told you that. I told him not to tell you."

Emory : "Well I told him I wouldn't tell you he told me, so don't tell him I did."

Suarez : "They say that Mr. Chapman just raves over Pink's piano playing."

Puerto I : "Huh! Why can't he control his feelings like the rest of us?"



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When the rooster crows at sunshine  
 In that strident tone of his,  
 Then the weather either changes  
 Or remains just as it is.

JOSEPH EASTON McDougall.

Mr. Findlay : "Yuill, what are seasoned troops?"

Yuill : "Those that have been mustarded by their officers  
 and peppered by the enemy."

Ferguson : "Why does Clare always play classical music."

Glenn : "I suppose it's because he wants no one to know  
 when he makes a mistake. If he played a real tune he would  
 have to know how to play."

Dr. Macdonald : "Where did you sprain your ankle  
 Sterritt?"

Sterritt : "Sir, on the steps of the Academic building."

There were three young ladies of Birmingham—  
 We know a sad story concerning 'em,  
 They stuck several pins  
 In the Right Reverend shins  
 Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

WYATT BRADFELD MACDONALD.

Science Master : "What happens when light falls in  
 water at an angle of forty-five degrees."

Sterritt : "It goes out, sir."

Emory : "I slept like a log last night."

Pink : "Yes, with a saw going through it."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Is the world round or flat, Ashton?"

Ashton : "Sir, it's neither, it's crooked."

Visitor speaking to Master : "That boy has a very well  
 shaped head."

Mr. Magee : "Oh yes, it's perfectly good—never been used."



Mr. Fleming : "Piccott, what three words do you most often use?"

Piccott : "I don't know."

Mr. Fleming : "Correct."

There once was a youngster named Pringle,  
Who sat down and wrote a short jingle,

His dad said: "A poet?"

Well, not if I know it,"

Then he applied a hard shingle.

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The Prohibitionist's favourite song!

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Dingman—to Tyrer on way to Church : "Have you been confirmed?"

Tyrer : "I sure have got the mark on my arm yet."

Mr. Emerson : "Don't you think Macdonald I should have his voice cultivated?"

Mr Magee : "No, I think it should be harvested."

### The Crown Prince

His nose is red ;

His eyes are blue ;

His chin recedes ;

His armies, too.—*Life*.

MacPherson : "I feel like thirty cents."

Loomis : "Prices are going up."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Can any one tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

McVean : "Yes sir, it was signed at the bottom."

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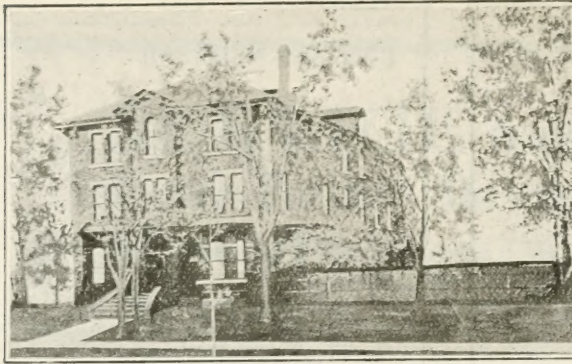
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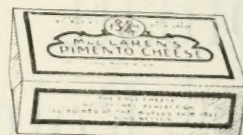


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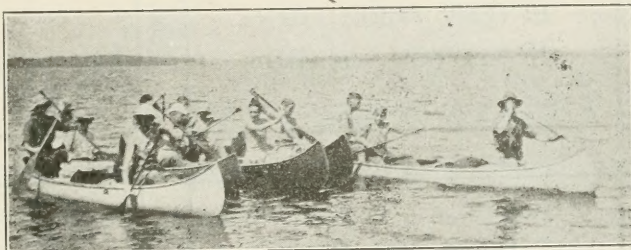
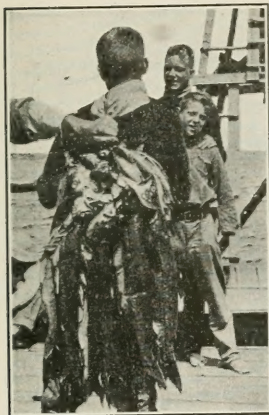
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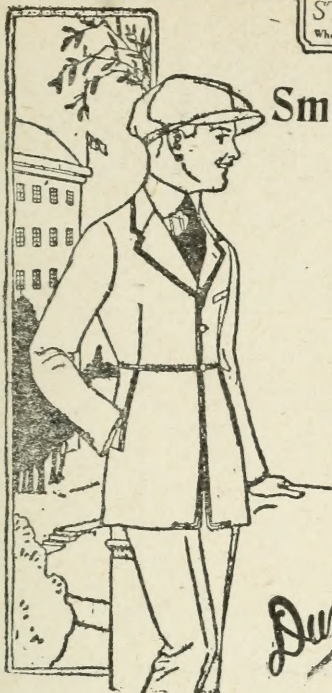
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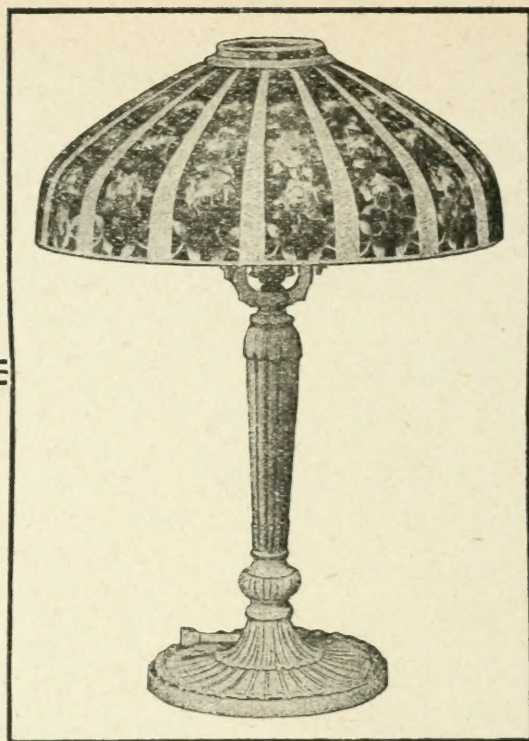
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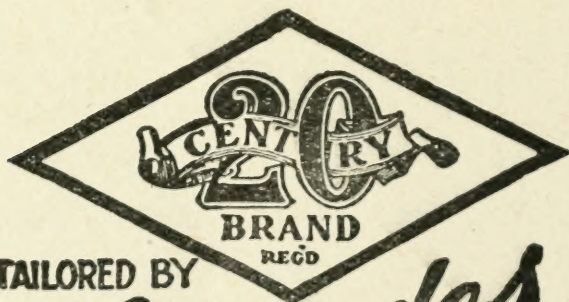


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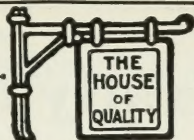
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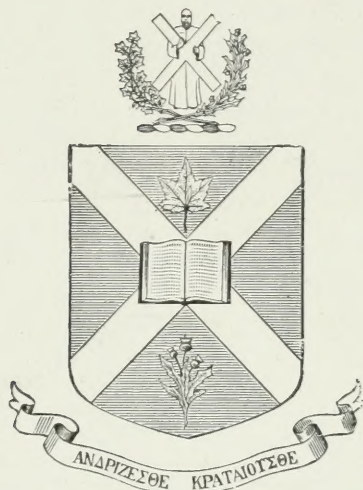
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1919

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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Easter, 1919

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LIEUT.-COL. A. E. TAYLOR, D.S.O.



LIEUT. T. B. D. TUDBALL



# St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1919

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## Editorial

The REVIEW takes pleasure in welcoming back to the academic staff of the School, Lieut.-Col. A. E. Taylor, D.S.O., and Lieut. T. B. D. Tudball, two officers who have brought much honour to Canada and to St. Andrew's College by services rendered in the war. Colonel Taylor resumes the position of head housemaster after an absence of nearly four years. He received his commission as major in the Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles of Toronto. Proceeding overseas with that unit, he served with them in France. In November, 1916, he was appointed to the Headquarters Staff of the 9th Infantry Brigade. Early in January, 1917, he was mentioned in despatches for bravery, and at the end of that month was made Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the 4th Division, B.E.F., in France. In June, 1918, he was awarded the D.S.O., and was also mentioned in despatches. November of the same year brought promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, which rank he held when discharged in February of this year. His career in the army was unusually successful as he was four times mentioned in despatches, was awarded a decoration and was also promoted in rank. There is no doubt but that Colonel Taylor will "carry on" as usual and will furnish a brilliant example for those who are around him and under his care.

Lieut. T. B. D. Tudball returned to the School shortly after the Christmas holidays. He was on active service for more than two and a half years, and most of this time he saw actual fighting. Mr. Tudball was commissioned as a lieutenant in the 92nd Highlanders Battalion of Toronto and went overseas with them in April, 1916. August of that year saw him in France with the 13th Battalion, 3rd Infantry Brigade of the 1st Canadian Division. Then began a period of service which he went through unharmed until, in February, 1918, he was wounded while reconnoitring. After a short time he returned to his battalion. He was gassed a few days before the signing of the armistice and returned to Canada in January, 1919.

Upon his return to the School he became a member of the Upper House staff, but later went to the Junior House as master-in-charge.

S. A. B.

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The ending of the war will of necessity cause a change in the character of contents of the REVIEW. For four years our best efforts have been given to the making of our College paper an organ of interest and value to the Old Boys Overseas. Though the interests of the present generation of Andreians were not neglected, we make no apology when stating that the Old Boys received first consideration. The REVIEW has been designed not only to maintain their interests in the work of the college but also to form a means of communication with each other. Once, and sometimes twice, each year a full directory of those who were enlisted, was published. We have been told that many friendships have been renewed by this agency. Our work has been made possible only by the well organized efforts of the Headmaster to keep in touch with all boys who have been under his care. Also no small share of credit is due to Mrs. Macdonald, whose energetic and indefatigable interest in all Andreians, past and present, is so well known and so much appreciated.

We intend publishing in the midsummer number of the REVIEW a complete and final directory, with home addresses, of all Old Boys who have worn the King's uniform. Information concerning any whose names have not yet appeared in our lists will be appreciated. To be available it should be sent in not later than June first.



# "HEATHER AND ROSES"



A STORY, by  
STAN BEATH.



## I.

"Roselawn Hall," Miss Primleigh's Finishing School for Girls, was excitement itself. There was something in the air that was almost electric. All the girls seemed to be affected, from youngest to oldest. Had not the lady principal (more lovingly called the "L. P." by the girls) made the announcement that morning in chapel? Yes, she had said that on Saturday the girls would go to Heatherdale to see the game.

What game? A dozen condescending glances would fall upon the innocent questioner who betrayed such ignorance. What game! Why the annual Heatherdale-Roxford rugby game, of course! Roselawn girls always went to see that game; and always would!

There was a peculiar relationship between Roselawn and the Heatherdale School for Boys. Situated within a mile of one another on the outskirts of the City they had grown to be sister and brother. They shared joys and sorrow. It was even said that many a passing glance bestowed while on the "walk" had grown and developed into romance as the years passed. If Jack went to Heatherdale, sooner or later sister Jean came to Roselawn. No more staunch allies could be found anywhere. A Heatherdale victory on the rugby field or in the hockey rink was a Roselawn victory, and a defeat cast an equal gloom over both schools.

## II.

Both teams were giving all they had. The garnet and blue of Heatherdale flashed as the quarter dashed around the end with the ball; a streak of green shot at him and he toppled to the ground! It was surely a beautiful tackle, and brought applause from both sides of the field.

Heatherdale had been playing a "bucking game," because the kicking of their back division was poor. Time and again they had carried the ball far into Roxford territory only to lose it on "interference," and, although it was well on in the third quarter, there had been no score.

Roxford had the ball, and got "yards" on their first down. An "end-run" carried them well over the centre of the field and into Heatherdale territory. The garnet and blue were fighting doggedly, but nothing seemed to stop their green-shirted opponents. At last, when about thirty yards from the Heatherdale touch-line, they were forced to kick on a third down, and scored a rouge. A few seconds later the whistle blew for three-quarters time.

As the teams changed ends Creswell, the Heatherdale coach, ran out on the field and whispered a few instructions in the ear of Dixon, the quarterback. Roxford kicked off, and when Heatherdale lined down, Dixon dropped back to kick. This meant a change of tactics, and its purpose became apparent as soon as Dixon booted the ball. It was one of Creswell's "onside" kicks and bade fair to catch the Roxford team napping had not fate unjustly intervened. The ball went up and up and, beginning to fall, apparently would land just outside the deadline. It did—and incidentally struck the sedate Miss Primleigh fairly upon the head!

Shrieks of laughter went up from several Heatherdale Junior House boys. Miss Primleigh, discovering herself uninjured, glowered at this unseemly levity. It was too much! Her lips puckered up and scarcely controlling herself she rasped—"Come, girls, we are going home."

There was dissension and even open rebellion in some of the girls' faces but the hardened eyes of the L.P. showed she was not to be trifled with. Slowly and disconsolately the "line" formed and left the Heatherdale grounds, headed by Miss Primleigh,



who was deaf to the apologies of the Reverend Aloysius Mac-Taggart, Headmaster of Heatherdale.

So was the spell broken. Hereafter the girls of Roselawn were not permitted in any way to associate with the "ruffians" from Heatherdale, under the direst of penalties. Great was the consternation of both boys and girls.

### III.

The date of Heatherdale's annual dance was rapidly approaching and there was no sign of a suspension of hostilities. It was unprecedented! Roselawn not at the Heatherdale dance! Groups of boys wandered aimlessly up and down the halls discussing the catastrophe, and wondering from where the solution would come.

Up in the "Tower-Room" Dixon lay back in his chair and mused aloud.

"I'm to blame for disappointing most of these fellows! Yet what can I do? If the old fool won't accept the Head's apology there's no use of me trying to convince her that it wasn't a plot, premeditated, and planned months and months before! Why are lady school marms so absurd?"

The desk could not reply, and Nick stared at it harder. He remained wrapped in thought for some time, until "the Baron" burst into the room.

"Cheer up, Nicky old top. Gwen's coming down for the dance and bringing Jean with her. So even if your Margery can't come on account of Old Prim's feelings you can fuss around my sis," he cried.

Thanks awfully, Baron, your sister's a princess—but I've got an awful load of care on my poor shoulders and won't be exactly entertaining company," he answered.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in———" sang out Dixon.

The door opened and a younger boy in a college blazer came in and handed him an envelope. He took it and threw it on the desk rather carelessly, then glancing at the handwriting, seized it and began to open it.

"Say, Dixon, I got that from a fellow over at the car-line, and as I got it old Smithers pinched me for breaking bounds. Will you fix it?" the messenger, anxiously enquired.

"Yes, sure, get out—" and the boy wondered as he left whether old Dick had gone crazy or not.

But he hadn't—as he read his face expanded in a grin and jumping from his seat he seized his friend and began to dance around the room with him shouting as he went—

"Marg is coming to the dance ! Whoopee ! Life's not so bad at all, old thing !"

#### IV.

It was Nicky Dixon's runabout that crept up to the porter's lodge at Roselawn the next Friday night about nine-thirty. And it was Marg who ran out of the same porter's lodge at the gate and slipped into the seat beside Nicky Dick. It was still the same car and occupants that was parked beside the other motors at Heatherdale.

Two gloriously excited persons quietly mingled with the crowd on the dancing-floor and "the Baron" catching sight of Nicky gave the latter a long meaning wink. The same wink he was required to explain to his own partner a few seconds later after the music had ceased.

Nick and "the Baron" soon got together and introductions followed. The Baron's mother had been informed of the escapade and although she had protested against it, had secretly smiled and remembered her own boarding-school days, consenting to allow Margery to join the party under her care.

It was a brilliant sight. The corridors and library were filled with happy young people, and it seemed as if Roselawn's absence was not affecting Heatherdale's enjoyment of its momentous annual affair. Sisters and cousins in the care of pompous and self-important juniors buzzed around their favourite idols, trying to secure a dance for sister or cousin. Baron and Nicky were objects of much attention in this respect, but they were both very interested in their own guests, much to the disappointment of their worshippers.

The dance had drawn to a close. Bidding her impromptu chaperone good-night, and waving farewell to her other friends, Marg left for Roselawn accompanied by Dick. It was a grand night and they drove slowly up the wooded road that twisted around the hills and into Miss Primleigh's Seminary.

As they passed the last grove on the winding road the school came into view. Margery gasped, and Nicky pressed down



the accelerator of the car. The residence of the school was afire ! After a few seconds Nick paused, slowed down and stopped. Turning to his companion he said rapidly :

"Marg if we go on to the school now you are sure to be caught. Evening dress is hardly the way one escapes from a fire. On the other hand, it will be many minutes until firefighters can come from the city, and there is only old Hobbs and the bell-boy at the school. I should go on and help."

"Go on, Nicky, go on ! There may be someone inside. Please hurry, and don't worry about me—" the girl answered.

"You're a brick," he cried, as the car leaped forward again. Soon they wound their way up the drive, and Dick dashed over to where a crowd of half hysterical girls clustered around Miss Primleigh and the other Mistresses.

"Anyone else inside ?" he asked. But no one seemed to know, so running around the building Dick plunged into an open door.

Meanwhile one of the more collected governesses went among the girls, and discovered that everyone was there. Then Miss Primleigh thought of her pet poodle, which was as usual sleeping in her quarters. Loud lamentation rent the air, for the poodle was her only love. She bemoaned her carelessness and kept repeating "I've left Pierre to burn ! I've left Pierre to burn !"

A few moments later Dixon emerged from the building, which was now a seething furnace, and came forward to assure Miss Primleigh that there were no girls inside. He looked down at his once-immaculate evening clothes and shook his head sorrowfully. They were torn in several places.

"Well—I'm half sorry I ruined these merely trying to get that miserable dog, out !" he said slowly.

"What dog ?" screamed the sedate Miss P. "Did you save Pierre ? Oh—y-you hero !" and she promptly fainted.

Then a chemical fire-extinguisher car arrived from the nearest station, laden with several burly firemen.

## V.

The rest of the story may easily be told in two letters, which are printed below :

"Roselawn Hall"  
June Eighth.

THE REV. ALOYSIUS MACTAGGART, D.D.,  
Headmaster Heatherdale School for Boys.

DEAR SIR :

I am apologizing for a mistaken impression of what occurred last November at your school. I regret that things have been as they were for the past several months, and hope the old cordiality between Roselawn and Heatherdale will soon be renewed.

I would also commend the bravery and courage of one of your boys, Nicholas Dixon, who rendered me a very great service upon the occasion of our fire.

Respectfully yours,  
PRISCILLA PRIMLEIGH, M.A.


And an extract from a letter of Marg's—to Nicky.

"Of course, the L.P. gave me an awful lecture, and then turned around and quite inconsistently said she would trust any of her girls anywhere with you."



CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE REVIEW"





# THE RIDDLE OF NAYONÉTRI.

BY  
J. E. McDOUGALL.

Now, it happened that once in the far off land of Ind, there lived a mighty King. So mighty was he that no one had ever written together in one book the names of all the Kingdoms over which he ruled. This king, whose name was Saryakasha, was extremely wise but of a most melancholy disposition, and did in no way favour merriment, games and dances. So long had the great halls of the royal palace been silent that the people grew tired of the gloom and sadness that o'ershadowed the kingdom. They began to cry out against the king saying, "Give us a king who will delight our ears with music and let us make merry with dancing and feasting, for we grow old before our time."

Now the king had a very wise councillor by name Nayanetri, a most learned and prudent man, who saw the grievances of the people and he said to himself, "The king is old and soon must die, but then there will come no relief, for Bimba, the king's son is even another such as he, and he assuredly will not permit merrymaking."

And it happened that, when the king died, a great many of the people arose and cried out against the succession of Bimba, and they said, "Let us have Shasakora for our ruler, for he is young and fair and of a merry disposition and he will delight us with dancing and feasting."

Then Nayanetri saw that it was so. And he saw that Bimba would not be a good man to succeed the king, but he remained silent and thought much.

Then many of the people who lived afar in the North among the great hills, who knew not Bimba nor Shasakora said among

themselves, "What is this? Shall not the son succeed to the father's throne? We will have none of this upstart of whom we know nothing."

And there ensued a great war in the land. Those who supported Shasakora strove with the supporters of Bimba so that the cities ran with blood and the fields went untilled and there came a great famine in the land and much discontent.

Then, finally, the people said, "we will leave it to Nayanetri to decide, for he is a wise man and will judge rightly."

And Nayanetri said: "On a certain day, to each I shall propound a riddle. Whichever one shall guess rightly, on his head will the crown be placed."

And it was at the end of the Season of Rains and the sun again shone in the blue sky and the earth was new. And Nayanetri led Bimba and Shasakora into the courtyard of the palace before the people and said:

"Whichever of you shall answer this riddle in the manner which shall show him fit to rule the land, him will I crown this day."

And the people said, "It is good," and they listened.

Now they were standing before a place where the sun had not yet dried up the water which stood in a little pool at their feet and Nayanetri, pointing to it, said first to Bimba: "What seest thou there?"

And Bimba said. "Old man, thou art a fool, there is naught but a mud-puddle, full of dirt."

Then Nayanetri turned to Shasakora and he said to him, "What seest thou there?"

And Shasakora looked and said, "I see indeed the very beautiful reflection of Siva's blue sky with the many fleecy clouds floating o'er its breast."

Then said Nayanetri, "Neither of you have answered correctly for the answer is this: there is indeed a beautiful reflection but there is also much filth marring its beauty, O Bimba and O Shasakora. But if the filth be removed the reflection will be pure and pleasing to the eye."

Then said the people in one voice. "This is wisely answered, for you, Nayanetri, are as wise as the serpent and yet as merry as the sunbeam and shall rule us according to the precepts of Wisdom and understanding."

And Nayanetri ruled the land wisely and justly, declaring regular days for feasting and making merry and the rest for working.



# A SOUTH-AMERICAN ARMAGEDDON

BY D. K. FINDLAY

Stephen Langton was bored. Since his father's departure into the interior, on an exploring expedition, he had been compelled to wander aimlessly about the sleepy South-American village.

He was tired of the heat, tired of the quiet, and very tired of watching the dirty villagers squabbling or dozing in the sunshine. He was in no enviable frame of mind as he wandered down the main street and, when a fat pig lumbered up from beneath his very feet, it is not surprising that he kicked it and kicked it hard. The porker fled squealing and the somnolent peace of the village was shattered for a time. A villager, clad in multi-coloured rags, arose and began to upbraid the Canadian at the top of his voice. Soon a crowd gathered, a crowd that grinned evilly at the abuse which was being showered on the youth.

The native encouraged by this support became even more insolent in his speech and gestures, so Langton hit him in the jaw.

The villager lay where he had fallen, his insolence changed to snivelling abjectness. But his friends showed signs of beligerency and closed on the Canadian. The latter, relying on a bluff to scatter his enemies, charged them with a yell, and the air was filled with the clamour of battle.

When the Minister of War arrived with most of the standing army, he found many stretched on the ground, and among these was Langton himself, with half of the population of the village, that is, the male half, sitting on him. Each one tried to convince the General that he and he only was responsible for the capture of the desperate foreigner.

Langton was jerked roughly to his feet and escorted to the ramshackle corral or gaol. When he was locked in, the General, after berating him for a few moments, in a unknown language, through a crack in the wall, hurried off to acquaint the President with the news of his latest victory.

Langton looked about for a means of escape. He found an opening between the walls and the roof, which promised well. Then he sat down to wait for night.

\* \* \* \* \*

President Alvarez, of the Glorious Bothnatian Republic, sat in his Presidential palace and brooded over Presidential

troubles. After some moments of meditation he apparently reached a decision. He summoned his fearfully and wonderfully uniformed orderly and asked him to show in the Minister of War.

General Don Rama del Carbona Trepango, or words to that effect, strode in and saluted. He was a very small man clad in a gorgeous uniform bespangled with medals. He had great, black, upstanding moustaches, the pride of his heart, and objects of awe to his army. In spite of his stature, or rather lack of it, he would have been an ideally military figure if it had not been for his civilian corporation. The mutiny of his stomach against military laws was one of the General's most poignant sorrows. (The President was the other.) The expansive military chest of his early years seemed to have slipped down and to have become an expansive but most unmilitary stomach. At the President's invitation he seated himself, after a short tussle with his enormous sword, and turned inquiringly to the President.

"You know Don Rama," began Alvarez, "how bare our treasury is. Not an centime have we left. We have taxed our beloved people to the utmost and if we exact another peso they will assuredly revolt. They are impatient with us for our inactivity but without funds we are helpless. We must devise some way of securing moneys.

"Perhaps a whiskey tax," suggested the General, fingering his moustache.

"Fool," exclaimed the irate Alvarez, "you know there was a revolution last time that was tried. Tax the people's land to the utmost, steal their cattle, seize their goods, but never tax their whiskey," he added gloomily.

Don Rama thought hard and long.

"I have it," he exclaimed at length. "A War Tax."

"Impossible," retorted the President, "who could we war with. Our neighbours are too powerful."

But the General continued to bounce excitedly up and down.

"Our Canadian prisoner," he articulated finally. "It is said that Canada has no navy. She is far away. He has insulted the people of Bothnatia. Let us declare war on Canada."

The President considered for a moment. His eyes kindled.

"You are right," said he. "We shall wage a glorious war. We shall be acclaimed as patriots and heroes And we shall



reap a great War Tax. Look to your army. I will prepare the ultimatum *pronto*."

\* \* \* \*

Late in the afternoon Langton was awakened from a doze by shouts and the reports of guns. The populace seemed terribly excited. A crowd of them, waving their old-fashioned guns and yelling, came and gibbered at him through the cracks of the carral. One in broken English cried out that war was declared and the cursed Canadians would soon all be dead.

Langton found it difficult enough to grasp the idea of Bothnatia declaring war on Canada. He was more amused than alarmed at the prospect, however, and when the crowd dispersed he fell asleep again.

He awoke at sundown. He ate the food the gaoler had left in his cell and sat down to wait until darkness had completely fallen. Then, swinging himself up the side of the corral, he squeezed through the chosen aperture and dropped noiselessly to the ground. He crouched behind the angle of the wall and listened. Voices and footsteps were coming toward him and, to his surprise and delight, he recognized the General who had imprisoned him and a soldier bearing a light. The latter unlocked the rusty padlock and the General strode in. Langton pounced upon the soldier and cuffed him soundly, whereat the native dropped the keys and fled howling. Langdon threw himself against the door and snapped the lock.

"So much for the Lord High Executioner, now for the king," he said to himself, picking up the keys, and as he slid off into the darkness the wails and objurgations of General Don Rama del Trepango, First War Minister to the Glorious Republic of Bothnatia, smote the silence of the night.

\* \* \* \*

A very excited native brought the news to Colonel Langton, in the interior, who, wise in the ways of South-American politics, was inclined to laugh at the whole affair. But as the part played by his son in the preliminary skirmish had been exaggerated by the runner, he was a little anxious lest the natives should become unruly and in the patriotic fervour do Stephen some harm. So the Colonel left his camp and rode back to the capital.

He was admitted immediately to the Presidential presence and found to his intense surprise his son and heir having lunch

with Senor Alvarez. Greetings having been exchanged, the Colonel demanded an explanation, which was forthcoming from his son supplemented by the President.

"And so," wound up the latter, "this extraordinary young man dropped into my private office last night through a window, and told me that he had put my Minister of War in gaol. He also pointed out the extreme futility and foolishness, to use his own words, of waging war with Canada when a Canadian force well-armed with elephant guns, and under the command of my very good friend, yourself sir, lay within striking distance of our capital. Furthermore he told me that down the coast was a British cruiser, which had lately been supplied with some shiny, new, twelve-inch guns and consequently was just spoiling for a fight.

"What could I do? I admitted the wisdom of his suggestions and we tacitly concluded an armistice pending your arrival. And so——."

"And so," broke in the younger Langton, "we break even. You captured a Canadian prisoner, it is true, but I captured your Minister of War and your one and only general."

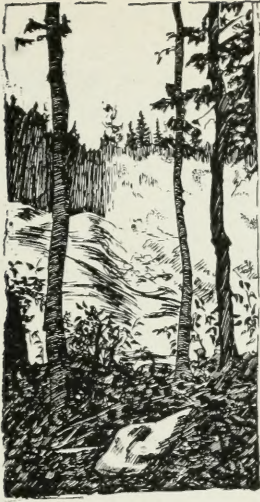
"Yes," agreed the President his black eyes dancing. "That is a great joke, and Don Rama shall never hear the end of it. I shall see to that. But nevertheless our army was everywhere successful. By the way, it was very thoughtful of you to be in the interior when I needed a war, Colonel Langton, my thanks. But the war tax was a huge success, our treasury is full and so if you would agree to a small indemnity we would—how do you say it—call the war off?"

"Agreed," said the Colonel, hiding a smile. "And that indemnity shall be a case of the finest champagne."

"Excellent," cried the President. "And you must lunch with me to-morrow to open it and also peace negotiations with the General."

"Here are the keys," said Stephen, producing them, "Let's go down and let the old bounder out."





# FISHING IN THE **NIPIGON.** BY J.A. CARRICK.

Nepigon village is situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railroads, sixty miles east of Port Arthur. It may be reached by boat. A large number of people come here from Duluth and Port Arthur annually.

The Nepigon river is said to be the finest speckled trout stream in the world. People come to it from all parts of the country to participate in one of the greatest of our outdoor pleasures.

At Nepigon, canoes, provisions and licenses may be obtained. The latter must be procured before one is permitted to fish in the river. They allow a catch of ten pounds of fish per day. There are two kinds of licenses, one for the season, which costs ten dollars, and the other, which is good for two weeks, and costs five dollars.

In the summer of 1914 my father took us—a party of twenty-five—for a trip up the Nepigon.

On setting out, a motor boat conveyed us across Lake Helen and up the river to Camp Alexander, a distance of fourteen miles. While the Indian guides were preparing supper, father and I went to fish. First cast he landed a three-pounder which we had for supper. Although we fished for an hour afterwards neither of us got another bite.

We went back to camp very hungry and I have never eaten fish quite as good as that first catch.

Next morning we were awakened by the rattling of a wagon. The canoes were being taken across the three-mile portage.

When about three-fourths of the way across we noticed a road branching off to the right. This led to Cameron's Pool, which is perhaps the most noted of all pools on the river. Above Cameron Pool is Cameron's Falls. It is being developed and will furnish 100,000 horsepower.

At the Narrows was the next stop after leaving Camp Alexander. Here we walked along the shore for five hundred yards while the canoes were poled through the swift water. About noon we arrived at Split Rock where we had lunch.

At three p.m. we reached Pine Portage. Here we stayed for nine days fishing at various portages up and down the river. During our stay we made a trip to Virgin Falls which is at the head of the river. On our way we fished at Devil's Leap. It was here that Doctor Cook made the record catch by landing a fish thirty-two inches in length and weighing fourteen and one-half pounds. There was some doubt as to whether it was a speckled trout or a lake trout. But the authorities at Ottawa, upon seeing the mounted skin, pronounced it to be a splendid specimen of the former.

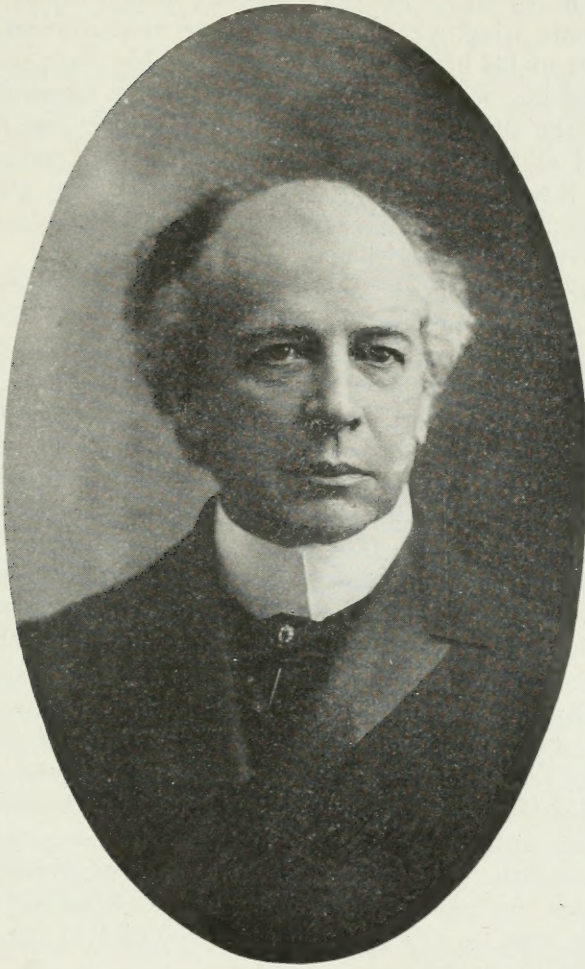
The C.N.R. has established a lodge at Orient Bay which is the point where the road touches Lake Nepigon. A common way of touring the river is to be outfitted at Orient Bay and then to travel down to Nepigon.

Just before we left Pine Portage, Germany declared war on France. Of the Indian guides we had with us on that trip, one has been killed, two wounded and one received the Military Medal.

The day we left Pine Portage we arrived at Camp Alexander at two o'clock. The rest of the afternoon was spent in fishing with wonderful success. Next morning we went to Bass Lake which is a trip that few take because the Indians, who dislike portaging across the four-mile to Bass, forget to tell about it.

Bass Lake is an ideal spot in the fall. Partridge is abundant and although the trout season is closed, bass may still be caught. A meal of partridge and bass is something not easily forgotten.





THE RIGHT-HONORABLE SIR WILFRED LAURIER, G.C.M.G.

### SIR WILFRID LAURIER—THE MAN

BY D. I. GRANT

On November the 20th, 1841, in the small village of St. Lin, in the then province of Lower Canada, there was born a boy who was destined to become not only the idol of his country, but also an outstanding figure throughout the whole British Empire.

His father was a French Canadian, his mother an Acadian. The parents being in comparatively poor circumstances, the first few years of his life were spent in a humble home at St. Lin. When the boy was about six years of age, a far-seeing father, realizing the advantage of an English education, sent him away to school at New Glasgow, Quebec. Here for three years, he lived in the home of a grocer, a big-hearted Scot, and in this environment he acquired a slight Scottish accent which was never afterwards entirely lost.

After school hours it was the boy's custom to help his guardian in the store, and it was here that customers first noted his air of melancholy, mysticism and almost poetic refinement. Later, at L'Assomption College, whence he received his secondary school training, and at McGill University, he was looked upon as a dreamer, and, indeed, the dreamy expression of the pale and refined features seemed to give promise that the young man might some day become a poet, rather than a great leader of his countrymen.

Having been graduated from McGill University with the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law he was called to the Quebec Bar in 1864. Two years later, however, he temporarily exchanged his barrister gown for a military tunic, joining the colours of a Quebec regiment, raised for his country's defence against the Fenian Raid. When this trouble was ended, he resumed the practice of his profession in Montreal, and in 1868 he married Mlle. Zoe LaFontaine, who in the truest and highest sense has been his loving helpmate throughout his long and arduous career.

When thirty years of age, Wilfrid Laurier contested successfully in the Liberal interest, the constituency of Drummond and Arthabasca, for the Quebec Legislature, and, in the following year was sent to represent the same counties in the house of Commons, at Ottawa.

In 1872 he was elected member for Quebec East and represented that constituency until, in 1887, on the resignation of Blake, Laurier became leader of the Liberal opposition, the first French-Canadian leader of any Federal party since Confederation.

In 1897, one year after becoming Prime Minister, he crossed to the old country to represent Canada at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. His personality, his charm of manner, and his genuine eloquence made a powerful impression both in England and on the continent. An incident of the visit will show how the



Queen regarded the young statesman. Laurier had, in the previous year been offered and had refused a title. But during his visit to England, at a banquet given by Victoria to the Premiers of the over-seas Dominions, on being shown to the place of honour beside the Queen, he found a card on which the Monarch had herself written "The Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

Returning to Canada, he resumed his duties as Prime Minister and guided his country through an unbroken period of fifteen years until, in 1911, he went down to defeat on the question of reciprocity in natural products with the United States.

Sir Wilfrid, having been re-elected for Quebec East, again became leader of the Opposition, and held that office until on February 17th, 1919, the veteran statesman, whose every thought had been for Canada, a people united, passed on.

One of the supreme qualities of Sir Wilfrid's delightful character was his love for children. Many are the stories told of the friendship existing between him and young Canada.

Some years ago, during a time of general unrest in the "house" a Liberal caucus was anxiously awaiting its chief, who was known to be a firm believer in punctuality. Finally one of the Members, looking out of the window, discovered Sir Wilfrid searching about in the snow for a lost mitten, the little owner of which was crying pathetically at the loss and the cold, and only when the mitten was restored and its owner comforted did Laurier turn his attention to the waiting caucus and the affairs of State.

On another occasion, when travelling on the first passenger train across the New Transcontinental railway, from Winnipeg to Fort William, the party stopped over-night at one of the Company's construction camps. Sir Wilfrid was the earliest riser on the train, and in the morning, when the call for breakfast found him missing, there was some anxiety as to whether he had lost his way on an early morning walk. A search party was about to set out when the old man was discovered "playing catch" with a sturdy four-year-old, behind a nearby shanty.

Sir Wilfrid was fine in victory, but he was even finer in defeat. After his unexpected reverse in 1911, several of Canada's leading newspapers published a short poem which paid him one of the highest tributes any man might receive.

"It's easy to smile and be happy,  
When life runs along like a song  
But the man worth while, is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

The great leader's chief aim, and that for which he strove throughout his whole political career, was the uniting of Upper and Lower Canada, the establishing of a bond of friendship which would live forever between the two great Canadian nationalities.

For fifty years Wilfrid Laurier fought the battles of Canadian democracy, for responsible government, for social justice, and for equality of opportunity. "The happiness of the masses of the people is the underlying consideration of government," he said in a speech to the students of the University of Toronto in 1913.

The leader's chair is no longer occupied by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Waving pines stand sentinel over his last resting place. Canada has lost her "grand old man," but Canada will ever remember him as that man "who found our Country a colony, and left it a nation, respected in the galaxy of commonwealths which constitute the British Empire."

D. I. GRANT.



THE LOWER SIXTH



# SMALL TOWN TALK

BY A. R. PATTEN

I lived in a small town, off and on, for eighteen years. Many interesting people besides myself lived there too.

This small town was in no way different from other small towns. They are all more or less alike,—usually more than less. The same landscape gardener designed them all. Each has one principal street and a few side streets, all trailing off into the country. On the principal street is to be found the barber-shop with its array of herpicide bottles and hair restorer. The fact that the barber himself is as often as not bald-headed, would seem to indicate that hair-destroyer was kept as well. Then there is a drug store, the Chinese laundry, the general store and the hotel. There may also be a poolroom if the Society for the Prevention of Fun be not too strong. But in many towns this demoralizing pastime is not allowed. In such cases the young sports have to content themselves, on a Saturday night, with a pack of cards in the little room back of the drug store. The fact that the druggist has charge of the Government liquor supply in a measure compensates for the absence of the pool room.

Usually the most important person in town is the mayor,—that is, the most important male person. The lady mayoress, of course, has precedence over everybody—the minister's wife not excepted. Sometimes His Worship does not accord this position of prominence to his wife with good grace. On one occasion, when the newly elected chief magistrate informed his "life-partner" of the honour conferred upon him, she exclaimed, "Oh, Thomas, how splendid ! And what does that make me ?"

The reply was, "You— Oh, you'll be the same darned old fool you always were."

In many cases the mayor has just come off the farm. He is strong on celluloid collars, patent leather shoes and cigars costing as much as five cents apiece. (Some mayors keep their pockets stuffed with a cheaper grade for local distribution.) His biography usually is interesting. Perhaps he springs into prominence in a single wet afternoon when he bucks the work of the committee appointed by the local political machine to buy horses for the war. However, before doing this, he manages to rid himself of a few old cobs, so his conscience is clear.

He has been known to speak at a meeting of the town council for two hours and a half. He would have spoken longer had not

his mother-in-law entered the hall and demanded that he transfer his presence elsewhere. The meeting adjourns and a hasty exit is made by His Worship. The city fathers go over to the hotel on the corner and engage in a lively game of euchre, wetting their whistles occasionally with a few inches of extra dry ginger ale.

The town, if it's vote is worth considering at all, must have a good postmaster. A good postmaster is one who has a large number of relations who always vote for the same political party that he does. Of course, he must have education enough to read post cards at a glance and a memory good enough to remember postmarks. He must also be able to tell when Miss Smith has her last letter from Lieut. Brown, C.E.F. If it is overdue he sympathizes with her and does not forget to remind her that there are a lot of pretty girls in England.

Another of the town's pillars is the butcher, who is usually a good advertisement for his wares, as he seldom weighs under two hundred pounds. He is a friend of all the dogs in town which follow him about with every indication of affection. He must be able to cut a tenderloin steak from a carcass anywhere from the hock to the horns, and to throw a few odd scraps on the scales when the customers are not looking. According to his way of thinking a sheep is a wonderful animal. It enjoys perpetual youth and never gets beyond the lamb stage.

Next in prominence is the hotelkeeper. In the good old days he was abused by every wife in town whose husband failed to return home at the customary hour of nine-thirty on Saturday night. That mine host was innocent did not help matters much. He probably ejected the wayward spouse in good time and was not to blame for the latter having found his way into a very slimy ditch. However, such incidents helped to usher in the Prohibition Act. The diabolical work of the hotelkeeper is at an end. David Thomas now gets home in good time Saturday nights and has an extra nickel for the collection plate on Sunday mornings.

The undertaker is another character worthy of consideration. His face has an expression in keeping with his business. He usually sings bass in the church choir, and, in particularly healthful seasons, has been known to dig post holes for the farmers of the surrounding country. Since the advent of the "flu" he has brightened up considerably. Of course, he is in his element at a funeral and has a supply of glycerine tears on hand to shed when



in the employ of extra good customers. His one failing is that he takes a "nip" before mounting to the driving seat of the hearse in a funeral procession. This renews his youth and takes him back to his horse-racing days which gives a weird effect to this part of the obsequies.

The last character I will mention is the town joker. He takes delight in doing such things as glueing together the pages of the pulpit Bible so that the nervous young minister has some trouble in finding his text on Sunday morning. The most popular of his pranks is the mixing of strong waters with the liquid refreshments of the Ladies' Aid. As a consequence the meeting breaks up with all hands in a joyful mood and all insisting that there be another of the same in the very near future.

With citizens of this type is it any wonder that the town flourishes ?

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### FLOWER SONG

A journey we'll take to the wildflower hills,  
You, Little Blue Eyes, and I ;  
We shall sing to the music of sweetwater rills,  
We shall dance to the music of songbird trills,  
On the hills where the sunbeams lie.

I will make you a wreath of the violets blue,  
To encircle your golden head ;  
And a daffodil girdle I'll weave for you,—  
Oh, it shall be fresh with the morn-scented dew,—  
And a posey of roses red.

Of the buttercup's gold a crown I will make,  
And the gems will be hyacinths blue ;  
And a thousand daisies for your sweet sake  
I will gather, and lilies from sweetwater lake,  
I will gather them all for you.

And all the day long 'mid the wildflowers gay,  
We shall laugh,—but at eventime,  
To our home, in the purple of twilight we'll stray,  
And I'll sing you to sleep there at close of the day,  
Asleep to a wildflower rhyme.

Andreian.

# THE FOREIGNER IN THE WEST

HARRY R. HUTCHINGS

One of the most important problems which now faces Canada is that of assimilating her foreign population. This problem is especially acute in the West where nearly forty per cent. of the people are aliens who have no patriotic love for Canada nor for British institutions. They are concerned only with their own little communities and are not interested in any government problem that does not intimately concern themselves.

Very few of these people are able to speak English. They live in their own colonies and are educated in separate schools where English is not always taught.

This, however, is not the principal reason for their not becoming good British subjects. In many instances it is their religion that hinders progress. Many of them have little intellectual development and their clergy, who are largely anti-Canadian, are able to form their political views as well as their religious ones.

The most dangerous class are the Germans. They are much better educated than other foreigners and are more cunning. But very few of them can speak English. The fact that they dwell in colonies of their own is the chief reason for this condition.

One thing I noticed while living among Germans last summer was their strong dislike for Englishmen, Canadians and all other British peoples.

While working for a Canadian farmer whose land is in a German settlement I had an opportunity to study the attitude of these foreigners toward the British. The farmer was there before the Germans came. They wanted his land and they tried to make him sell. His land, being exceptionally good, he did not wish to do so.

The Germans made everything as unpleasant for him as possible ; they would steal his cattle or drive them away, if they had a chance. These and other things gave the farmer much trouble.

Last summer was an exceptionally dry one in the Far West, the only moisture being about three inches of snow in the early part of the season. Consequently, all small streams and sloughs dried up. The only place within a radius of five miles round the farm that contained any water was a slough on a Russo-German's farm. The Canadian farmer wanted to get a share of



this so that he could water his three hundred head of cattle and horses. His attempts were unsuccessful even though the German did not need the slough for himself. If the Canadian had been a German he would have experienced no difficulty in obtaining water. As it was he was forced to set up a windmill that cost him eight hundred dollars. This is only one of thousands of instances of how the foreigner feels towards the British.

A German music teacher near Calgary refused to teach a pupil "God Save the King." Another teacher, a Mormon, told her pupils that King George was a Mormon and had many wives. At present one-third of the population of Alberta and Saskatchewan are foreigners and they are increasing faster than the British.

British people of the West are for the most part of one opinion regarding aliens. They believe that rigid laws should be passed regulating their activities. The laws might be constructed upon the following principles :

1. Breaking up their communities as much as possible, thus allowing foreigners to come in closer contact with the English-speaking people.
2. Doing away with all separate schools. English should be the language of instruction in all but the lower grades.
3. Allowing aliens a definite number of years to learn to speak English and if they failed to comply, to provide for their deportation.

The British people of the West have been trying to get parliament to aid them in this matter but have been unsuccessful owing to their small representation in parliament and also to the fact that many of their candidates have been defeated by the foreign vote.

It is to be hoped that the East will come to the aid of the West and demand that Canada be for British first.

Under present conditions a rebellion of the foreign population in the West is not improbable. Such laws as those mentioned above would make it impossible.

# IN DRY GERMANY

Being the Further Disclosures of a Diplomat

BY H. W. MARSH

I am the author, I am therefore a diplomat. If you don't believe me, look at the title.

Diplomats are very ingenious, especially school diplomats. We admit it, therefore it must be so.

Owing to my precocious cleverness, or clever precociousness, have it as you will—I deduced long ago that there must soon be another revolution in Germany. I thought that as Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg advocated violence they most certainly would get it. And they did. My forecast was proved correct just the other day. It was in the Daily Snail and Vampire that the existing government in Germany had been overthrown for the thirteenth time.

"This," I observed to the Headmaster, "means a revolution," and, as usual, I was right.

That evening I fell into a deep reverie,—not a sleep—for I immediately became conscious again to find myself on the outskirts of a city in Germany. Approaching along the road I saw a figure clad in plain black costume of clerical design. He attempted to pass me hurriedly but I intercepted him by putting my cane between his legs. I had recognized him as a fellow diplomat, none other than the Count de Change, alias Will Hupper-upp.

Without speaking or moving I gave him the sign of the double-cross.

In a similar manner he gave the countersign, "Ick Dien, Siz Boom Bah." Then in a low voice, "Hush, the very potatoes have eyes and even the corn has ears."

"But," said I, "there is nothing in that garden now ; it is December."

"The High Superior Board of Wood changed that. Legally speaking it is now October and legally there will be another crop this year. As we Germans are a very law-abiding race, by next spring, we will be one year ahead of the rest of the world agriculturally," was his reply. "But," he went on, "what are you doing here ? Come, now, let's be frank and earnest."

"All right then, Frank," said I, "if you prefer further disguise. I'm just seeing Germany from within and—but why the costume ?"



"I'm a walking delegate of the German Temperance League. I used to be the treasurer but since then I have taken up walking for my health, and I found it necessary to make slight alterations in my appearance for the same reason. The basic fundamental ground foundation of the movement is the principle of total abolition of liquor, but that has been somewhat modified as it now applies only within the limits of the city of Berlin."

And now my friend, or rather co-operative,—for we of the Secret Service have no friends; that is quite forbidden by clause forty-nine, chapter eighty-seven, of volume fifty-four of our regulations. But to go on: At this time my acquaintance began leading me into the city, talking volubly the while about no more high balls rolling around, the beating of corkscrews into buttonhooks and the turning of breweries into orphans' homes. As we walked along, the streets became more and more crowded; everyone seemed to be hurrying in one direction. Soon we reached the city limits and here a great number of sedate and serious Germans,—many in academic robes, some in clerical garb—were lined up at a long outdoors bar waiting for the contents of sundry black bottles to be served to them.

"They are exterminating the demon Rum," explained my guide, helping himself to a couple of bottles. "Let's help them."

Having always been a prohibitionist, I agreed.

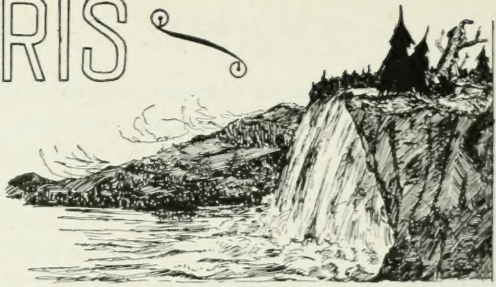
"Down with liquor," cried he.

And we downed it—that is, we were just about to down it when I awoke.

# GLEN IRIS

BY

F.R. DAYMENT ..



Far upstream from Rochester, New York, on the Genesee River, are the Portage Falls. Here the picturesque flow of the river takes a drop of nearly one hundred and seventy-five feet, at a point just south of Castile. The falls are at the bottom of a deep ravine, the sides of which are well wooded. Situated in this beautiful district is a state reservation called Letchworth Park.

Tourists seeking the quiet of its natural glens frequent this park. The main entrance is on the state road from Castile to Portage. Passing beneath the quaint stone arch one drives down an avenue of trees which shade the road from the direct rays of the sun. As far as can be seen on either side extends the natural forest.

After crossing a stream which winds through the woods, at the bottom of a cathedral of green maples, a log house is noticed. Here it is that everyone stops to look at the home of Mary Jamesin—the Indian White Woman. Inside can be seen the loom and fireside utensils of the Indians who lived here. Iron lattice-work prevents people from entering the room. In one corner stands the primitive model of a spinning wheel, and beside it is a large log propped against a beam in the ceiling. In this are notched steps for ascending to the second storey.

When Mary Jamesin was a child the Indians raided the house and, killing her father and mother, carried her away. When she became a woman she knew little except Indian customs. Some relatives found her after years of search, but by that time she preferred to stay with the people who were so familiar to her. The house was again used by Mary and her Indian husband who have both been dead for over a century.

From here the road winds through a forest of trees whose tops sway in the wind with a pleasing rustle of many leaves. Suddenly we come upon a rustic fence of uncut stone and passing



through the arched gateway enter the lawn of the Letchworth estate.

The trees are well placed and give the house, which is of colonial architecture, a reposing beauty. A placid pool, whose reflections are frequently rippled by a spouting fountain, lies in a hollow among some bushes just in front of the house.

The homestead preserves a quiet dignity with its large colonial pillars rising from a spacious veranda. Evidence of a still preserved atmosphere of stateliness are to be found everywhere, even in the plan of the beautiful gardens.

After having luncheon in the opening dining room, which forms a wing jutting from the east side of the house, we met a Miss Sylvester, who was the secretary of the late Mr. Letchworth. She told us many interesting things about his experiences with the Indians, who called him Chief White Angel.

The library contains shelf after shelf of the works of the best authors, and the large and comfortable easy chairs invite lounging. One might easily imagine him spending many contented evenings in this, his favourite room.

The lawns about the old house provide a beautiful outlook for the bridal chamber, whose balcony is above the side veranda. A vine of ivy nearly hides the large pillars from view, and also provides a shade for the room which is furnished in old-fashioned style.

The distant rumble of the Genesee Falls is heard from the woods which border on the western side of the lawn. Upon reaching the bank one is impressed with the beauty of the iridescent spray which rises from the water as it falls over the many-coloured rocks. The whole scene lies in a state which proves that man has left it to its own ideas. None of the natural surroundings have been disturbed, and one can imagine why the Indians loved to gaze upon the falls at sunset.

Below the rapids extending for several miles northward is the Genesee cañon, which is a miniature reproduction of the Colorado in respect to colour. The gorgeous shades of yellow and red merge into a restful green where the trees and shrubs grow to the water's edge. Niagara itself has no finer rapids than those which can be seen just before the curve about a mile below the falls which hides the rest of the cañon from view.

Standing so as to divide the waters as they come tumbling over the ledge is a cone-shaped rock called Eagle's Nest. Its

top is hidden by pines and hemlocks. The red-skins were very superstitious about its origin, and claimed that evil spirits were hiding among the trees.

Above the main falls are several lesser ones which make the total drop about one hundred and seventy-five feet. The effect produced by this series is most beautiful as one looks upstream and watches the sprays from each form a rainbow. Nestled among the trees is a shady glen where people may sit on the rustic benches and watch the ceaseless tossing of the rapids.

Returning to the house we were shown a museum where Indian curiosities and relics are exhibited. The building is of grey stone. Among other things to be seen is the skull of a mastodon which measures four feet in diameter. This curious head was unearthed when the house was being built. A collection of arrow heads and bows is to be found in the east room, where are also blankets, pottery and trinkets. This museum is called the Letchworth Memorial, and was built by a state appropriation.

Letchworth Park provides a restful spot for those who become tired of the noise of the city. Woodland paths run in all directions from the house where violets, trilliums, wild iris and arbutus may be found each in its season growing among the moss and ferns. These woods are a safeguarded sanctuary for birds, and the little creatures seem to realize this as they fly merrily from branch to branch. Very fittingly has the place been called Glen Iris.



# THE REVERSIBLE FALLS

BY W. EARLE

The Reversible Falls on the St. John River are the largest and most notable of their kind in the world. There are other places where similar phenomena are noted, that on the Guinea coast being well known.

The Falls are situated at the mouth of the river. The river empties into the Bay of Fundy, dividing the province for a short distance into halves. It is four hundred and fifty miles in length but is only navigable for steamers for about one hundred and fifty miles. The steamer's course begins above the Falls. This enables them to go and come as conditions of trade require. St. John city is situated just below the Falls but, as the course of the river turns twice, and as there is a small island at the second curve, the current does not affect the shipping in the harbour.

These Falls do not drop over a rocky ledge as one would think, but are only a short expanse of water about one-fifth of a mile long and very narrow. This peculiar expanse of water is caused to go in one direction and then in the opposite direction by the rise and fall of the tide, which is at this point, twenty-eight feet. When it is low tide the tendency of the water is to flow out into the bay. On account of the tide receding so quickly, enough water cannot pass through to maintain a level, thus causing a dangerous and impassable rapid.

When the tide begins to rise the great onrush slowly stops. As it rises the water commences to flow in the opposite direction. It is at this period for about three-quarters of an hour that navigation can be carried on between the river and harbour. The tide rising quickly in the bay causes a similar disturbance to that caused by the outflowing water. When it is high tide and the water begins to recede the Falls again are navigable.

It requires twelve hours to make a complete change, that is, from high tide to high tide. Thus navigation is only carried on twice a day. Between high and low tide there is a difference of ten minutes, high tide being always at a different time. And at high or low tide there is a difference of fifteen feet in one fifth of a mile.

At the narrowest point of the gorge are the railway and traffic bridges, one hundred and fifty feet from the water. Before these bridges were built several attempts to build bridges had been unsuccessfully made. Recently a new arch bridge was con-

structed between the railway bridge, which is of cantilever type, and the traffic bridge which is a suspension bridge. When the new bridge was completed the old suspension bridge was taken down. This new bridge is about thirty feet wide and has the longest span of any arch in the world. Half of the space of the bridge is for street cars, the rest is used for roads and sidewalks. It is one of the outstanding engineering feats of the world.

At either end of the Falls are necks of hard rock jutting out into the water. At the eastern end the neck is the higher and larger, dropping almost perpendicularly for one hundred and forty feet. The walls are very hard slate and have not been worn down as much as the softer parts. It is from these two necks that the bridges are built. The western necks are farther apart and at high tide the banks are hardly four feet above the water level. On both sides the banks gradually slope upward.

On the northern side of this neck the water has washed away the rock and earth leaving two small islands. On the south side is the Naasawak Pulp and Paper Mill, the largest in Canada. Between these two extremities the Falls have widened into a bay about a sixth of a mile across. Also above the western necks the flow of the water has hollowed out a large bay about half a mile wide. Below the eastern necks the gorge continues narrow and deep until it reaches the harbour where it widens and slopes gently away from the water level.

The Falls are a point of interest. People from all parts of the world come to view them. Many stories are told about Indians who lost their lives in these rapids. The natives of early days probably would gaze in fear and wonder at the onrush and tumbling waters. People of to-day are fascinated by it.



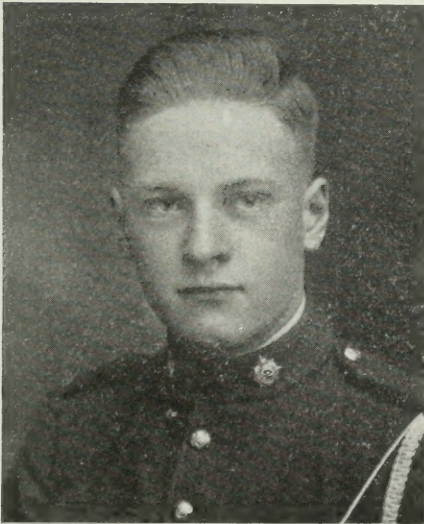
# Portraits of Old Boys



LIEUT. H. G. SPOHN, M.C.  
C. F. A.  
S.A.C. 1909-1912.



LIEUT. J. W. INGS,  
55th Field Co. Royal Engineers, Killed in action Sept.  
18th., 1918.  
S.A.C. 1913-1914



PTE. A. W. BOWDEN,  
C. A. S. C.  
S.A.C. 1916-1917



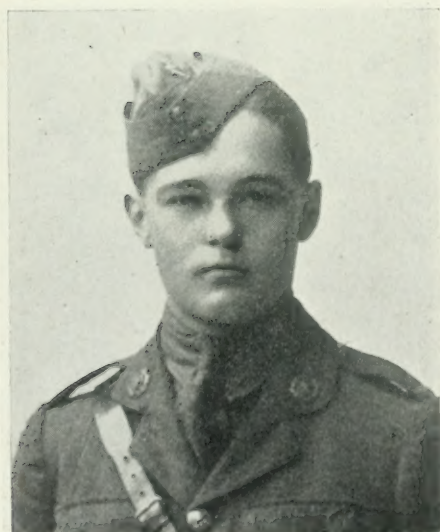
LIEUT. PAUL D. GILLESPIE,  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C. 1899.



LIEUT. J. W. MACDOUGALL,  
C.F.A.  
S.A.C. 1912-1915.



LIEUT. M. L. FOSTER,  
H.M., M.L., 494  
S.A.C. 1909-1911.



LIEUT. J. O. DACK  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C. 1915-1916



LIEUT. C. S. D. McLEOD  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C. 1916-1917



# Our Old Boys

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CORP. H. V. BOWDEN,  
C.A.S.C. S.A.C. 1908-1909.

## OLD BOYS NEWS

J. E. McDOUGALL—EDITOR

CAPT. HUGH A. JOHNSTON has been awarded the D.S.O. for distinguished service in the Canal du Nord district.

LIEUT.-COL. R. B. S. BURTON has been created an officer of the Order of the British Empire for service in Russia with the Finnish Legion.

MAJOR A. E. DUNCANSON has been awarded the D.S.O.

WE TAKE PLEASURE in congratulating Roland McLaughlin, who matriculated from the Upper Sixth last year, upon his winning the Engineering (Alumni) Scholarship of \$50 a year for four

years in the University of Toronto, as a result of an examination, open to first year students of the Faculty of Applied Science, in mathematics, physics, chemistry and English.

MAJOR BLAIR M. CLERK, M.C., of the C.M.G.C., has left for Japan and Russia on a special military mission.

MALCOLM HALLAM has been awarded the Croix de Guerre with palms, by the French Government. He was in the Scottish ambulance corps.

LIEUT. HERBERT LASH has been awarded a bar to his military cross for work in front of Valenciennes.

LIEUT. F. S. MILLIGAN has been awarded the Military Cross for services in the fighting of last October.



GUNNER J. D. McDOUGALL  
5th Battery C.F.A., France



PTE. C. D. HAMILTON, who is now with the army of occupation in Germany, has been awarded the military medal for conspicuous service before Cambrai.

MAJOR R. P. SAUNDERS, D.S.O., has been awarded the military cross and also has been mentioned in despatches.

WORD HAS BEEN RECEIVED that Capt. Gerald W. Grant has been awarded the military cross.



FIRSTBROOK, MUNRO LUSHMAN, KENT HANLAN

St. Andrew's Old Boys in France

Another St. Andrew's Old Boy to win the Military Cross was the late Lieut. Vincent Crombie, who died of wounds in France on Oct. 26, 1918. The award was for "conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy."

The following Old Boys have returned to the College and spent the lunch hour with us since last Christmas :

Capt. J. C. Auld, M.C.  
Capt. Gordon Cassells.  
Capt. S. F. Fiske, M.C.  
Capt. Norman Keith.  
Capt. Leslie Mills.  
Capt. Fred Macdonald.

Lieut. Brooke Bell, M.C., Croix de Guerre.

Lieut. St. Claire Douglas.

Eng. Lieut. J. M. Duncan.

Lieut. Fraser Grant.

Lieut. Frank McDonald.

Lieut. Elmer Munro.

Lieut. Earnest Rolph.

Lieut. Douglas Ross.

Lieut. Gordon Spohn, M.C.

Lieut. Hilliard Willoughby.

Lieut. Æneas Urquhart.

Lieut. Jack Macdougall.

Sgt. Marmaduke Winter, D.C.M.

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### BIRTHS

TO MR. and MRS. PAUL SKIDMORE, on Dec. 13th, 1918, a son  
(James William Paul).

TO CAPT. and MRS. D. GRAHAM McINTOSH, at Kitchener, on  
Feb. 13th, 1919, a son (Duncan Graham Kranz).

TO MR. and MRS. LYMAN HOWE, on Feb. 20th, 1919, a son.

TO MR. and MRS. ROBERT EVERETT GRASS, on March 8th, 1919,  
a son.

TO MR. and MRS. G. E. McCARTER, on March 26th, 1919, a son.

TO MAJOR and MRS. D. R. MORTON, on March 26th, 1919, a son.

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### MARRIAGES

GEORGE B. SHARPE, on Jan. 14th, 1919, to Miss Asenath May  
Owens, of Manitou, Man.

C. DEAN COTTON, on Jan. 15th, 1919, to Miss Kathleen Maud  
Andrus, of England.

MAJOR A. C. TAYLOR, on Feb. 12th, 1919, to Miss Kathleen  
Elliott, of Winnipeg.

CAPT. WHITEFORD GEORGE BELL, in Esclusham, North Wales,  
on Feb. 19th, 1919, to Miss Helen Beck, Port Arthur.

JOSEPH JEWELL EVANS, on March 1st, 1919, in Shanghai, to Miss  
Alice Louise Morton.

LIEUT. JOHN S. GALBRAITH, on March 22nd, 1919, in Buffalo, to  
Miss Laura Ryerson.



## OBITUARY

CAVEN, WILLIAM TERTIUS, was born in Toronto on August 2nd, 1896. He came to St. Andrew's College from the Model School in September, 1910, entering Form Three. His removals were obtained consistently and always with honours. In 1914 he passed his Junior Matriculation and the following year went up for Honours, which he obtained. In the autumn of 1915 he entered the University of Toronto and joined the C.O.T.C. in order to train for overseas. In November of the same year he endeavoured to join the Royal Naval Division.

Never of a robust constitution Caven, as a boy, was forced to avoid the more strenuous games, but he excelled in many sport and was second in the fencing championship at the School in 1914. During a visit to England in the summer of 1914 he had to undergo an operation for appendicitis and, while he recovered from the operation, was never himself again.

The attempt to train for overseas proved too great a strain for his weakened physique and he was forced to give it up in order to exercise great care in an effort to restore an impaired constitution. Improvement was taking place when at the close of 1918 he was attacked with influenza and succumbed on January 9th, 1919.

"Bill" Caven's lot was not an easy one. Possessed of a high spirit and a full sense of duty he was keen on getting overseas. His attempt to do so undoubtedly affected his health adversely, and he was forced to spend many weary days in bed while friend after friend answered the call to active service. He bore his burden with remarkable patience, courage and equanimity, and has left his family and his friends inspiring and happy memories of a difficult journey bravely accomplished in the spirit of a gallant Christian gentleman.

CUTLER, JOHN G., was born on September 9th, 1890. He came up to St. Andrew's College from "Harrow House," Halifax, in September, 1905, and left school in June, 1907, to enter Dalhousie University. Cutler went overseas early in the war, and in October, 1916, was in the War Office in London. Early in 1917 he obtained an appointment with the 8th Battalion in France. On August 15th, 1917, he was reported "killed in action," having first been reported "wounded" and then "missing."

"Jack" Cutler will be well remembered by the boys of his day, for he was active in the school undertakings, and was possessed of considerable ability both in class and on the field. Many will be sorry to learn that he must be numbered with those who will not return.

COCHRANE, OGDEN DUNLOP, was born at Mattawa on February 15th, 1890. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1902, going into the Third Form. His promotions were obtained with regularity, and in June, 1908, he matriculated into the University of Toronto, registering in University College. After graduating in Modern Languages in 1912, he spent two years in Germany, studying the German language. The knowledge thus acquired proved of great value in examining alien suspects in the early days of the war. In August, 1915, he obtained a commission with the 48th Highlanders and later was appointed to the 123rd Battalion for overseas service. During a portion of 1916 and 1917 he was on General Logie's staff at Niagara and at Exhibition Camp. Subsequently he went overseas and entered as a cadet in the Royal Horse Artillery. While training for his commission with the R.H.A. he received a most painful injury, which finally proved fatal. Considerable time was spent in several hospitals in England before he was brought home in June, 1918. Some improvement followed treatment in Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. However, in November, 1918, his illness became more acute and it was realized that there was no hope for his recovery. On January 23rd, 1919, he passed away after bearing much pain with remarkable patience and courage.

Though never possessed of a robust constitution, Cochrane insisted on getting into military service, and those who knew him in his school days are not surprised that this was his attitude.

While at St. Andrew's he took an active interest in the various school undertakings, made many fast friends through his unfailing sunny disposition and uniform unselfishness, and left behind him a record of work well done and influence most acceptably exercised.

Of the many Andreians whom the tide of the Great War has "borne West," few were called upon to suffer and wait as was Ogden Cochrane. His patience, his courage, his refusal to lament, and, above all, his quiet faith unite in virile counsel to those of us who remain to move on steadfastly in our appointed path.



JUNOR, KENNETH WILLIAM, was born on August 3rd, 1894. He entered the Third Form of St. Andrew's College in September, 1908, and matriculated into the University of Toronto in June, 1912. His career at St. Andrew's College was an excellent one. On several occasions he won proficiency prizes, and was also very successful in all branches of athletics. He won his 1st Team Colours in both football and hockey. In general activities he was also prominent, being a Librarian in 1910-11, and a member of the Athletic directorate and an officer of the Literary Society in his last year. He was also a prefect and an officer of the Cadet Corps in the same year.

In the summer of 1915 he was with the C.M.R., but in August transferred to the 75th Battalion as Machine Gun Officer. With this Battalion he went overseas, and in the autumn of 1916 was with the 11th Canadian Machine Gun Co. That winter he contracted trench fever. In June, 1917, he transferred to the R.A.F. and after receiving his training was posted for duty in France. In April, 1918, he was awarded the Military Cross "for conspicuous services rendered while flying on the Western Front." On that occasion he destroyed two enemy machines and drove down two others. On April 23rd, 1918, he was posted as "missing." In Jan., 1919, confirmation of his death was received.

"Ken" Junor was a very popular boy at school and retained his popularity at the University. Possessed of ability and pluck he was successful both in class and on the field. As might be expected he made an unusually good officer. His passing will be long regretted by many old schoolfellows as well as by the later friends of his military career.

ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER G., was born on Jan. 9th, 1899. He attended St. Andrew's College during the year 1912-1913 and was in the Third Form. On leaving St. Andrew's he attended the Lethbridge High School and later was at the University of Alberta for two years, leaving in 1918. He was president of his Class and captain and manager of the basketball team.

In October, 1918, he enlisted in the Students' Training Corps at the University of Utah, and in November transferred to the American Aviation Service. He contracted influenza and pneumonia and died in Military Hospital at Salt Lake City on Dec. 6th, 1918.

Robertson's stay at St. Andrew's was brief, but he is remembered by many as a lovable little lad in the Lower School, whom we were all sorry to have leave us. His subsequent University career gave ample evidence that the promise of early boyhood was being fulfilled. We regret that he too must be numbered with those Andreians who have given their all in the great conflict.

RISTEEN, CLIFFORD FRASER, was born on Nov. 24th, 1891. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1909, and was here for two years, matriculating into McGill University in 1911. While at school Risteen gave a good account of himself. He excelled at the annual Athletic Field Days, was on the 1st Rugby team for two years, made the Second Eleven his first year and obtained his First Eleven Colours in his second year. In 1910-1911 he was a Prefect. While at McGill he played on the First Football Team. In the summer of 1913 he entered on the study of Law in Vancouver and was with the firm of Tupper & Bull, when he went overseas. In August, 1917, he was attached to the 45th Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. On Sept. 20th, 1917, he was reported "missing" while flying over enemy territory. He was seen to go down behind the lines "after putting one of the enemy machines out of business." As so much time has elapsed and no further information has been received, we have been compelled reluctantly to number Risteen with those other noble fellows who will not return with the victorious legions. His passing is all the more sad in that the death in action of his younger brother, George, has already been chronicled.

KAY, JOHN, was born in Toronto on July 19th, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College when nine years of age, going into the Preparatory Form. His promotions were regular until he matriculated into the University of Toronto in 1909. While at school he engaged in all the various activities with success, being ever ready to play cheerfully on whatever team the fellows wanted him. His unfailing good nature and ready smile made him a universal favourite at all times. Always possessed of a high sense of duty he at once volunteered for service when war was declared in 1914, a few weeks after he had graduated in Applied Science. He had been connected with the 48th Highlanders, and obtaining a commission with the 15th Battalion, he went overseas with the First Contingent. Later he transferred to the 3rd Brigade



Machine Gun Company and obtained his captaincy. In June, 1917, he was mentioned in despatches and in July of the same year was awarded the Military Cross. Later he obtained his majority. In the spring of 1918 he was reported ill and was in hospital in England. On recovery he rejoined his unit. In November, 1918, he returned to Canada and was taken ill while in Ottawa. On December 15th, 1918, he died of influenza-pneumonia in St. Luke's Hospital.

Though quiet and unassuming, "Jack" Kay possessed unusual strength of character and considerable determination. These qualities, coupled with excellent ability, ensured success in his military career, and would have carried him far had his life been spared. As school boy, university student and soldier he made many friends who will long miss the bright and cheery unselfishness of character which was his.

SUTHERLAND, WILLIAM WEST, was born on May 6th, 1894. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1910, going into the Fourth Form, and left at Easter, 1912, to enter the office of the Dominion Steamship Co. of Quebec. A year later he was with the claims department of the Canadian Northern Railway. Shortly after leaving school he joined the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec. When war broke out this regiment was called out for home defence and Sutherland served with them as a corporal. In order to get overseas he gave up his stripes and enlisted for overseas as a private. While at Valcartier he was made a corporal, but, unfortunately, the day his battalion left for overseas he was sent to hospital suffering from a severe cold accompanied by pleurisy. After convalescing at Lake Edward Sanitarium for some months he was discharged on July 27th, 1916. Subsequently he re-enlisted in the 236th Battalion of Fredericton, N.B., and again went to Valcartier. Misfortune followed him and his old condition returned, with the result that he was a second time sent to Lake Edward Sanitarium. On November 28th, 1917, he was discharged for the second time. He then engaged in outdoor occupation and was for some time in the West. Later he returned to Quebec and was working there when, in September, 1918, he contracted influenza and, owing to the weakened condition of his lungs, succumbed on September 20th, 1918, to pneumonia.

Many of his old school chums will learn with sorrow that Sutherland has joined the all too large number of Sr. Andrew's

boys who have given their all in the fight for right. Yet, what a fine record it is of determination to get to the field of battle in order to do his part. The insistent effort cost him his life, but he did his duty.

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### THREE PLEASURES

BY J. E. McDOUGALL

The dewdrops brightly shining  
In the newly risen sun !  
The mists are lightly rising  
And the day has just begun;  
Then the freshness of the morning,  
Brings a happy thrill to me,  
And I look with brighter aspect  
On the days that are to be.

I sit before the yule-log,  
And I gaze into the flames;  
I watch the goblins dancing  
At their weird and roguish games,—  
Far outside the storm is raging,  
But there's nought can harm me here;  
Then the warmth invades my spirit  
And my troubles disappear.

But there's yet a greater pleasure,  
And it has still greater thrills;  
It makes the heart beat faster,  
While the soul with gladness fills;  
It is when I see those faces,  
Faces known so well of yore,  
And I grasp the hands of Old Boys,  
Just returning from the War.



## Extracts from Letters

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"I enjoyed the Christmas number of the REVIEW very much indeed, especially the poems. They are excellent, as good as I have ever seen in the REVIEW."

"We were in Germany a little over a month. We were the first Battalion in the Canadian Corps to reach the Rhine. We arrived there on Dec. 10th, and crossed over the Rhine on Dec. 13th, at Cologne."

"Yesterday I was in Huy, which is on the Meuse River, and while there met Harry Leishman, Dick Webber, and Bill Barclay."

"Please thank Mrs. Macdonald for me as I know how much she does to send us our parcels and I speak from experience as I assisted her before."

\* \* \* \* \*

### MEMORIAL TO OLD BOYS

"The school must certainly have some memorial for the boys that have given their lives, and I am pleased to read that plans are already being made. To my mind we don't want brass tablets or stone monuments so much as something the school can make use of in the future."

"Now that the war has been brought to a successful termination we are all thinking of when we will return, and I think the boys of the school will agree with me when I say we cannot esteem too highly the magnificent record of service rendered by those Old Boys who cheerfully laid down their lives for their home and their country. I suggest that somewhere in the precincts of the school a lasting memorial be erected in their honour. I would also appreciate it if you would allow me to subscribe to it."

\* \* \* \* \*

### FOURTH OF JULY IN PARIS

"I am back in England. Returned from Egypt last July and had a very interesting and somewhat exciting trip back. We landed from Egypt at Taranto in Italy, then proceeded by train up the East coast, across the Northern district to Genoa and down the Riviera route to Marseilles and from thence to Le Havre, spending three days in Paris. We were in Paris for the big Fourth of July celebration in honour of the American troops and it was one that I shall never forget. About an hour before we landed at Taranto we had two torpedoes fired at us, but fortunately both missed their mark and we landed safely."

"I have been in Germany for a little over a month now and have had quite an interesting time, visiting various towns and places of interest along the banks of the Rhine, especially Cologne, which together with the Rhine, were the two places that all the boys were most anxious to see, and in most of our minds our final objective in the war."

"In August I had leave to go to see the 15th Can. B'n. We were in the line at Buequoy (in with the 37th Division) so I started to find them and the day I left they attacked at Amiens. I walked about 15 miles to find them and then thought I had better get back to my division and on the way back met Bob Gill on Amiens Station platform. We travelled together to Abbeville and had quite an enjoyable afternoon talking of the old school and the boys."

\* \* \* \* \*

## SUNDAY IN NAMUR

"My last letter to you was written on the first of the month, but you will have to forgive my silence, for as you will see by the address we have been on the move again. We are now in a little village which lies half way between Liege and Namur, whether we will go any further towards Germany remains to be seen, for the news has come to-day that we are to return to Canada in May. Certainly we are not staying here for the place is too small and we will move again somewhere immediately after Christmas."

"A week ago Sunday we were near Namur, about 15 miles away in fact. But as there was a sort of car service connecting the two places I took advantage of it and managed to have 2½ hours in that famous City. The time being so limited I was unable to visit the forts but I managed to see quite a lot of the City."

"There are few evidences of war. The station has been badly shattered by our airmen and the Grand Place has been shot up quite a lot by the 1914 German bombardment but beyond those two instances and the line of trenches which the Belgians dug around the town there are no outward evidences of the war having passed that way."

"Sunday in Namur is, as in all continental cities, a gala day. And the identification of a gala day, as far as I can see it, is the one day in which a Belgian wears clean or semi-clean clothes. Everybody was out in his or her best and with the typical idle curiosity of city dwellers, stood in interested groups about anything that caught their fancies, from a chap playing a concertina to a chap tossing pancakes in a store window. The crowds were gay and well dressed and the stores were brilliantly lighted and apparently well stocked. But the prices! Let me quote you a few in Canadian money. Boots from \$70.00 to \$80.00 a pair; butter \$20.00 a pound; chocolates 20c. each; eggs \$2.40 dozen. I don't know how the people lived. But they not only did look healthy but they were healthy, though one chap told me that he had lost more than 100 pounds. Personally I think it has done him a lot of good."

"The City is most beautifully situated, lying in a deep valley through the centre of which the famous river Meuse runs. Trees cover the slopes on either side and the view in summer must be a very pretty one indeed. One is not quite qualified to judge as to the state of the buildings owing to the length of occupation and to the scarcity of materials for their renovation. I can tell you very little about the City as my stay was brief and I confined my whole time to walking about the various streets."

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## THE BATTLE OF HEARTS

"You will no doubt be surprised to hear that after being wounded I had a harder battle—'The Battle of Hearts' and was this time mortally wounded. Therefore Charlie Kelly married."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE REVIEW

"The REVIEW is certainly a wonderful link with the old school. I should like to take out a life subscription."

"I wish to thank you and all the boys for the way in which you have kept us all up in the College affairs by sending us each issue of the REVIEW. It is



certainly the most looked-forward-to magazine that we could get and with the old boys' department is much more like a personal letter."

"I receive the REVIEW regularly each quarter and I would like to assure the present boys that I always read it through and through with much interest, which naturally brings back many pleasant memories of the three years in which I spent there.

"When I look over the long list of names of Old Boys and see the awards received by them, it makes me feel proud to be able to say that I attended St. Andrew's College."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IN AT THE DEATH

"Our Battalion was fortunate enough to be in at the death at Mons, and we got a great reception there the morning we entered the City, some ten hours before the Armistice was signed. I have never seen a sight that impressed me as much as the celebrations that morning in the Grand Place at eleven a.m. Units representing the Brigade were formed up in front of the Hotel de Ville, also a troop of Imperial Lancers. The Square was packed with civilians, even the faces of the buildings being covered with them which gave one the impression of huge flies on a wall. Overhead about twenty or thirty of our Scout Machines were circling about, crossing and re-crossing just above the buildings and causing great excitement amongst the civilians. When Brigadier General Clark arrived we gave him the General Salute, after which he called for three cheers for King Albert. We then marched past, the Bands playing the Belgian and French National Anthems, and it was the most stirring thing I have ever experienced to hear the people sing."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WINTER IN SIBERIA

"It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise to me to find on my arrival in Siberia a box with Christmas greetings from the boys of the dear old College."

"We left Victoria the day after Christmas, after spending a month or so training there. I have had a more comfortable passage, but on the whole it wasn't so bad. We were on a cargo ship of about twelve thousand tons, and there was very little deck room and we had rather a hard time getting exercise. It took us about 20 days to come over as unfortunately we ran into pretty bad weather. From the ship we could get a splendid view of the town and the surrounding country. The town is situated at the foot of a series of low mountains which run down to the Coast, and it certainly looked a cold grey spot as we saw it from the ship. We are at present in barracks about ten miles out of town which were occupied by the Russians during the Jap campaign, and with a few exceptions are in very good condition. They are constructed to stand the cold with walls three or four feet thick and double windows throughout, and the climate although very cold is much better than I anticipated. It seems to be a much dryer cold than we get at home and you don't notice it so much. I was very much surprised at the little snow—there is hardly any on the streets and we are able to use the few motors we have without much trouble. We have been issued with all sorts of warm clothes, sheepskin lined coats, fur caps and mitts, shoe packs, moccasins, and almost every kind of woollens you can think of, so

have managed to keep warm. I have been into town on more than one occasion. It is very much overcrowded, the population having almost doubled during the last year or so. It is very interesting to walk down the main street, one sees soldiers of every nationality—Russians, Japs, Czecho-Slovaks, Italians, French, Americans, and of course a good many of our own men."

\* \* \* \* \*

### A REDUCTION IN WEIGHT

"This town, Huy, is right on the Meuse River between Namur and Liege. Our window looks out over the Meuse with its big barges and fussy little tugs, beyond is the only remaining bridge which was partially destroyed in '14, and past that the old houses along the river front, the ancient cathedral, and high above them all the great fort, one of those in which the Belgians placed such great reliance prior to the days of big guns and flames. I suppose several fellows have told you of Cologne in their letters. What struck me most when I first went there was the prosperous look of the city—the restaurants were going full swing, good orchestras in most of them. The stores look more Americanized than in any other place I have been, and in all of the most financial ones there were several who spoke English well. The waiters in the restaurants spoke English. I met one man who had lived for ten years in Hamilton and Toronto and several who had been in the 'peg. They all seemed to be down on the Kaiser and Ludendorf but thought Hindenburg the big man. Then, again, I talked with a labourer who had worked on the Hamburg-American line and spoke English. He showed me his photo on his passport taken in 1914 and said he weighed 185 lbs. then. It was hard to believe he was the same man as he now only weighs 108 lbs."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I was in Brussels for the New Year, as our division gave a big Ball there on New Year's Eve. It was the first Ball given there by British officers on active service since the famous Ball on the eve of Waterloo, so that it was an historical as well as interesting event."

"It was held in the Hotel de Ville, one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. It is impossible to describe the decorations of that building, containing as it does some of the world's richest tapestries, and wood carvings. Burgomaster Max's room is superb. But to return to the dance."

"There were more than 2,000 guests present, including the Belgian Court, the various ambassadors, the British and American Colonies, the Prince of Wales, and many Generals from many armies, as well as other representative officers. There were three ball-rooms and two bands, and as the crowd was well handled, there was plenty of room for dancing at all times. The introduction to General Watson constituted an introduction to all of us, and thus many formalities were done away with. Programmes were issued but owing to the number of guests they were not used and as a result the dance assumed a most informal character that I am sure was most enjoyable for all."

"At five minutes to 12 o'clock the lights began to go out and the bugles blew Last Post. At midnight all was in darkness except a huge clock which had been erected at one end of the main hall-room. Its hands pointed to 12 o'clock. Around the face of it there was an illuminated scroll which read, "the year of



Glorious Peace has dawned." The clock struck twelve. The bugles blew Reveille and the lights flashed on. Then everybody joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne. It was most pathetic to see some of the women and girls of the British and American Colonies listening to the song with tears glistening in their eyes. Some of them broke down and cried outright. It must have brought many bitter sweet memories surging through their hearts, for it has been a long, long four years to them, for they were treated even more cruelly than the Belgians. Following the singing a grand march was formed and led by the pipers; it passed around the building and broke up when the ball-room was reached again. Dancing was then resumed and lasted until four o'clock when the Ball came to an end with the playing of the Belgian, French and British National Anthems. Throughout all arrangements were of the best, and I am sure the affair was very successful."

"One of the many interesting things in Brussels just now is the number of plaster-cast statues which have been erected in various principal thoroughfares. One is to King Albert, another to the Belgian Army, one to the British Army, one to the Americans, one to Miss Cavell, and so forth. It is proposed to execute these statues in marble and make them permanent. But the chief point about the temporary ones is that they were made while the Hun was still in possession of the City, various portions of each statue being made by different artists in secret in their cellars. The one to Miss Cavell stands in the great market place between the King's house and the Hotel de Ville and it is decorated daily with flowers by passersby who purchase them at the many carts which are always drawn up in the square."

"Externally Brussels does not seem to have suffered greatly at the hands of the invader, but I believe much damage has been done nevertheless. It is interesting to know that the pictures and so forth taken by the Huns from Lille and Valenciennes and other Cities are stored in the cellars of the Gallerie des Beaux Arts in Brussels. He got them that far and for some reason or other failed to take them into Germany."

# The School

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EDITOR—S. A. BEATH

## MEMORIAL SERVICE

On Sunday, February 2nd, in the afternoon at three thirty o'clock, there was held, in the College Chapel, a memorial service in honour of St. Andrew's College Old Boys who gave their lives in the war. Long before the appointed hour, every available seat was filled by Old Boys, their parents and friends.

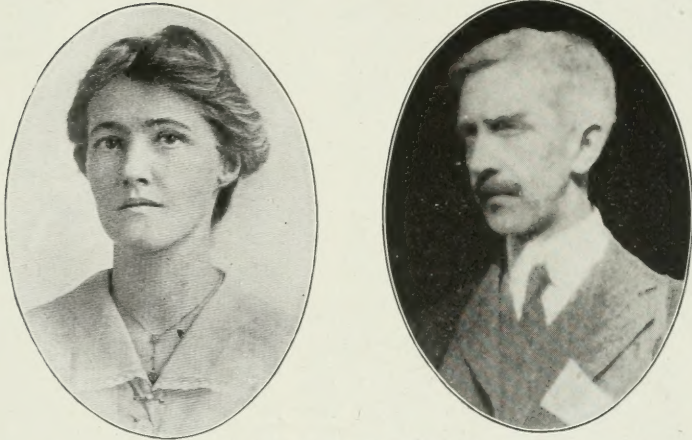
The service opened by the playing of the Marcia Funèbre (Beethoven), on the organ. After the invocation, the congregation sang the school hymn, "Fight the Good Fight." Then followed a statement by the headmaster regarding the part taken in the war by the Old Boys of St. Andrew's College.

The unrolling of the Service Flag, by Grant Gordon, the head prefect, was a ceremony of interest. The flag consists of a white field bearing the College crest and the numbers, "660" and "90," in blue and red maple leaves respectively, these figures denoting the number of Old Boys who were known to have enlisted and the number killed.

Reverend Principal Gandier of Knox College read the lesson, after which was the reading of the roll of departed Andreians by Mr. P. J. Robinson. The lament, "Lochaber No More," was played by Pipe Major Fraser; the solemn strains of the Dead March in "Saul" pealed forth from the organ, and the "Last Post" was sounded by the bugler, the congregation standing the while. A scripture reading by Sir Robert Falconer and the sounding of the "Reveille" followed.

A prayer read by the Reverend John Neil, D.D.; the hymn, "Who Are These Like Stars Appearing"; an address by Hon. the Venerable Archdeacon Cody, LL.D.; the hymn, "Oh God, our Help in Ages past"; the national anthem and the benediction concluded a service which many Andreians will long remember. With full hearts the congregation dispersed to the music of the Hallelujah Chorus.





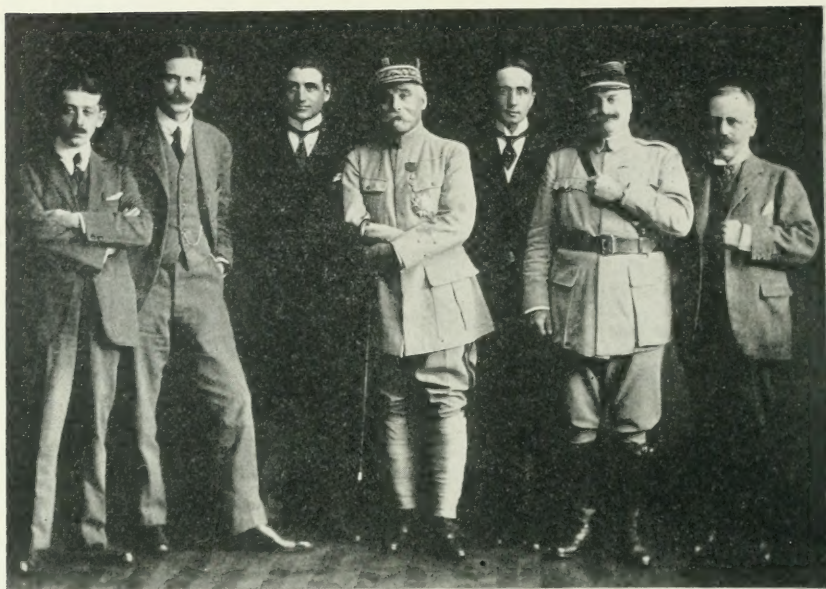
MR. and MRS. MAGEE

### WEDDING BELLS

It will be of very great interest to those friends who have not already learned of it through the press, to hear of the marriage of Mr. H. M. Magee, moderns master of the College, to Miss Alice Chisholm, daughter of His Honour Judge and Mrs. Chisholm of Kitchener. The wedding took place last July at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Magee have taken up residence at the School.

### THE VISIT OF GENERAL PAU

The visit to the school of General Pau and the other members of the French Commission, who were in Toronto recently, was an event of interest. The party arrived from Convocation Hall, where they had been received by the faculty and students of the University of Toronto, at eleven o'clock. The senior Cadet Corps in uniform was drawn up just inside the great doors of the College. After inspection the staffs of Knox College and St. Andrew's College were presented to the general by the Headmaster of St. Andrew's. A few words of pleasant conversation followed, after which the visitors departed to the music of several rousing "Hoot Mons" from the students.



To Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald M.A., D.D.  
 Headmaster of St. Andrew's College  
 Queen's Park  
 Toronto

En souvenir de notre visite trop  
 courte à votre Collège.  
 La Mission Française  
 25.2.19.

*A. Pau*  
 A. Siegfried

H. F. A. A. A.

Cherbourg et al.

*1/2 out*

*J. B. A. A.*

*H. Carrière*

OUR SOUVENIR OF GENERAL PAU'S VISIT



### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society has just closed another successful term's work. Meetings were held nearly every Friday evening and proved a source of enjoyment and education for us all. Mr. Tudball as president, Gordon I. as first vice-president, and Stonehouse as secretary, assisted by the other members of the executive, lent all their efforts to making the meetings interesting. In this they were assisted by the hearty cooperation of the school. Mr. Laidlaw and Mr. Fleming also contributed violin and vocal selections.

The two specialty nights—the “day-boys’” night and “Lower School” night were, as usual, very much appreciated. Much talent that had hitherto been unknown was unearthed at both these meetings, and some of the Junior House boys will no doubt remember their first “Lit” experience in later years.

### HONOUR FOR MR. HOLMES

Mr. R. Holmes, our popular teacher of writing and art, has been elected recently to the honourable position of president of the Ontario Society of Artists.

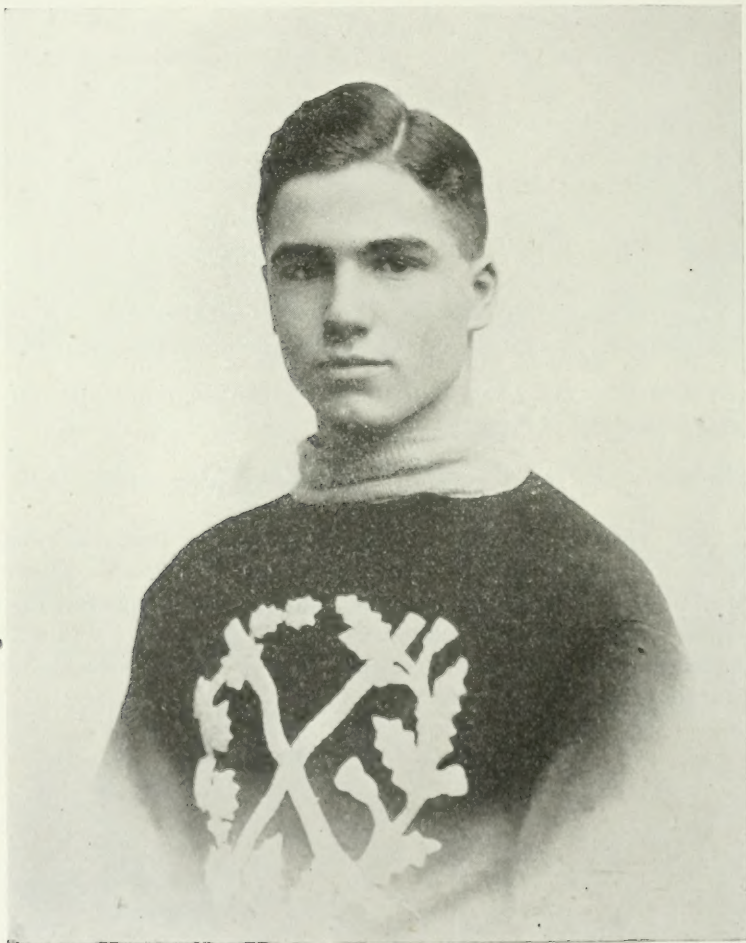
### THE CADET CORPS DANCE

For various reasons it was impossible to hold the annual Cadet Corps dance during the term just closed. However date has finally been set, and the members and their friends are looking forward to the evening of May the second. Old and new Andreians will mingle once more at “the” event of the school year in larger numbers than ever.

# Athletics

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D. I. GRANT,—Editor



A. GRANT GORDON  
Captain, First Rugby Team



**PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM**

GORDON I. ("Gord").—Right wing, second year as captain. Handled his team well and showed fine judgment. He possesses a wicked shot which was in no small way responsible for his team's victories.

PATTEN ("Bobs").—Right wing, second year on the team. The best all round. Fitted in well with both the defence and forward line. A good rusher with plenty of speed, a wicked shot and good stickhandling ability who ranks among the highest scorers. A little weak on back-checking.

HEAP ("Jimmie").—Centre, an old colour who showed great improvement over last year. A hard worker and dangerous around the nets with his stickhandling and careful shooting. Was among the leading scorers. Lacks weight but takes his "bumps." Played all season without a penalty.

McMULLEN ("Artie").—Left wing, another old colour. The best back-checker on the team. He sticks to his position. Is a little weak around the nets and not a goal-getter. Plays a clean game.

FINDLAY I. ("Dave").—Substitute. The only new colour on the forward line. Plays a hard, steady game but seems to lack the finishing touches. A good stickhandler. Played best in the second St. Mike's game.

RENDELL ("Ren").—Right defence. The third year on the team but on account of an injured knee played in only some of the games. A speedy rusher with a wicked shot but is inclined to shoot from outside the defence. Uses his weight to advantage and plays a good defensive game.

BEATH ("Stan").—Right defence. Another old colour. Didn't play in all the games. A hard worker but seemed unable to get away very much. Uses his body with good judgment.

FINDLAY IV. ("Bill").—Left defence. A new colour. Plays a strong defensive game and rushes well. A good stickhandler. Is inclined, perhaps, to circle too much.

Cameron I. ("Jack").—Goal. His second year on the team. Lived up to his former reputation by showing he was second to none as a goalkeeper in the group. Shows good judgment, especially when a man is in on him ; and always keeps cool.

## S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

On Monday, Jan. 13th, St. Andrew's met Upper Canada in our opening game of the "Prep" group of the O.H.A.

The teams lined up as follows :

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Mitchell
Beath.....	R. defence.....	Braithwaite
Rendell.....	L. defence.....	Beatty
Gordon.....	R. wing.....	Kirk
McMullen.....	L. wing.....	Swabey
Patten.....	Centre.....	Richardes
Heap and Findlay I. ....	Substitutes.....	Gill and Highland

The game opened with a rush by U.C.C. and Beatty shot from outside but Cameron cleared nicely and Rendell carried the puck out of the danger zone. Both teams now settled down and the goal-tenders had nothing but long shots to handle until Richardes got the puck on a scramble in front of Cameron and batted in U.C.C.'s first counter. Both teams now called frequently on their substitutes, Heap and Findlay I. replacing Patten and McMullen and Highland of Upper Canada taking the place of Kirk. The score at the end of the first period stood

S.A.C., 0 ; U.C.C., 1.

The second period opened with a rush but, after a few moments, both teams weakened and the game developed for a time into a contest between the net guardians.

After about ten minutes of play, Heap broke through the U.C.C. defence and beat Mitchell cleanly.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 1.

S.A.C. now began to play hockey and Rendell, taking the puck from behind the S.A.C. goal, beat the whole Upper Canada team, including the goalkeeper.

S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 1.

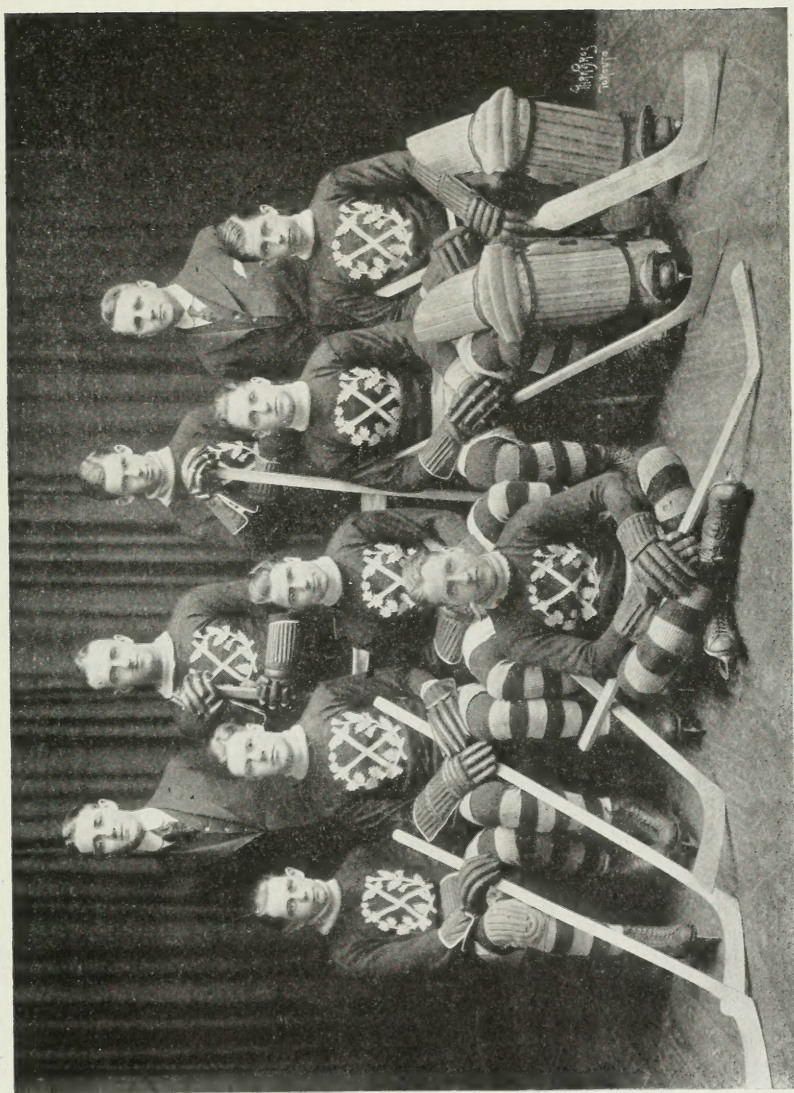
Five minutes later Heap again bulged the net with a fine shot that Mitchell never saw.

After five minutes of play in the final period, Richardes took a pass from Swabey and bulged the net for U.C.C.'s second score.

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 2.

Upper Canada now placed all their hopes on Beatty and he tried again and again to even the score but was unsuccessful.





THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Just before the gong rang Gordon got away for a rush but his shot missed by inches and score remained :

S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 2.

#### NOTES.

For St. Andrew's, Heap on the forward line and Rendell on the defence were the stars, while Cameron in goal was in no small way responsible for our victory.

Beatty and Richarides were U.C.C.'s best men, the latter scoring both Upper Canada's goals.

### S.A.C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S

The line-up :

S.A.C.		S.M.C.
Cameron .....	Goal .....	James
Beath .....	Defence .....	O'Connor
Findlay I. ....	Defence .....	Munro
Heap .....	L. wing .....	Cronin
Gordon .....	R. wing .....	Legge
Patten .....	Centre .....	Rocque
Findlay I., Boles .....	Substitutes .....	Halloran,
		Servais.

#### THE GAME.

St. Andrew's opened with a rush and for five minutes bombarded the S.M.C. goal but failed to score.

St. Michael's came back strong and on a combination slipped the puck past Cameron, Rocque making the tally.

S.A.C., 0 ; S.M.C., 1.

St. Mike's continued the attack but could not get past Beath and Findlay.

The S.A.C. forwards began to play fine hockey, and their back-checking held the St. Michael's forwards at centre ice.

A few moments later Gordon recovered the puck from behind the S.A.C. net, and, fooling the whole S.M.C. team, scored St. Andrew's first goal with a shot from the side.

S.A.C., 1 ; S.M.C., 1.

Heap got the puck on the face-off and, eluding his check, supplemented Gordon's trick with a shot the St. Michael's goaler didn't see.



Cameron was now called upon to stop some hard shots and he responded well. Gordon scored S.A.C.'s 3rd goal just as the gong sounded.

S.A.C., 3 ; S.M.C., 1.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

The play now became fast and loose and in 10 minutes Findlay IV. had added one more tally to the S.A.C. score while St. Michael's had twice beaten Cameron, leaving the score

S.A.C., 4 ; S.M.C., 3.

From a scramble in front of the net, Rocque tied the score, but two minutes later Patten again put the college in the lead on a perfect pass from Findlay.

S.A.C., 5 ; S.M.C., 4.

Both teams now tightened up and for the remainder of the period there was no further scoring.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

The final period was marked by many lone rushes by both sides and many fine saves by the net guardians.

A minute after the face off, S.M.C. beat Cameron on a shot from inside the defence, a feat which they repeated, after a hard struggle, in front of the net.

The play again became loose and in 10 minutes the score stood S.A.C., 9, S.M.C., 7, Gordon, Patten and Heap doing the scoring for St. Andrew's.

With a two-goal lead, S.A.C. played on the defensive, and thanks largely to Cameron's wonderful work in the nets, the game ended

S.A.C., 9 ; S.M.C., 7.

#### NOTES.

Gordon, Heap and Cameron played stellar hockey for the winners, while Patten played his usual steady, consistent game.

For the losers, O'Connor and Rocque played a fine game, and they undoubtedly saved their team from a greater defeat.

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#### S.A.C. at U.C.C.

The return game with U.C.C. took place on January 27th. Both schools were largely represented. The teams lined up as follows :

S.A.C.		U.C.C.
Cameron	Goal	Mitchell
Beath	Defence	Beatty
Findlay IV.	Defence	Brathwaite
Gordon	Centre	Richardse
Heap	L. wing	Swabey
Patten	R. wing	Kirk
Findlay I., McMullen	Substitutes	Gill, Highland

## FIRST PERIOD.

In the second game both teams played much more combination and consequently the hockey was of much higher quality.

In the first five minutes the S.A.C. forwards broke through three times and at last their efforts were rewarded when Heap beat Mitchell on a pass from the wing.

S.A.C., 1 ; U.C.C., 0.

The combination of the S.A.C. forwards was superior to that of the U.C.C. line and before many minutes had passed, Patten added another tally to the St. Andrew's score.

S.A.C., 2 ; U.C.C., 0.

Heap got the puck on the face-off, and circling Beatty on the U.C.C. defence, bulged the net with a fine shot.

The period ended : S.A.C., 3 ; U.C.C., 0.

## SECOND PERIOD.

Patten opened the period with a shot that Mitchell didn't see.

S.A.C., 4 ; U.C.C., 0.

U.C.C. began to weaken and the St. Andrew's forwards rushed past their checks again and again, but Mitchell's fine work in the nets saved his team time after time and there was no further score until Heap and Findlay combined for S.A.C.'s 5th counter.

The period ended two minutes later.

## THIRD PERIOD.

The U.C.C. team braced up and it was five minutes before Patten again scored on a rebound from Mitchell's pads.

S.A.C., 6 ; U.C.C., 0.

U.C.C. got away twice but Cameron saved both times, once coming out to meet Beatty.

Findlay I. now replaced Heap and played his position well, cooperating with Gordon for the final tally.





THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

U.C.C. tried hard to pull down the lead but they could not beat Cameron and the game ended :

S.A.C., 7 ; U.C.C., 0.

#### NOTES.

The whole S.A.C. team played peerless hockey, but if a star is to be chosen, the laurels certainly go to Cameron, whose work in the nets left nothing to be desired.

### S.A.C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S

St. Andrew's met St. Michael's for the second time on January 29.

The line up :

S.A.C.		S.M.C.
Cameron.....	Goal.....	Egan
Rendell.....	Defence.....	O'Connor
Findlay IV.....	Defence.....	Munro
Gordon.....	Centre.....	Rocque
Patten .....	R. wing.....	Legge
Heap.....	L. wing.....	Cronin
Findlay I. and		Halloran and
McMullen.....	Substitutes .....	Servais
Referee—Willard Box.		

The first period was a fine exhibition of fast, clean hockey both teams were in excellent condition and both determined to win.

Rocque opened the score for S.M.C. with a shot that bounded in off Cameron's pads.

S.A.C., 0 ; S.M.C., 1.

The S.A.C. forwards came back harder than ever and Gordon, playing peerless hockey, scored two goals in as many minutes.

End of first period : S.A.C., 2 ; S.M.C., 1.

Determined to even the score, St. Michael's bombarded the S.A.C. net and Cameron was called upon to act quickly, on several occasions.

Five minutes later Heap added another one to the score from a scramble in front of the S.M.C. net.

End of first period : S.A.C., 3 ; S.M.C., 1.

The forwards of both teams were playing fine combination and both goalers had their hands full to clear the shots that were rained on them.



O'Connor was playing fine hockey for St. Michael's but he couldn't beat Cameron.

Patten got possession of the sphere behind the S.A.C. goal, and beating the S.M.C. defence scored S.A.C.'s 4th counter.

O'Connor came back and beat Cameron.

S.A.C., 4 ; S.M.C., 3.

In the next ten minutes the play loosened up considerably and at the end of the period the score stood

S.A.C., 5 ; S.M.C., 3.

#### THIRD PERIOD.

St. Michael's tried hard to pull down S.A.C.'s lead.

The play was snappy and after two minutes O'Connor notched a goal of S.M.C. Gordon and Heap came back and the former again scored. S.A.C., 6 ; S.M.C., 4.

Five minutes later Gordon repeated his trick, assisted by Heap and Rendell. S.A.C., 7 ; S.M.C., 4.

Just as the gong rang for full time, Rocque slipped one past Cameron for S.M.C.'s last tally.

The game ended : S.A.C., 7 ; S.M.C., 5.

#### NOTES.

Gordon and Patten played fine hockey on the forward line. Both rushed well and played combination of a higher quality than in any previous game.

Rendell, Findlay IV. and Cameron made a defence that the St. Michael's forwards found almost impossible to penetrate.

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#### S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

Two games were next played with the University of Toronto Schools to decide the championship of the "Prep. Group."

The line-up :

S.A.C.		U.T.S.
Cameron .....	Goal .....	Sullivan
Rendell .....	Defence .....	Munro
Findlay IV .....	Defence .....	Rowell
Heap .....	Centre .....	Aggett
Patten .....	L. wing .....	Greey
Gordon .....	R. wing .....	Jeffries
McMullen and		Kearns and
Findlay I .....	Substitutes .....	Nettlefield

## FIRST PERIOD.

From gong to gong both teams played fast, clean hockey.

Jeffries opened the scoring for U.T.S. when Cameron was "benched" for going on his knees.

The S.A.C. forwards set the pace and drove several shots in on the U.T.S. goal but Sullivan stopped everything.

U.T.S. again tallied on a scramble in front of Cameron.

U.T.S., 2 ; S.A.C., 0.

Findlay IV. got the puck and beat the whole U.T.S. team, but Sullivan came out and stopped the shot.

The period ended : U.T.S., 2 ; S.A.C., 0.

## SECOND PERIOD.

In the first few moments of this period both teams resorted to individual rushes. Rendell twice got through the Munro and Rowell defence but failed to score.

Five minutes later Patten got away and shot. The puck dropped over Sullivan's stick but the referee called it not in, and Munro, getting the puck on the face-off, beat the S.A.C. defence and scored U.T.S.'s third counter.

With a minute to go, Gordon got the puck behind the S.A.C. goal and outskating the U.T.S. forwards, beat Sullivan with the finest shot of the game.

U.T.S., 3 ; S.A.C., 1.

## THIRD PERIOD.

Jeffries of U.T.S. started the scoring in the third period on a pass from Aggett at centre.

U.T.S., 4 ; S.A.C., 1.

St. Andrew's came back hard and again and again eluded their opponents but Sullivan played defence and goal for his team and treated all shots alike.

With five minutes to play, S.A.C. put four men on the forward line, but although they forced the play into U.T.S. territory they were unable to score, while Munro added one more tally to his team's account.

The game ended : U.T.S., 5 ; S.A.C., 1.



## S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

In the second S.A.C. vs. U.T.S. game the teams lined up as follows :

S.A.C.	U.T.S.
Cameron .....	Goal..... Sullivan
Patten.....	Defence..... Munro
Findlay IV.....	Defence..... Rowell
Heap.....	Centre..... Aggett
Gordon.....	R. wing..... Jeffries
McMullen.....	L. wing..... Greey
Beath and	Kearns and
Findlay I.....	Substitutes..... Nettlefield

## FIRST PERIOD.

Gordon got the puck on the face-off, passed the U.T.S. forwards and missed the post by inches.

Aggett came back but Cameron saved nicely.

Individual rushes were the feature until Jeffrey and Aggett began the scoring on a fine combination play.

U.T.S., 1 ; S.A.C., 0.

After 5 minutes of rushing and counter-rushing, Patten got through alone and beat Sullivan with a beautiful shot.

U.T.S., 1 ; S.A.C., 1.

Munro got away and put U.T.S. in the lead from a shot inside the defence, a trick which he duplicated a moment later.

End of 1st period : U.T.S., 3 ; S.A.C., 1.

## SECOND PERIOD.

U.T.S. started away with a rush and at the end of ten minutes U.T.S. had three more tallies added to their score.

S.A.C. now tightened up and Patten got past Rowell and scored S.A.C.'s second goal.

The period ended : U.T.S., 6 ; S.A.C., 2.

## THIRD PERIOD.

U.T.S. forced the pace, but S.A.C. held together and the University Schools were unable to score. Patten and Findlay played excellently on the defence and the forwards stuck to their opponents and there was no more scoring until with five minutes to go Munro and Aggett beat Cameron on lovely combination.

S.A.C. now played five men up and tried hard to pull down the lead but the time was too short and when the gong sounded the score stood :

S.A.C., 2 ; U.T.S., 6.

#### NOTES.

The two games with the U.T.S. were our hardest battles. It is difficult to choose individual stars, because every man played his position and played it well. Gordon, however, is certainly to be complimented on the way in which he led his men against the Junior Champions of Canada. We were beaten but the School is proud of the team that stood next to the O.H.A. Junior champions in the honour list of the "Prep. Group."

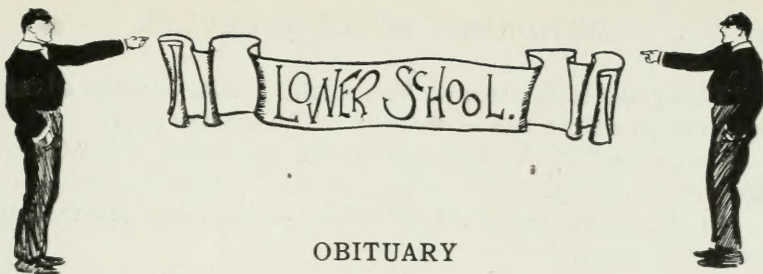
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#### IN MARITIMA

Down by the sea where the rock-ribbed shore  
Resounds to the seasong o'er and o'er,  
Down where the hills and the valleys meet,  
Where the songbird carols a song so sweet,  
Through the maple groves all the livelong day,—  
Down by the sea, and the month is May.  
The odour of violets mingles there  
With the virile breath of the salt sea air ;  
And murmuring brooks in the forest dim,  
Accord with the vibrant ocean hymn ;  
There, seaweed scattered upon the sand,  
Just touches the green of the meadow land,  
And kisses of white sea foam lie light,  
On the Mayflower buds all pink and white.  
There, green crowned hills are mirrored deep,  
In the crystal pool, like a world of sleep ;  
And ships sail by like white-winged dreams,  
And sunset gold on the ocean gleams.  
Oh ! The heart is glad when the month is May,  
For the sun shines bright through the livelong day,  
And life—it is sweet as sweet can be,  
In the Mayflower land by the Eastern Sea !

D. G.





## OBITUARY

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of one of our First Form boys—J. M. Miller, 12 years of age. The news came as a great shock to us. He was in his class as usual on Thursday, Feb. 13, and on Saturday, Feb. 22, we learned of his death from influenza.

Miller was a general favourite with the boys and masters. He had a generous disposition, with a winning smile always on his face, which won for him many friends. He was a good sport, nearly always to be found in the "soccer" games after school, and taking his "gym" with enthusiasm. Though not a brilliant scholar, he took his work seriously and tried hard, and was always pleased when he did well. His funeral took place on Monday, Feb. 24, to which the boys of his Form sent a beautiful floral decoration as a token of their sympathy and sorrow. We all miss him ; and extend to his sorrowing parents, whose only son he was, our deepest sympathy.

R. C. P.

---

## MR. TUDBALL'S APPOINTMENT

The appointment of Mr. T. B. D. Tudball to the position of Master-in-charge of the Lower School has given much satisfaction to both masters and boys. His experience, covering two and a half years of actual fighting in the war zone of France and Flanders, will render him a valuable teacher of boys who at this time are receiving their elementary education. Also his kindly nature and his long experience in educational work promise well for the efficiency of this important department of St. Andrew's College.

---

## LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY

Owing to influenza and other diseases being epidemic in the city, it was thought best to limit Lower School hockey as much as possible. As a result only one game was played, that is, with Model School.

This game took place on Feb. 19th. Model had the advantage both in weight and experience. The ice was poor.

At the end of the first period, the score was : S.A.C., 0 ; Model, 0.

In the second period Model broke through our defence and scored four goals.

Also Model forwards outplayed our boys in the third period and shot seven goals.

Score : Model, 11 ; S.A.C., 0.

For Model School, Miller and Roedding starred.

Patterson III., King and Carrick III. played best hockey for St. Andrew's.

Our line-up was as follows :—Forwards, Skeaff, Patterson III., Hambly ; defence, King, Carrick III.; goal, Lewis ; substitutes, Clift II. and Reid.

H. R. M.

### LOWER SCHOOL "LIT."

The Lower School "Lit." on Friday evening, March 21st, was a great success and a long programme was successfully rendered. One of the best numbers of the evening was a sketch on "Nothing in Particular," by Beer, McLean, and Gillespie. Cameron gave a good violin solo, and the singing of Wood, McMurtry, and Noonan was liked by all. Blauvelt's recitation of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was dashinglly orated, the line, "sattered and shundered," being particularly impressive. Kerswill gave a good recitation. Skeaff read the History notes, which were also good. Patterson III. acted as critic.

D. J. M.

### LOWER SCHOOL SKITS

D. J. MACGILLIVRAY, EDITOR

Mr. King to Bethune : "What is Brussels noted for ?"

Bethune : "Sprouts, sir !"

Mr. Palmer to Prep. Form Boy : "What's the difference between a lake and an ocean ?"

P.F.B. : "Well, sir, when you fall in one tastes fresher !"



Mr. Chapman to Clift II.: "You should never box a fat boy."

Clift II.: "Why, sir?"

Mr. Chapman: "Because he is sure to put up a stout resistance!"

---

New Boy: "What's the matter with the Head's eyes?"

Old Boy: "They're all right as far as I know. Why?"

New Boy: "Well, I had to go and see him in his study yesterday afternoon and he asked me twice where my hat was and it was on my head all the time."

---

Robertson to Grayson: "Is it cold up there?"



LOWER SCHOOL

Cameron to Lewis: "How long did it take you to learn to ride your motor bike?"

Lewis: "Oh, about three."

Cameron: "Three what?"

Lewis: "Motor bikes, of course."

A Prep. Form boy's mother sent this somewhat satirical note to the master :

"Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie's right ear until it is longer than the other. Please pull his left ear for awhile and oblige his mother."

---

"What's your boy's favourite subject ?"

"I asked him yesterday and he said anthropology."

"Why they don't teach that in his school !"

"Well, maybe that's the reason he likes it ; he isn't bothered by it."

---

Three Prep. form boys were playing on a bench in the Quad. One had piled and patted the mud into a racing motor car, another had constructed with fair success a touring car. But what the third little fellow had made was without form. "What is your car ?" he was asked. He looked rather uncertain until the questioner continued : "It looks like two or three cars together." "That what it is," he said loftily, "mine's a collision."

---

Uncle to one of Mr. Palmer's young hopefuls : "Well, Johnnie, my dear, how are you getting on with your French ?" "Oh, very well, uncle. We translate quite nice sensible questions now, such as—'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' or—'It is quite certain that my uncle will give me something quite splendid this time.'"

---

### EXCHANGES

Now that the war is over and our schools and colleges are attaining such a state of well being that they did not enjoy even in pre-war days, we expect to see a decided change in our Exchange Department. It is going to be much bigger. Every year more schools realize the need of a publication of their own and when they publish their initial number they are surprised and delighted to learn what they can do. It will take time and work but the work is congenial and the journalistic training acquired from it is exceedingly helpful. It develops talent for writing, for drawing,



for making jokes, and above all for the art of getting things done. A school magazine, like a school yell, unites the whole institution and helps the school spirit. The magazines that have come to our desk are excellent samples of what college papers can be and any school thinking of starting one would do well to write to any of the schools given below for a copy of its journal.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges :

Black and Red—University Schools, B.C.

Boone Review—Boone University, Wuchang, China.

Blue and White—Rothsay Collegiate School.

Excelsior—Ingersoll Collegiate.

Ashburian—Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Lake Lodge Record—Lake Lodge School, Grimsby.

Inklings—Ethical Culture School, New York.

Acadia Athenæum—Wolfville, N.S.

Vox Lycei—Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Acta Ridlieana—Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Ontario Agricultural College—Guelph.

Western Canada College—Calgary.

The Black and Red : You have a splendid Honour Roll. The stories are too short and some skits would brighten your magazine.

Boone Review : You have an excellent magazine. The articles are very comprehensive. There are no stories or light matter, however.

Excelsior : For so young a magazine your publication is a splendid one. Your form notes are especially good. A few stories and pictures would improve it.

Asburian : You need more pictures and the Joke Corner is much too small. A compact little magazine, well arranged.

Lake Lodge Record : Cuts are very good and the jokes are good although they are not connected with the School.

Inklings : A clever magazine. Your fiction makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

Acadia Athenæum excels in its poetry. A few more stories would make it more entertaining.

Vox Lycii : Undoubtedly is one of our best exchanges. Your Victory number is a very striking one. You have an Honour Roll

to be proud of. But don't you think the size of your joke department almost overbalances the rest of your magazine?

Acta Ridlieana : Pictures are rather small and stories short. Just a record of athletic events.

Ontario Agricultural College Review has good articles. The "locals" are clever and amusing. A very attractive magazine.

College Times : Some articles of general interest would be appreciated ; otherwise a fine magazine.

Western Canada College Review : Poets' Corner good. Joke department might be larger.

---

### SOCIETY NOTES

Invitations are out for the barn-raising at the Duke of Petrolea's country home, "Krude Oil." The guests are to include Baron Buttsky McDonolvitch, Bolshevik Ambassador to Monte Carlo, and Cayenne Emory, the prominent tonsorial magnate. It is expected that a large following of creditors will also be there.

---

Mr. Worter Rendell is spending the holiday with Slypshawed Stonehouse at the Wallaceburg "Crick."

---

Professor N'orful Clare's recital last evening at the Preservatory was well attended. Lady Sissons, in black net (mosquito) carried a bunch of geraniums, and was attended by Premyss Clark, the heavyweight boxer. Some of the numbers included "Mary" and "Helen," but the referee refused to allow the latter as it implied profanity. This evoked considerable applause from the very critical audience, who went home impressed by the resultant brick barrage conducted by Professor Clare.

---

The Misses Shyflersh Grayson and Amiline McCarter are receiving to-day. Refreshments, 15c.

---

Lady Kitt Gordon is the rage at Beacon Beach this season. Her latest creation is a bathing suit with complete waterproof pockets for powder and face cream. The cloth is scarlet, trimmed with yellow, having chic bars of green ribbons on the shoulders and a heavy leather belt. This, Lady Gordon asserts, gives the desired military touch.



Colonel Earle, who last year commanded the first battalion of Jordan Highlanders, is now back in civil life. However, he still dons the uniform daily, his war cry now being "Fags."

---

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---

The eminent writer and experienced raconteur, Mr. Eddie Loomis, is working on his new novel, "Women I have known."

---

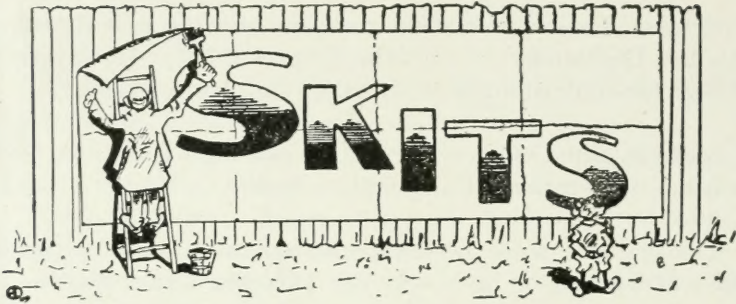
Miss Olive McVean has gone to New York to conduct the "Woman's Page" of the "Weekly Splash."

---

Mlle. Travellina Miller spent a few days with us this week.

---

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Mary McPherson and Mr. Harried Gear. Erin papers please copy.



W. E. McDONALD—EDITOR

How to remove surplus hair : Send Emory to the barber shop.

McLean I.: "How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

Robertson I.: "About ten minutes."

McLean : "I do it in two."

Robertson I.: "Yes, but I wash."

Mr. King : "What is the plural of man?"

Park III.: "Men."

Mr. King : "And the plural of child?"

Park III.: "Twins."

Loomis (to girl at hockey match) : "That is our best man."

Girl : "Oh, this is so sudden."

Mr. Magee (to new boy) : "What is your name?"

N.B.: "Findlay, sir."

Mr. Magee : "Findlay what, primus or secundus?"

N.B.: "Findlay infimus, I think was what Dr. Macdonald said I was going to be."

Thorley (translating Virgil) : "Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck——."

Mr. Robinson : "Go on."

Thorley : "That is as far as I got, sir."

From McVean's examination paper : "His mother belonged to a good French family but his father was a pheasant."



## SPORTING

The annual Inter-House Marble Championships were successfully concluded April First in the school quad. The line-up was as follows :

Upper House	Lower House
"Shutestrate" Rendell.....Spotter.....	Carrick III.
"Backslap" Earle.....Roller.....	Bingham II.
"Backfire" Beath (skip)....Treasurer.....	Robertson IV. (skip)

Great enthusiasm was evinced by both Upper and Lower Houses. The Upper House Rooter's Club was out in force led by Pat McVean. The Upper's were favourites, being more experienced, and having the services of the adept Mr. Carmichael as coach. Mr. Tudball's team were no mean aggregation and gave the fans a surprise. The game was handled by Doctor Macdonald.

The game follows in detail :

Rendell, who was handicapped last year, led off with a brilliant shot from "Taw." Skip Beath immediately declared "no nuth-ins." Carrick III., playing lead for the Juniors, rolled a wicked twirler, but "Backslop" Earle succeeded in spiking him. This brought forth cheers. Bingham II. then placed one in a most advantageous position but the Upper House skip, bent on doing damage to his opponents' alley, shot a fierce drop which split the gorgeous "dib." Bingham's grief upset his captain's aim and the first half ended—Upper House, one ; Lower House, nothing.

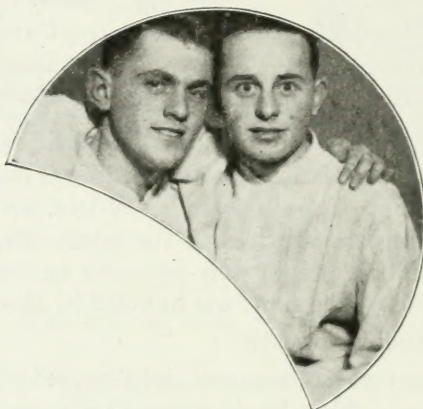
An intermission of ten minutes followed, during which Skip Beath was presented with a loving cup by his team mates, Earle and Rendell.

The last period opened fast and furious. The Lower House was now playing fine "dibs," every man playing his position coolly and well. The Uppers had the wind in their favour and were shooting down grade. On the next play Rendell brought the fans to their feet with a marvellous backslap from the cloister wall. Excellent shooting by the Lower House finally brought them victory, beating the seniors by a score of two to one. The spectators were amazed to see a fight spring up between Earle and Bingham. There is no doubt the farmer would have been crippled had his team mates not interfered.

All played magnificent marbles but special credit is due Skip Robertson. Beath handled his team splendidly and his headwork

saved the seniors from a greater defeat. Rendell and Earle both came up from last year's Seconds. The latter has a wicked shot and the former can certainly use his weight. The whole team will be available under the age limit next season.

H.R. AND S.B.



MOON FACES

Grant : "Why are Emory's shoes always so new looking ?"

McDougall : "Why, he is a boarder and never gets'a chance to wear them out."

---

When Murray's away  
 With his girl for a day  
 His hair is like that of a lover's ;  
 But when he's at school,  
 It is stated by Yuill,  
 That it smells very strongly of Glover's.

—Edward Loomis (1900— ?).

---

Mr. Fleming : "Do any of these questions bother you ?"

Cameron : "No, sir ; but the answers do."

---

Earl I. : "Lend me your penknife, I want to cut a dash."

---

Mr. Fleming : "How many kinds of triangles do you know, Thorley ?"

Thorley : "Two, sir, quadrilateral and rectangular triangles."



# St. Andrew's College

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McLean II.: "Sir, what a funny word wholesome is !"

Mr. Findlay : "What is funny about it ?"

McLean : "Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left."

---

They had never met B4,  
But what was she 2 care ;  
She loved him roderly—  
He was a 1,000,000aire.

STEWART GORDON ROBERTSON.

(From Trigonometry and Other Poems.)

---

Clare : "What play is on to-night ?"

Amo : "I forget the name of it; but it is that one in which Antony wants to borrow somebody's ears."

---

Mr. Laidlaw : "McVean, didn't I tell you to turn on the gas in the bathroom half an hour ago ?"

McVean : "Yes, sir, I turned it on ; can't you smell it ?"

---

Nurse : "Did you put the plaster on your chest, as I ordered, Piccott ?"

Piccott : "No, nurse, I had no chest so I put it on my valise."

---

McPherson I. (at phone) : "I love you truly. You are the idol of my dreams. Kiss me. When I meet you to-night. Sweet little buttercup. Only thee.

Mr. Tudball : "McPherson, what do you mean by talking to a girl like that ?"

McPherson : "Why, sir, I was not talking to a girl, I was ordering some music."

---

Rendell : "What are you taking for your cold, McLean ?"

McLean : "What will you give for it ?"

---

Mr. King (in lesson in Natural History) : "Robertson, what is a ground hog ?"

Robertson IV.: "Please, sir, it is a sausage."



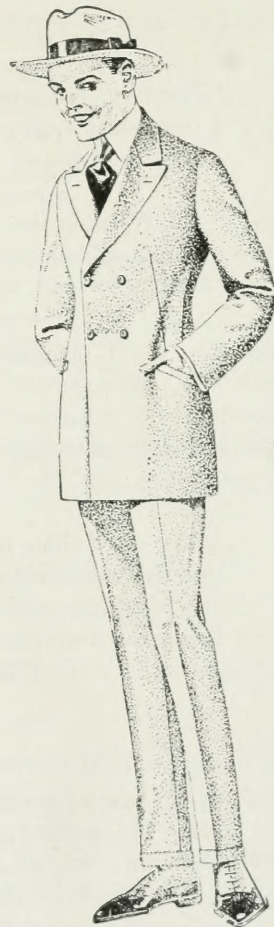


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Mr. Robinson : "Did you see Trojan's Column when you were in Rome?"

Black : "Yes, I read it every morning."

---

The fellow who has to eat a tough fowl soon loses his respect for old age.

---

Master : "Why did you not report on leaving?"

Findlay I. : "Sir, I saw your coat and hat in the master's room and I thought you were out."

---

X. : "How long can a fellow live without brains?"

Z. : "I don't know, how old are you?"

---

Emory : "What is the breath of suspicion?"

Clare : "I should say it was the one with the smell of cloves on it ; watch out, old man."

---

First Boy : "I intend to marry a girl who is my direct opposite."

Second Boy : "Better hurry up,—there aren't many wise, intelligent girls left, nowadays."

---

Mary ate a little lamb,  
For she was such a glutton,  
She wouldn't wait until the lamb  
Had grown up into mutton.

PATRICK McVEAN (Him Wrighter).

---

#### LATEST POPULAR SONGS

"She got her taste for cigarettes by kissing him goodnight." Words by Wyatt Macdonald and music by Norval Clare.

"Will spearmint keep its flavour on the bedpost overnight?" Words by A. W. Reynolds, music by Hi Gear.

"He swallowed a spoon and now he can't stir." Words and music by Cant Stirrett.

"Detention Blues." Words by Emory ; no music.



"My wild Yiddish Mose," with obligato for the jukelele,  
author unknown.

"Stewed again," no words, music lost.

---

Macgillivray : "Did you wash your neck ?"

Carrick II. : "Yes."

Macgillivray : "Try soap."

---

Leckie II. : "What have you been doing for the last three  
hours ?"

Findlay : "That's it,—three hours."

---

#### LATEST BOOKS

"The Reconstruction of Turkey," by the cook.

"Will China survive ?" by the diningroom staff.

"Greece, Old and New," by Ferguson.

---

"She asked if she could smile at me,  
I let her smile just twice,  
I shouldn't oughter done it,  
But she said I was so nice."

ROYAL STONEHOUSE (Poet Lariat).

---

Stirrett : "I hear they are going to tax talking machines."

Stonehouse : "Well, how much do you expect to have to  
pay ?"

---

If Findlay put Beer in Boles would Peene Stirritt ?

---

Loomis : "Gosh, it is raining."

Mary : "Well, take father's umbrella and perhaps he won't  
mind so much your coming back."

---

Dr. Hamilton : "Pugsley, I would advise you to keep an  
eye on that boil on the back of your neck."

---

Puzzle for the German class : What is the meaning of *Ge-  
fahr zone*, and why has Col. Taylor displayed this war trophy  
in a conspicuous position in his room ?

Also : Why is a similar board, inscribed *Gasraum*, hung up  
prominently in the Masters' Common-room ?

Place : Atlantic City board walk.

Time : Xmas holidays.

Dramatic Personæ : Mrs. Macdonald, "Tiff" Findlay (Lieut.); Capt. Brook Bell, interested American spectators.

Lady : Overwhelmed with excitement and enthusiasm, grasps Mrs. Macdonald by the arm, pointing to Findlay—"Has he been overseas ?"

Capt. Bell : "No, Madam, he has joined the infantry and is learning to walk."

---

Auld translating in French class :

*Un homme assez gras*—"A man seated on the grass."

---

Janitor : Delivering parcel in East House for Bruce King, but having a hazy idea as to his personality—

"Boys, who is King ?"

Calvert : George V. is king of course. Didn't you hear that Edward VII. was dead ?"

---

First Boy : "Why did the photographer change the background when taking Stirrett's picture ?"

Second Boy : "Because it was green, I suppose."

---

Favorite expressions of the upper VI. :—

McDougall : "Well, Sir, I seem to have—had—some Latin done for to-day—— !" (accompanied by divers scratchings of the head.)

Findlay : "Eh ! I'm afraid I don't know that, Sir.

Beath : "What's on at Sheas ?"

Gordon : "Who are the girls, Gerald ?"

Robertson : "Sir, I can't get that 17th question !"

Earle I. : "Why, down in New Brunswick—— !"

Grant : "I don't think we ought to go to school this afternoon, Joe !"

Dingman : "Say, have any of you fellows got your French written in ?"



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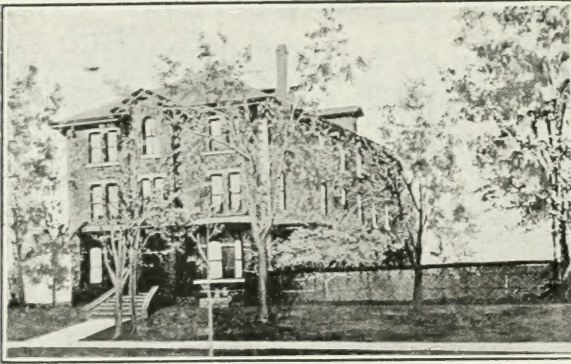
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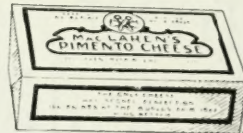


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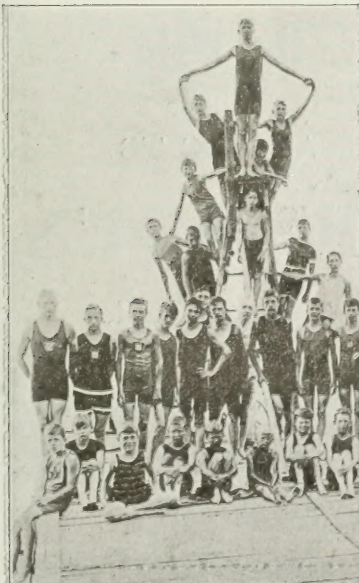
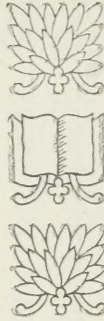
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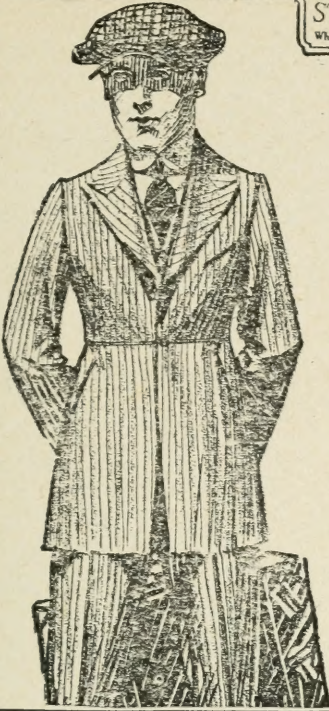
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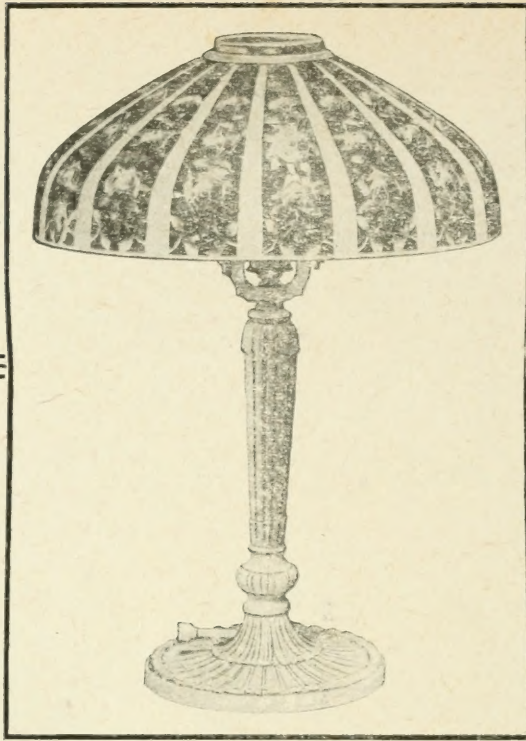
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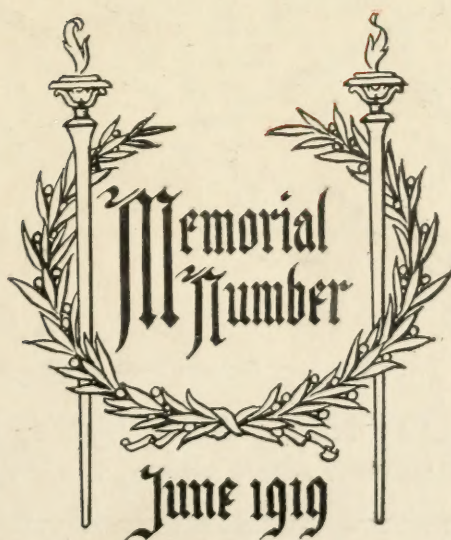
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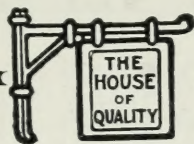
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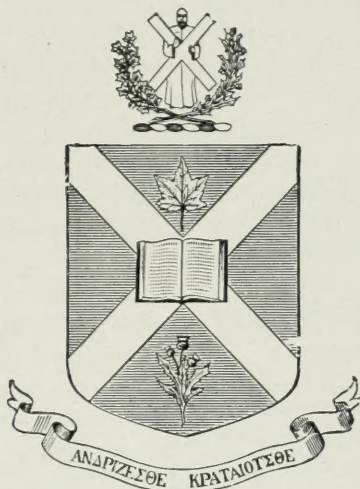
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Midsummer, 1919

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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

# Midsummer 1919

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# St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1919

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## EDITORIAL

In issuing this number of the REVIEW the editors have in mind, as a dominating thought, that of doing honour to the memory of Old Boys of St. Andrew's College who have given their lives as a sacrifice to British ideals. That it is but a poor tribute to those who have rendered so great a service we well know. Yet we do not think it fitting to refrain from doing what we can on that account. No act of tribute, however great, can in the smallest measure ever offset the sacrifice of life. Tribute paid to the memory of the dead is subjective. The objects of it no longer are influenced by our acts nor stirred by the gross manifestations of the human mind. Yet we are influenced by what they have done and the honour we pay to their memory is an index to our own ideals and our own capacity for appreciating what is noble and good. Such tribute is a species of symbolism. Devout worshippers sometimes make the sign of the cross when praying to the deity, in honour of the sacrifice of Calvary; a grateful people honour the memory of heroic dead by erecting memorials—a monument, a chapel, a tablet or the publication of a record of their deeds. Neither has an intrinsic value, and it is to no purpose but to reveal the secret of the heart.

Oftimes much incongruity of ideals is to be found in erected memorials. In these times when the worth of things is so often marked by the standard of utility, auditoriums, halls, libraries, and many other things of a purely utilitarian character have been dedicated to the memory of those whom we would honour. It is not fitting to erect a memorial in which sentiment is wholly obscured by utility. For if we divorce sentiment from our gifts we have nought left but a cold charity, the charity of the Pharisee who gives an alms that he may be seen of men. We cannot symbolize devotion and honour to the memory of others by adding to our own wealth and comfort. As well buy a gift of flowers for our living friend and use it to our personal purpose as to attempt to honour our dead friend's memory in like manner.

While the tribute we pay in this memorial number of the REVIEW cannot wholly be divorced from all matters not at one with

sentiment, yet our desire is to do honour to the memory of brave Andreans who fell in the cause which they undertook to champion. Their memory will live here and endure while generation after generation of schoolboys come and go. Traditions which they have created will remain undimmed, and while we hope that no future Andrean will ever have to emulate their example in fighting as they fought, yet we know that their bravery, unselfishness and cheerful submission to undesirable conditions will be followed in a thousand by-paths as the years pass on.

---

The splendid part played by the schools of Canada in the war has now become a matter of history. The quick response of Old Boys to their country's call, and the eagerness with which those yet of school age left the class room to enlist, shows a bodily and moral vigor that is a real asset to national greatness. Of the St. Andrew's Old Boys who were available for service we do not know of one who did not voluntarily put on the King's uniform. Is this not a record of which to be proud? Of the many factors contributing to uniformity of character among Andreans, the greatest perhaps is the uniformity of ideal that has always been kept before them. The present Headmaster assumed charge of the school during the first year of its existence, nearly twenty years ago, and every Andrean who has passed through the various forms has come under his influence and has been dominated by his ideals. And these have been ideals of service first, of struggle against the downward pull of indolence, of the necessity of playing the game to the end with the same vigour in a losing contest as one in which victory stands smiling at the goal. Nor has the Headmaster been alone in his efforts in character building. We know of many boys even now at the school who have been helped over a rough bit of road by the kindly encouragement of Mrs. Macdonald, or by equally kind reproof when needed. While St. Andrew's College has an individuality of its own which exists as an entity in itself and which impresses itself upon Andreans with indelible markings, this really is the result of concerted effort to implant an ideal on the part of the Headmaster, Mrs. Macdonald and members of the staff who have been with the school from its earliest days.

---

The information regarding Old Boys, published in this number of the REVIEW, is, of necessity, somewhat incomplete, though we have made every effort to procure the names of all who have been on active service, and photographs especially of those who have



been killed. But with a constituency as large as ours it has been well-nigh impossible not to have omissions. We are grateful to parents and friends of many of our former students, who have gone to much trouble in attending to our request for photographs and information regarding periods of service, decorations won and other matters.

---

In this, the last issue of the REVIEW for the current year, the editor-in-chief desires to express his appreciation of the help given him at all times, in the duties of his office, by members of the editorial staff and others. His work has been pleasant—very pleasant, rendered so by the spirit of co-operation on the part of every member of the editorial committee and by their desire to do the best work possible. We have always regarded the REVIEW as the boy's paper, and have refrained from publishing in it anything but students' work excepting on a few rare occasions when expediency demanded otherwise. We leave the editorial chair with the satisfaction of knowing that something has been accomplished, that boys have been influenced to do work which otherwise they would not have done. Our successor will find it an easy task to "carry on." We ask the boys, be they members of the present staff or others, to give to him the same efficient assistance which they have given to the present editor-in-chief.

---

Our friends will have observed that the REVIEW comes to them this issue with a special cover, designed and executed by Mr. Robert Holmes. We have been privileged to reproduce works of this artist at other times, and it is unnecessary to say that they have always added distinction to our humble effort. Truly we count ourselves fortunate to have as a friend and contributor a man of Mr. Holmes' genius. This cover design is his contribution to the memorial number of the REVIEW.

## A WORD FROM THE HEADMASTER

The decision of the Editorial Staff of the REVIEW to make this number somewhat memorial in character has my most cordial support. In their wisdom they have seen fit to ask the Headmaster for a message to their readers, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity thus offered me.

In the first place, may I state frankly, that I have been somewhat uncertain as to whom I am addressing. However, there is no doubt that the College paper is published largely for St. Andrew's College Boys, past and present. Therefore, it is to you, Andreans of the past and Andreans of the present, that I write. This issue of the REVIEW is more or less memorial in character. To attempt to write for it is to at once fill the mind of the writer with many thoughts of the War Record of the school. It has been rather wonderful, unusually so for a school the age of St. Andrew's, and may well afford us all a measure of satisfaction. It is not merely that so many boys voluntarily offered themselves in the time of need, remarkable as their numbers have been, but the quality of the service given in all ranks has been very gratifying and has proved a source of real inspiration to one who knew you all as boys, and who, over a period of nineteen years has seen successive generations of you go down to your conflict with the world. St. Andrew's Boys have given lavishly of their best in the great world struggle, and in the giving have brought renown to their school and warmed the heart of one who has never lost interest in them. Nor have those of you who were but school boys, too young to join the fighting forces, been found wanting. Your continued interest, your readiness to give, your evident spirit of service have in themselves been ample evidence that the heart of the school has been sound and its sinews strong. Now the great struggle is finished. Before another issue of our school paper goes to the press, the last Old Boy will have returned to his native soil. Those of you whose school days are over will again be facing the ordinary problems of life, but, facing them under extraordinary conditions. Your difficulties will be many, and your problems not easy of solution. Your country awaits with confidence the contribution to the national welfare which men of your training and opportunities can make. The present is a time of real national need, and I sincerely trust that once you have settled down, you will not be heedless of the call to



public service. Sanity of judgment, deliberateness of action and the spirit of service on the part of her thoughtful citizens is a vital necessity for Canada in these days of re-adjustment. Your ear must be open to the insistent call for self-sacrificing patriotism—a patriotism which will lead you to take an interest in the welfare of your community, even to the extent of foregoing personal ease and comfort. Your role must be more than that of mere criticism. Constructive leadership is your country's need to-day. You can best develop it by taking an active interest in your political institutions and your local organizations for social welfare. Remember always that no citizen has earned the right to criticize his Government, who has neglected his own opportunities to serve the people.

No greater satisfaction has come to your Headmaster in the many years of his responsibility as Head of your school than that offered by ample evidence in the last few years that the school has become known for its spirit of service. Whether you are an Andrian, past or present, keep that spirit alive, for it is humanity's pressing need, and it is necessary for your country's salvation. If your school days are over you will find opportunity for its exercise in your community, for wherever there are human beings you will find human needs.

If as school boy you read these words may I exhort you to take up your new school year in the Autumn with a determination to give rather than to get, to serve rather than be served. It is not merely that thus, by what may seem a strange paradox, you will get the most out of your school life, but that by such living you will best prepare yourself to take up in your turn the pressing burdens of thoughtful citizenship.

The record of our glorious past is in my mind. The forms of battered and maimed Old Boys who have fought, suffered and bled, are before me. The names of those who gave their all and will not return to the school they loved so well are vivid in my memory. As I think of it all I feel that unless we answer to the full the call to unselfish service we will have left our work unfinished, we will have allowed these Old Boys to suffer and die in vain.

The school herself has much to do in the discharge of her duty to the State. For never was there a time when Canada needed more than she does now a high standard of effort on the part of her residential schools. As you know, St. Andrew's is not at present in her own home. Much effort is necessary yet before she can become domiciled there. Her opportunities are unique, but she requires

the help of all her loyal sons if she is to take advantage of them. Therefore, fail her not. Loyally her Old Boys have undertaken a movement fraught with great things for her welfare, not merely in any financial aid given thereby, but in the deepening of the spirit of interest and assistance which must surely follow, if the movement is successful. Therefore, I take this opportunity of bespeaking your cordial and hearty support of the Old Boys' Committee in seeking to make the new buildings a suitable memorial of a remarkable and cherished record of high achievement in service to King and country.

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

---

## OUR BOYS

BY ANDREAN.

They came from homes far distant, East and West,  
Our schoolboy soldiers, who went forth to fight;  
Their hero hearts were ever for the right,  
Though often hid in froth of laugh and jest.  
And when on mother's lips a kiss they prest,  
And turned their faces to the awful night,  
The chaos of the war-zone was made bright,  
By their brave smiles, and aching hearts carrest.

But when they thought of parents, sister, home,  
And saw the devil-Hun within his Hell,  
Their British blood, in torrent of red wrath,  
Swept through their veins, like mountain-cascade foam,—  
Nor recked they of dear comrades who fell;  
But swept the Crimson Beast from out their path.



## E NOSTRIS MORTUI

*Andreani qui pro nobis et pro patria ante diem perierunt.*

Eric M. Abendana.  
Duncan Ledlie Anderson.  
Frederick Charles Andrews.  
Roy Harold Bastedo.  
Edward Osler Bath.  
Harvey Taylor Beecroft.  
Andrew Lesslie Bell.  
Trevor S. Bell.  
Paul Herrick Bigwood.  
Gerald Edward Blake.  
Hedleigh St. George Bond.  
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William Miller McCullough Geggie.  
Donald P. Gibson.  
J. D. Glover.  
Frederick John Gooch.  
Grant A. Gooderham.  
Duncan William Graham.  
Ward Campbell Greer.  
Edward Gordon Hanlan.  
William Neil Hanna.  
Howard Kilbourne Harris.  
Ralph Ewart Herald.  
Leslie Arthur Hyde.  
John Walter Ings.  
Kenneth William Junor.  
Ernest Reese Kappel.  
George Reese Kappel.  
Arthur Wilson Kilgour.  
Gerald G. Knighton.  
John Kay.  
Norman Burritt Lockhart.

Loudon Brian Melville Loudon.  
Patrick Douglas MacClure McLagan.  
Hugh Murray McQueen.  
William Broder McTaggart.  
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Maurice Edward Malone.  
Robert Geoffrey Masson.  
Theodore Charles May.  
Clark Cairnforth Stitzel Montgomery.  
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Freeman Munro.  
William McClain Munro.  
George Walter Nation.  
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Hugh Douglas MacIntosh Wallace.  
Guy Halifax Wallace.  
Raymond Broomfield Whitaker.  
Walter Dalrymple Williams.  
Joseph Harold Wilson.  
Jardine Turner Wilson.  
Edward Rozier Winter.  
Richard Shaw Wood.  
Douglas Ross Cameron Wright.  
Douglas Christie Wright.  
Henry Robert Lindsay Wright.  
Harold Verschoyle Wrong.  
William Beresford Yuille.

*"Corpora ipsorum in pace sepulta sunt, et nomen eorum vivit in generationem et generationem."*

Portraits  
of  
Old Boys  
who have been  
Killed in the War

---

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hollowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

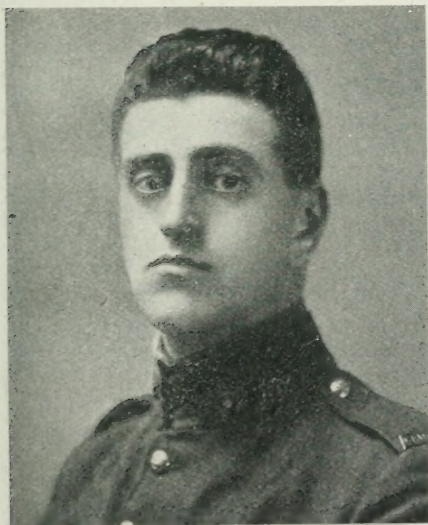




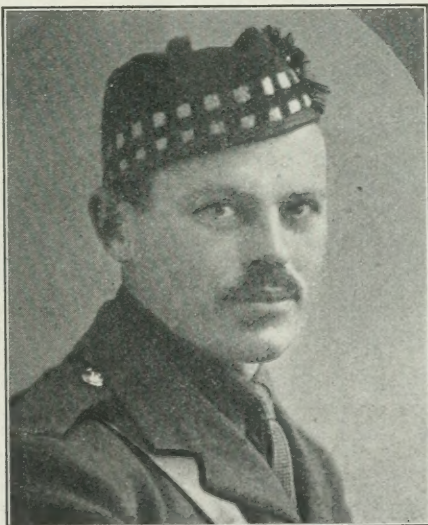
PTE. DUNCAN L. ANDERSON,  
Machine Gun Section, 109th Battalion.  
S.A.C., 1906.  
Died on Service June 14th, 1918.



LIEUT. ERIC M. ABENDANA,  
Canadian Engineers,  
S.A.C., 1905-1909.  
Died on Service Oct. 16th, 1918.



PTE. ROY H. BASTEDO,  
C.O.T.C.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1911.  
Died on Service Feb. 19th, 1918.

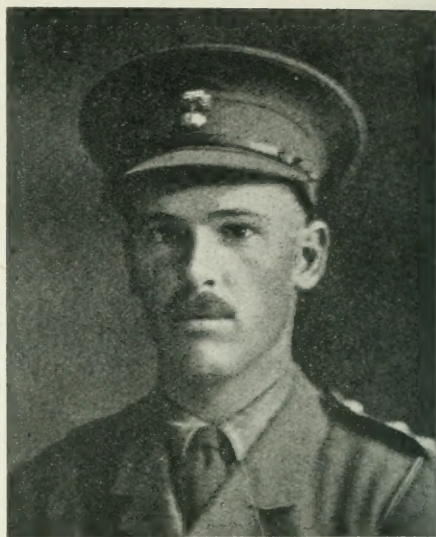


CAPT. E. O. (TOD) BATH,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907.  
Died on Service Nov. 23rd, 1918.



LIEUT. H. T. BEECROFT,  
7th Brigade,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913.

Presumed to have been killed in action Sept., 1916.



LIEUT. A. L. BELL,  
10th Royal Grenadiers,  
S.A.C., 1906-1910.

Killed in action, April 30th, 1915.



LIEUT. T. S. BELL,  
27th Winnipeg Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1911-1913.

Killed in action, Sept. 15th, 1916.



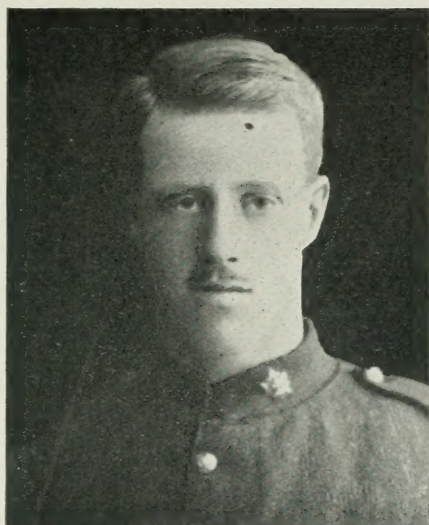
FLIGHT LIEUT. PAUL H. BIGWOOD,  
Royal Air Force,  
S.A.C., 1906-1909.

Killed in action, June 21st, 1918.





ACTING CAPT. GERALD EDWARD BLAKE,  
Oxford Bucks, L.I.,  
S.A.C., 1901-1902.  
Killed in action, July 23rd, 1916.



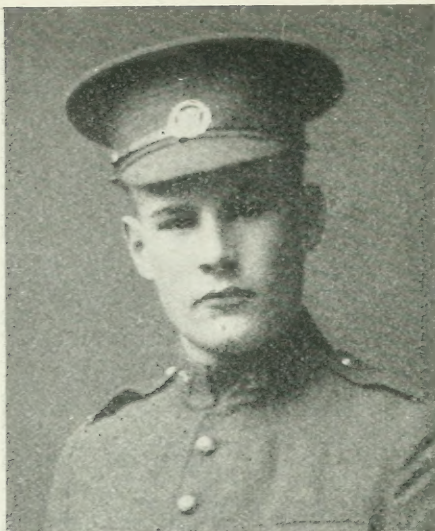
PTE. DERIC BROUGHALL,  
3rd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1904-1905.  
Killed in action, April 27th, 1915.



CAPT. HEDLEIGH ST. GEORGE BOND,  
Royal Can. Engineers,  
S.A.C., 1904-1909.  
Killed in action, Aug. 15th, 1917.



CAPT. R. A. BROWN, M.C.,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1908-1914,  
Died of wounds, Nov. 14th, 1917.



PTE. BERNAL B. BROWN,  
4th Univ. Co.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1914.  
Killed in action about Sept. 15th, 1916.



CAPT. R. BUSCOMBE,  
3rd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1911,  
Killed in action, June 19th, 1915.



LIEUT. GEORGE H. CAMPBELL,  
40th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1908-1911,  
Killed in action, May 16th, 1918.



PTE. A. W. CHESTNUT,  
4th Univ. Co.,  
S.A.C., 1902-1907,  
Died on Service, Sept. 13th, 1916.





1ST AIR MECH. D. WARD CLEMENT,  
Royal Air Force,  
S.A.C. 1913-1915,  
Killed in action, Dec. 3rd, 1917.



LIEUT. OGDEN D. COCHRANE,  
Royal Horse Artillery,  
S.A.C., 1902-1908,  
Died on Service, Jan. 23rd, 1919.



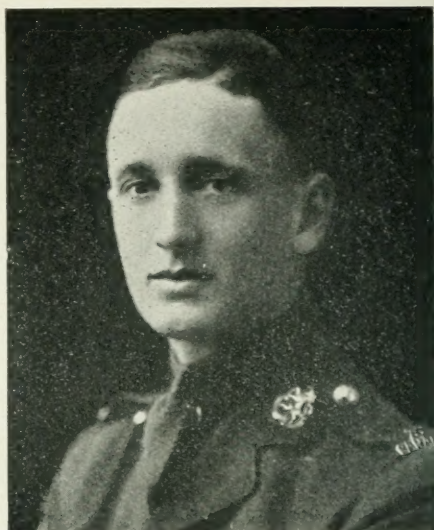
FLIGHT LIEUT. G. A. R. COCKBURN,  
Royal Air Force,  
S.A.C., 1907-1910,  
Died in a German Camp, about Nov. 16th, 1917.



LIEUT. VINCENT R. A. CROMBIE, M.C.,  
19th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1913-1914,  
Died of wounds, Oct. 26th, 1918.



SUB. FLIGHT LIEUT. H. L. CROWE,  
R. N. A. S.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1915,  
Accidentally killed on service, June 22nd, 1917.



LIEUT. H. L. DEVLIN,  
75th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1911-1912,  
Killed in action about Sept. 9th, 1916.



LIEUT. F. G. DIVER,  
87th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1904-1906,  
Killed in action, Nov., 1916.



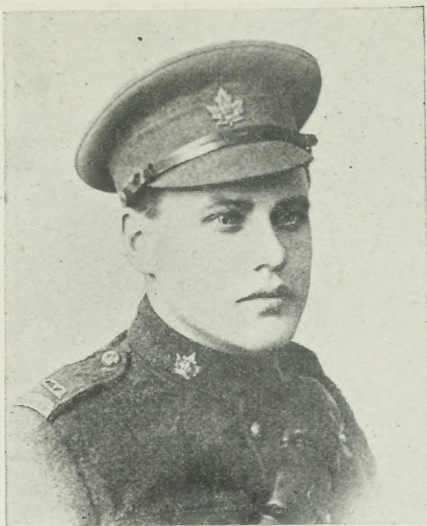
LIEUT. J. G. DOUGLAS,  
7th Seaforth Highlanders,  
S.A.C., 1904-1907,  
Killed in action, April 12th, 1918.





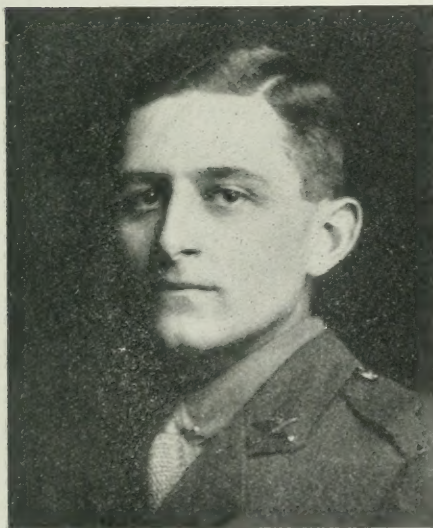
CAPT. MELCHIOR M. EBERTS,  
Signal Corps, U. S. Army,  
S.A.C., 1906-1908.

Killed in aeroplane accident, on May 15th, 1917.



GR. RODERICK A. FERGUSON,  
25th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1913.

Died on service, Sept. 9th, 1917.



LIEUT. W. M. M. GEGGIE,  
227th Machine Gun Co.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1910.

Killed in action, Oct. 4th, 1917.



LIEUT. DONALD J. GIBSON,  
Royal Flying Corps,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907.

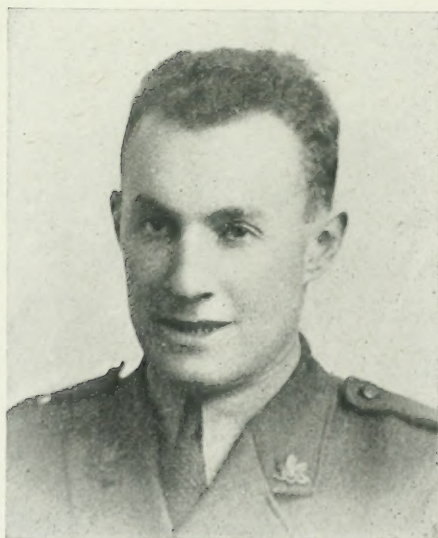
Died on service, July 6th, 1913.



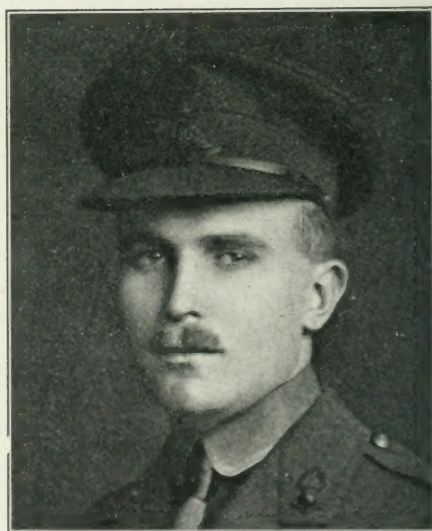
LIEUT. F. J. GOOCH,  
6th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1905-1908,  
Killed in action, Aug. 15th, 1917.



PTE. DUNCAN W. GRAHAM,  
5th Can. Machine Gun Co.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1907,  
Killed in action, May 17th, 1917.



CAPT. E. G. HANLAN,  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C., 1908,  
Killed in aeroplane accident, Aug. 9th, 1917.



LIEUT. W. N. HANNA,  
Royal Air Force,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910,  
Accidentally killed while flying on Nov. 20th, 1918.





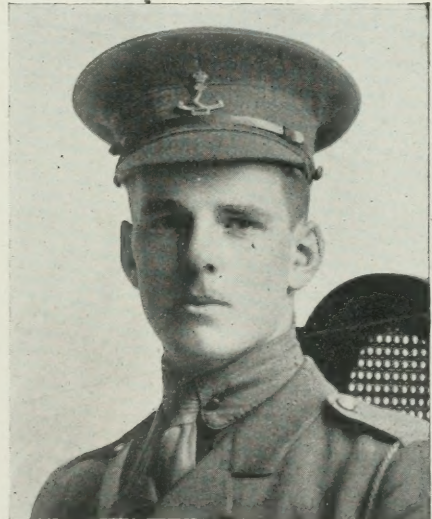
CAPT. HOWARD K. HARRIS, M.C.,  
11th Essex Regiment,  
S.A.C., 1899-1903,  
Killed in action, Feb. 22nd, 1918.



PTE. R. A. HERALD,  
16th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1910-1911,  
Killed in action, April 22nd, 1915.



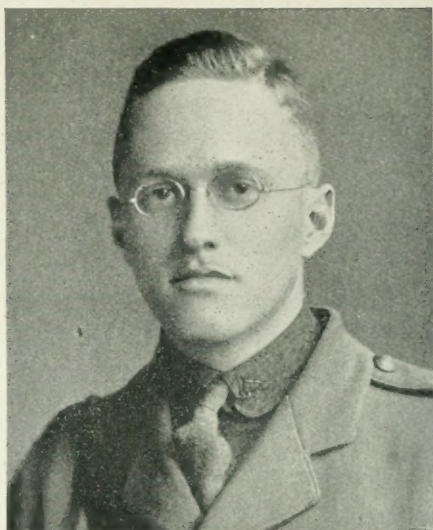
LIEUT. L. B. HYDE,  
B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1915,  
Died on service, Oct. 25th, 1915.



LIEUT. J. W. INGS,  
56th Field Co., R.E.,  
S.A.C., 1913-1914,  
Killed in action, Sept. 18th, 1918.



CAPT. KENNETH W. JUNOR, M.C.  
 Royal Air Force,  
 S.A.C., 1908-1912,  
 Killed in action, April 23rd, 1918.



LIEUT. E. R. KAPPELE,  
 3rd Brigade Staff,  
 S.A.C., 1903-1910.  
 Killed in action, April 18th, 1917.



MAJOR JOHN KAY, M.C.,  
 3rd Brigade Machine Gun Co.,  
 S.A.C., 1901-1909,  
 Died of pneumonia, Dec. 15th, 1918.



SUB. FLIGHT LIEUT. ARTHUR KILGOUR,  
 R. A. F.,  
 S.A.C., 1900-1911,  
 Killed in action, July 27th, 1917.

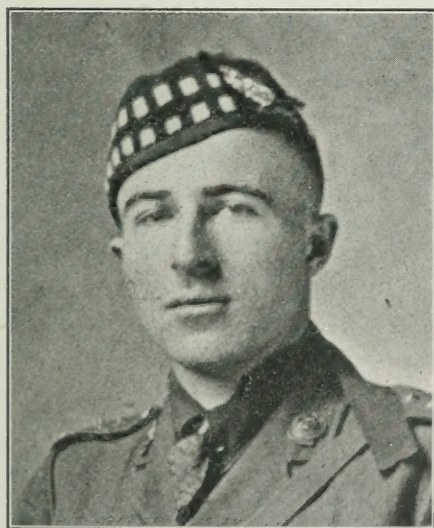




MAJOR G. G. KNIGHTON,  
9th Oxford Bucks, L.I.,  
S.A.C., 1910-1913,  
Died of wounds, May 15th, 1917.



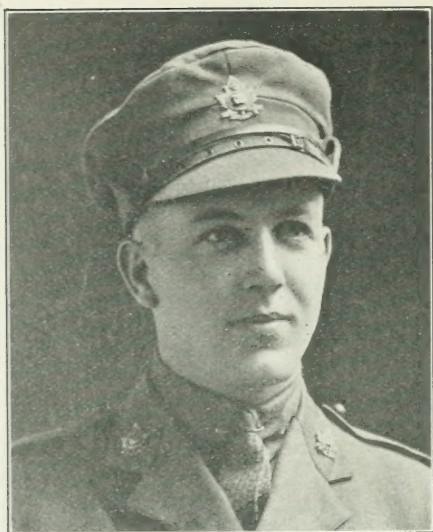
PTE. N. B. LOCKHART,  
19th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1906-1909,  
Died on service, May 2nd, 1915.



CAPT. L. B. M. LOUDON,  
5th Reserve Bn.,  
S.A.C., 1902-1906,  
Killed in action, Sept., 1918.



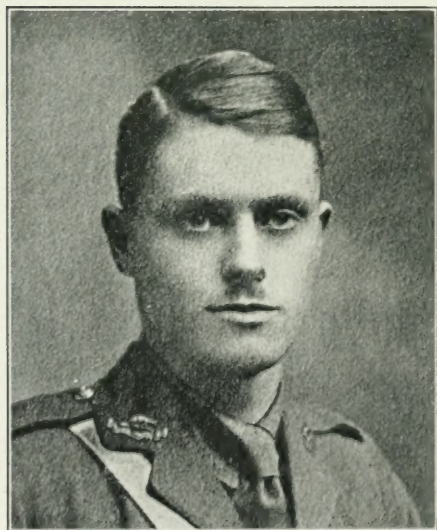
LIEUT. P. D. M. McLAGAN,  
103rd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907,  
Killed in action, Oct. 15th, 1917.



LIEUT. H. MURRAY McQUEEN,  
58th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913,  
Killed in action, Oct., 1918.



MAJOR W. BRODER McTAGGART, D.S.O., M.C.,  
Canadian Field Artillery,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910,  
Killed in action, Sept. 2nd, 1918.



LIEUT. C. S. MACPHERSON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1913,  
Killed in action on Sept. 18th, 1913.

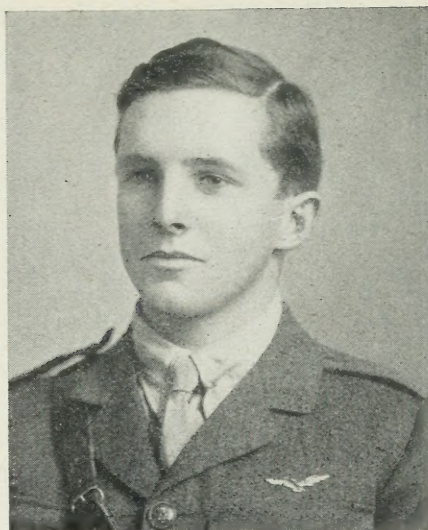


LIEUT. M. E. MALONE,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1907-1913,  
Killed in action, June 3rd, 1915.





LIEUT. R. G. MASSON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1910,  
Killed in action, June 6th, 1917.



LIEUT. T. C. MAY,  
R.N.A.S.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1916,  
Killed in action, July 24th, 1917.



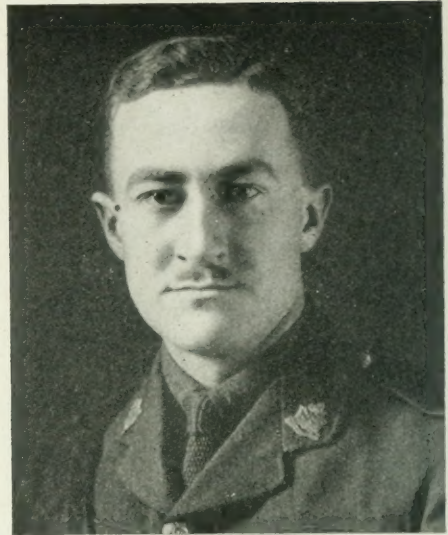
LIEUT. C C S MONTGOMERY,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907,  
Killed in action, Aug. 18th, 1917.



FLIGHT LIEUT. W. M. MUNRO,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1910,  
Killed in action, May 8th, 1917.



LIEUT. FREEMAN MUNRO,  
36th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1906-1911,  
Presumed to have died, Aug. 21st, 1917.



MAJOR GREGORY V. NELSON,  
18th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1908-1911,  
Killed in action, March 5th, 1917.

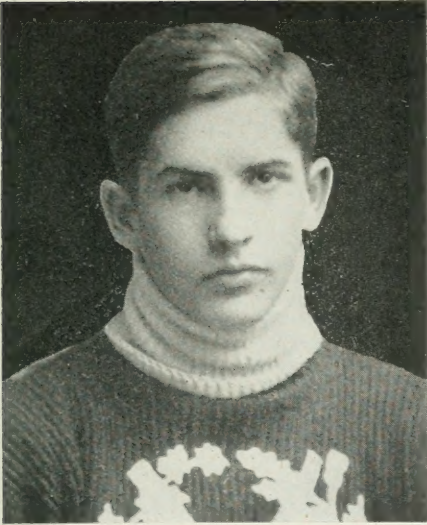


LIEUT. G. W. NATION,  
7th Can. Infantry Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1910-1913,  
Killed in action, July 25th, 1916.

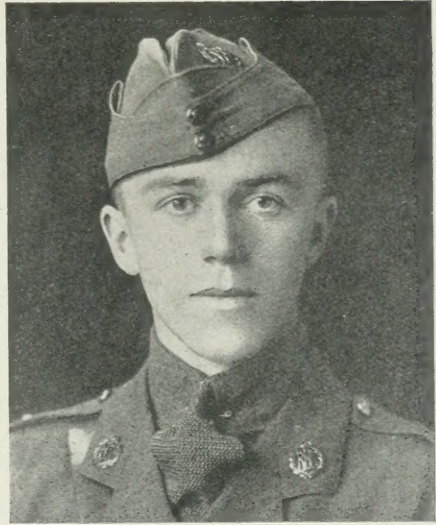


ACTING MAJOR H. L. NICOL,  
Lord Strathcona Horse,  
S.A.C., 1909-1911,  
Killed in action, April 1st, 1918.





LIEUT. ALLAN OLIVER, M.C.,  
26th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1905-1909,  
Killed in action, Nov., 1916.



LIEUT. R. A. PHILLIPS,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1915,  
Accidentally killed on service, Aug. 14th, 1917.



LIEUT. R. M. PORTER,  
6th Reserve Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1911-1915,  
Killed in action, Sept., 1918.



CAPT. F. G. QUIGLEY, D.S.O., M.C.—BAR,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1909,  
Died of pneumonia, Oct. 20th, 1918.



LIEUT. E. A. RAND,  
8th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913,  
Killed in action, May 4th, 1917.



2ND LIEUT. CLIFFORD F. RISTEEN,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1911,  
Presumed to have died, Sept. 26th, 1917.

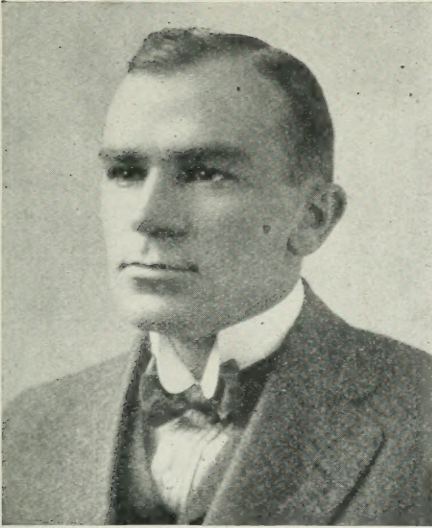


DRIVER G. N. RISTEEN,  
53rd Queen's Battery,  
S.A.C., 1909-1914,  
Died of wounds, Oct., 1918.



CADET A. G. ROBERTSON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913,  
Died of pneumonia, Dec. 6th, 1918.

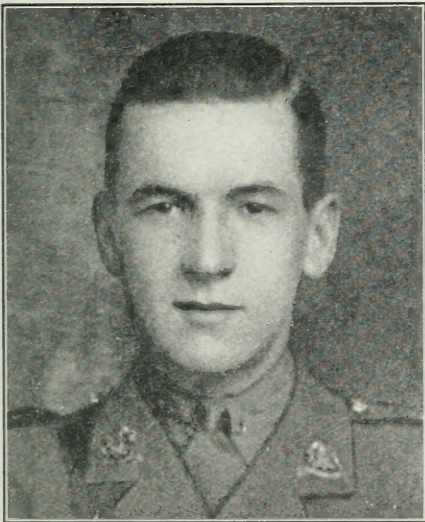




LIEUT. C. E. ROGERS,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1902-1909,  
Killed in action, June 18th, 1916.



LIEUT. GORDON F. ROSS,  
R.N.A.S.,  
S.A.C., 1901-1913,  
Killed in action, May 10th, 1918.



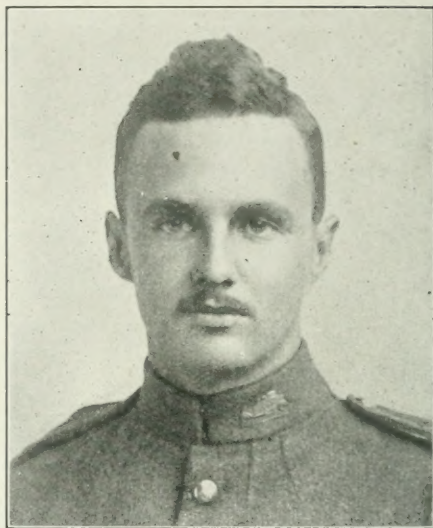
LIEUT. D. R. M. SMITH,  
4th Battalion, Manchester Regiment,  
1st Worcestershire Regiment,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907,  
Killed in action, May 27th, 1918.



LIEUT. LANGLEY F. W. SMITH, D.S.C.,  
Order of the Crown (Commander), Croix de  
Guerre (Belgian),  
R.A.F.,  
S.A.C., 1910-1912,  
Killed in action, Nov., 1917.



LIEUT. GEOFFREY A. SNOW,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1907-1912.  
Killed in action about Oct. 5th, 1916.



PTE. J. S. TAYLOR,  
Borden Motor Car Battery,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910.  
Killed in action, Oct., 1916.



LIEUT. W. WALLACE TAYLOR, M.C.,  
4th Can. Reserve Bn.  
S.A.C., 1913.  
Died of wounds, April 9th, 1918.



LIEUT. C. W. TRAVIS,  
18th Can. Machine Gun Co.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1914,  
Killed in action, Sept., 1918.

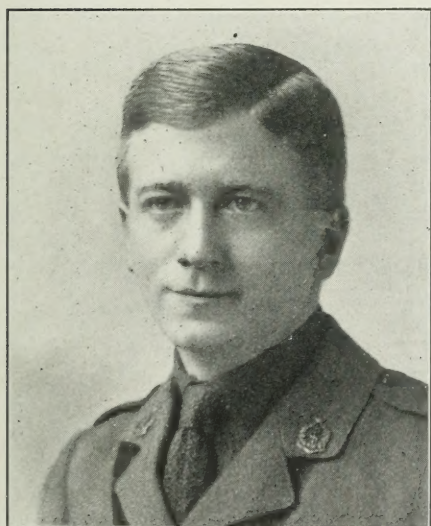




LIEUT. H. H. WALKER,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1910,  
Died of pneumonia, July 13th, 1918.



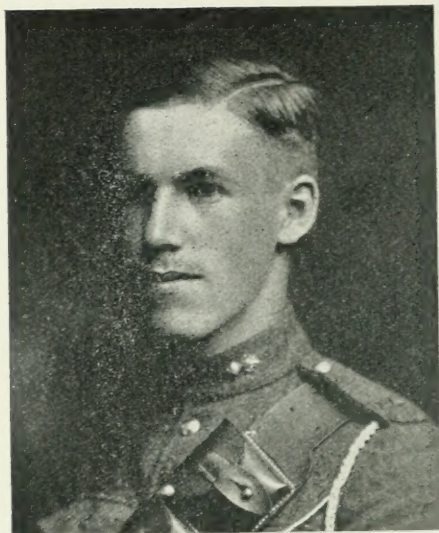
FLIGHT SUB. LIEUT. H. D. M. WALLACE,  
R.N.A.S.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1910,  
Killed in action, June 8th, 1917.



CAPT. GUY H. WALLACE,  
C.A.M.C.,  
S.A.C., 1901-1904,  
Died in New York of pneumonia, Dec. 9th, 1918.



PTE. RAYMOND B. WHITAKER,  
C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1912,  
Died of pneumonia, June, 1918.



GR. J. T. WILSON,  
24th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1910-1914,  
Killed in action, Nov. 23rd, 1917,



LIEUT. J. H. WILSON, M.C.,  
102nd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1904-1910,  
Killed in action, April 11th, 1917.

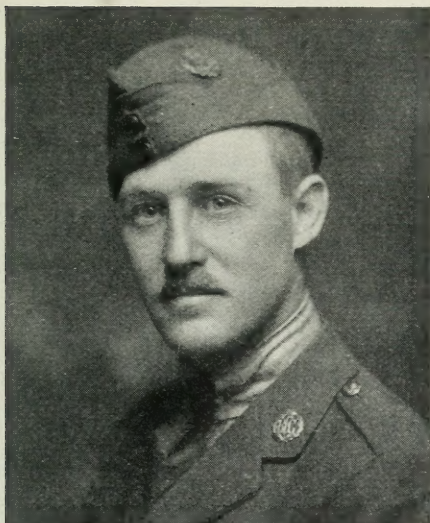


2ND LIEUT. E. R. WINTER,  
1st Nfld. Regiment,  
S.A.C., 1911-1914,  
Killed in action, July 1st, 1916.



PTE. W. D. WILLIAMS,  
4th C. M. R.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1911.





FLIGHT LIEUT. R. SHAW WOOD,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1907,  
Killed in flying accident in Eng., Mar. 17, 1918.



LIEUT. H. R. L. WRIGHT,  
Trench Mortar Battery, 1st Can. Div.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1914,  
Died of wounds, Aug., 1918.



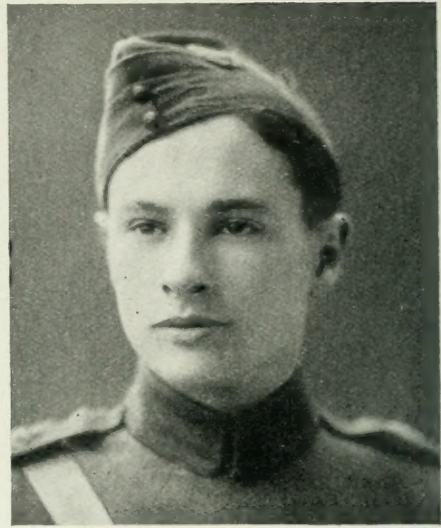
SUB. LIEUT. D. R. C. WRIGHT,  
R.N.A.S.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1909,  
Killed in action, Dec. 23rd, 1917.



LIEUT. DOUGLAS B. WRIGHT,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1912,  
Report from Austrian sources, killed in action,  
April, 1918.



LIEUT. HAROLD V. WRONG,  
15th Lancaster Fusiliers,  
S.A.C., 1902-1907,  
Killed in action about July 28th, 1916.



2ND LIEUT. W. B. YUILLE,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1913,  
Killed in action, May 30th, 1918.

*"Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."*



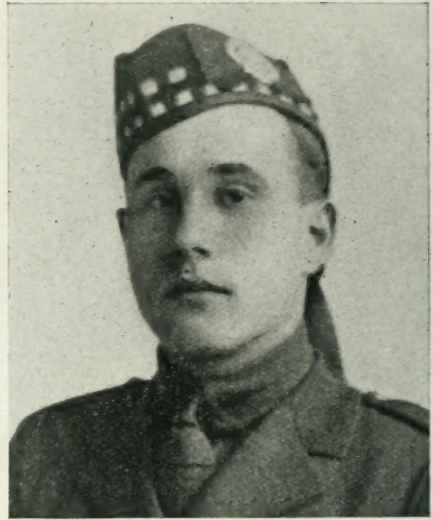
## Our Old Boys

---

"False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death."



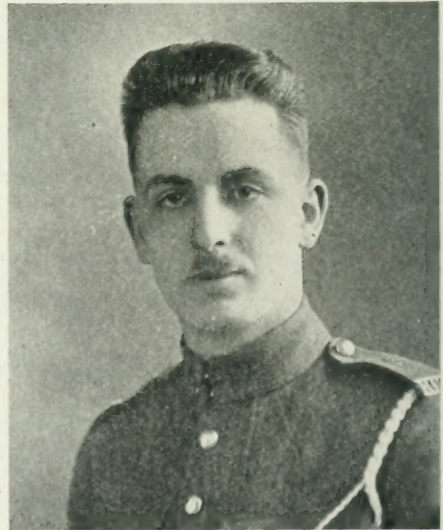
SERGT. B. McD. ALLAN,  
Dental Corps,  
S.A.C., 1915-1916.



CAPT. G. P. ALEXANDER,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1904-1913.

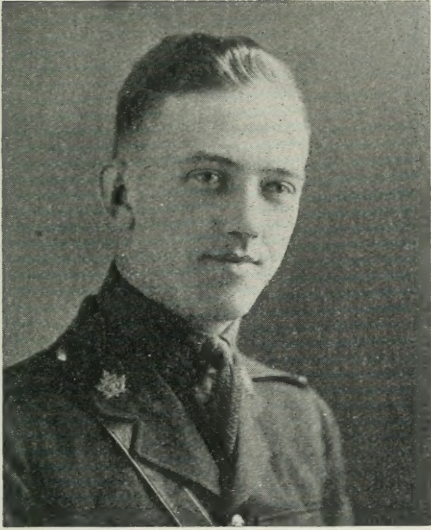


CAPT. J. C. AULD, M.C.—2 BARS,  
Can. Field Artillery,  
S.A.C., 1904-1912,



GUNNER A. D. AULT,  
D Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.H.A.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1912,

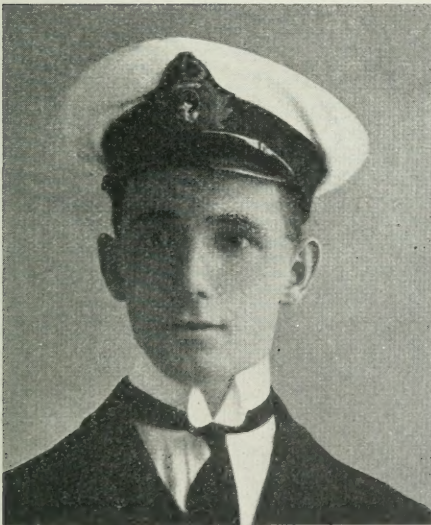




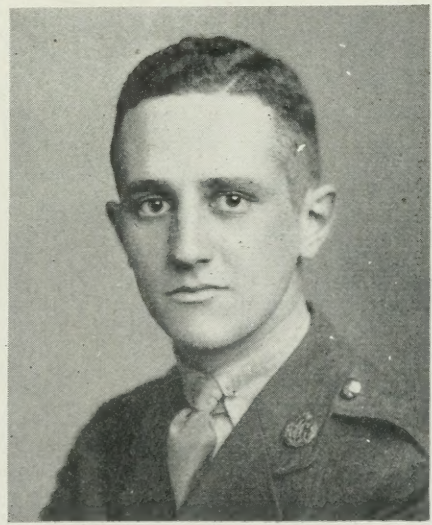
LIEUT. M. G. BEATH,  
227th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913.



LIEUT. W. T. BEATH,  
R.N.V.R.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1910.



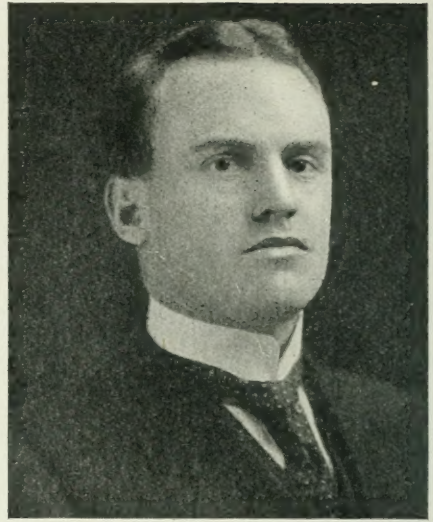
LIEUT. H. T. BEATH,  
R.N.V.R.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1910.



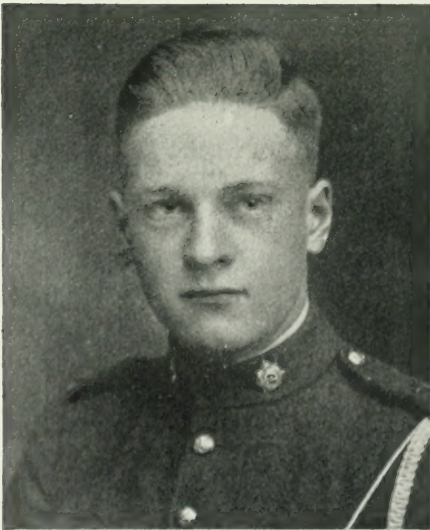
CAPT. J. H. B. FELL, M.C., CROIX DE  
GUERRE (Italian),  
R. A. F.  
S.A.C., 1908-1915.



LIEUT. FRANK BENNETT,  
Nfld. Record Office,  
S.A.C., 1911-1912,



LIEUT. A. BLANCHARD,  
76th Rifles,  
S.A.C., 1899-1902.



PTE. A. W. BOWDEN,  
C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1916-1917.

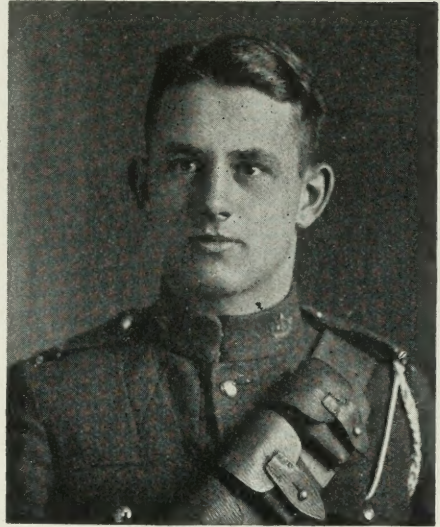


CORP. H. V. BOWDEN,  
C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1909.





PTE. GERRIE BURK,  
8th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1906-1907.



PTE. G. K. BURNS,  
Cyclists Corps,  
S.A.C., 1913-1914.



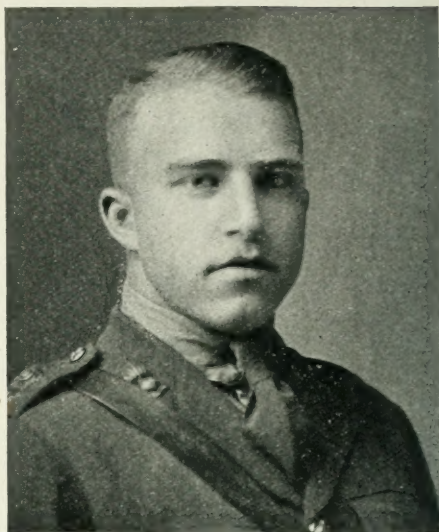
LIEUT. E. A. BURNS,  
20th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1903-1908.



LT.-COL. R. B. S. BURTON,  
In Russia,  
1902-1907.



SERG. ALEC. CAMPBELL,  
2nd Div. Ammun. Col.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1912.



LIEUT. D. F. CANTLEY,  
4th Can. Siege Battery,  
S.A.C., 1911-1916.



MAJOR C. L. CANTLEY,  
5th Royal Highlanders,  
S.A.C., 1900-1902.

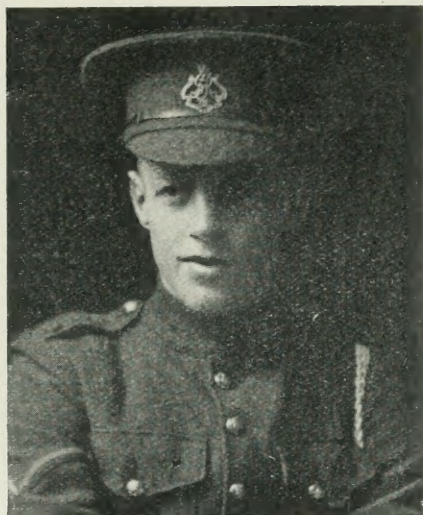


CAPT. G. T. CASSELS, M.C.,  
R.C.H.A.,  
S.A.C., 1903-1912.

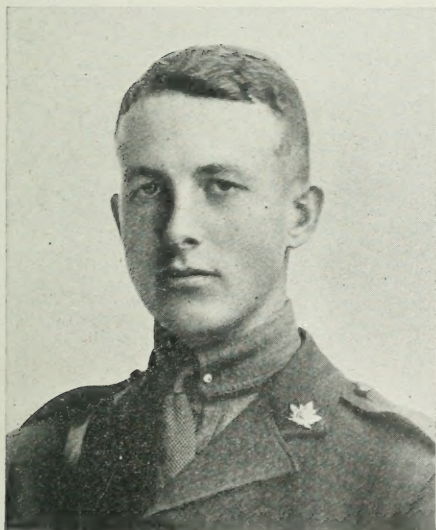




GR. W. G. CASSELS,  
R.C.H.A.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1914.



GR. HENRY CASSELS,  
Can. Field Artillery,  
S.A.C., 1906-1910.



LIEUT. D. B. CARLYLE,  
4th Battalion,  
1908-1912.



MAJOR B. M. CLERK, M.C.,  
11th Mach. Gun Co.,  
S.A.C., 1903-1904.



FL. LT. W. H. COMSTOCK,  
R.N.A.S.,  
1909-1916.



CAPT. C. E. B. CORBOULD,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1908.



LIEUT. E. C. COSSITT,  
27th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1913-1915.

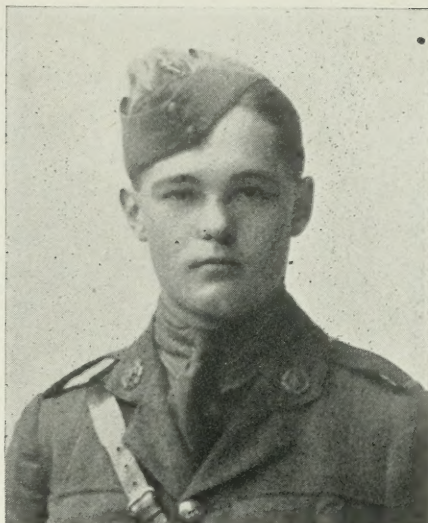


CAPT. J. D. COTTON,  
1st Can. T. M. Battery,  
S.A.C., 1901-1905.

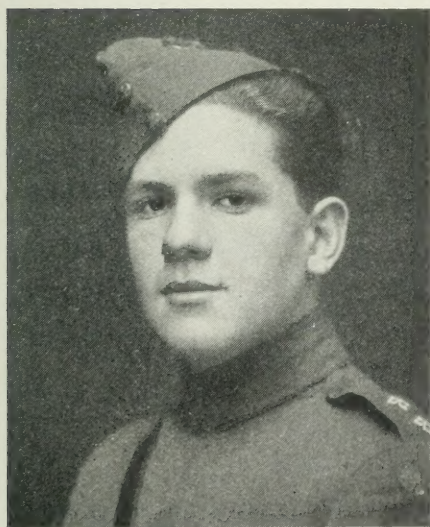




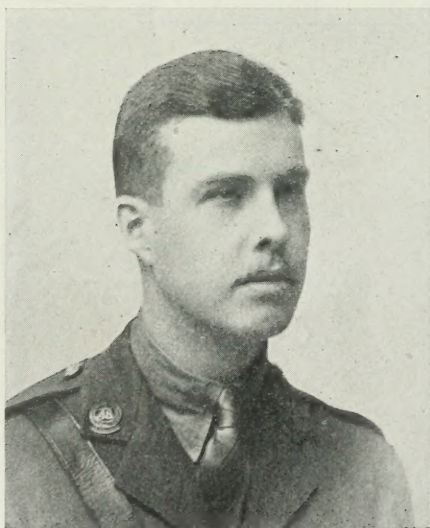
LIEUT. S. H. CRAWFORD,  
42nd Infantry Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1906-1911.



2ND LIEUT. J. O. DACK,  
R. A. F.,  
1915-1917.



LIEUT. H. E. DAVIES,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1917.



LIEUT. J. A. DAVISON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1902-1910.



LIEUT. J. E. DIMOCK,  
124th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1910-1912.



LIEUT. G. F. DIMOCK,  
4th C. M. R.,  
S.A.C., 1910-1915.



PTE. W. A. DONALDSON,  
C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1913-1914.



LIEUT. T. ST. CLAIR DOUGLAS,  
R. A. F.,  
1913-1915.

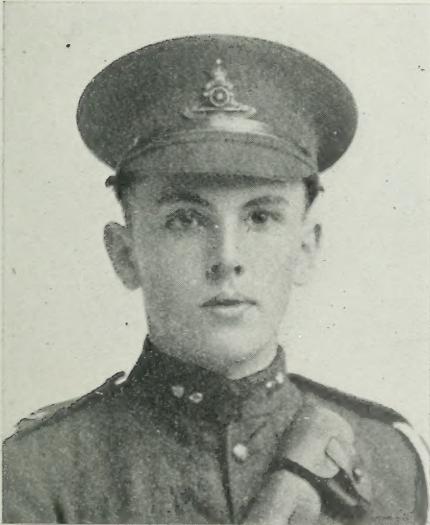




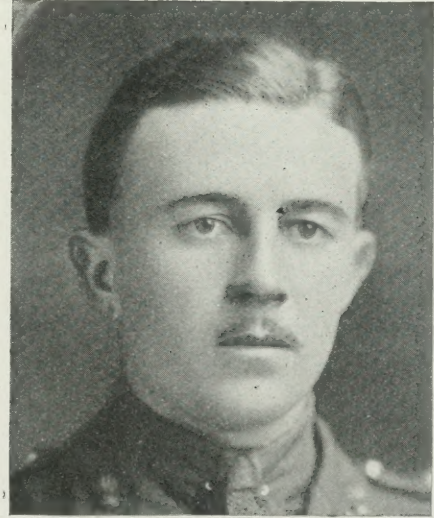
MAJOR A. E. DUNCANSON, D.S.O.,  
6th Can. Inf. Brigade,  
S.A.C., 1902-1907.



CORP. I. DYMENT,  
Army Pay Corps,  
S.A.C., 1906-1912.



SIG. GRAY EAKINS,  
18th Battery, C.F.A.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1916.



LIEUT. T. I. FINDLEY, M.C.,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1910.



SUB. LT. M. L. FOSTER,  
Motor Boat Patrol,  
S.A.C., 1909-1911.



CAPT. D. J. FRASER,  
Mach. Gun School, Kingston,  
S.A.C., 1903-1911.



CAPT. D. M. B. GALBRAITH, D.S.C., CROIX  
DE GUERRE (French),  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1914-1915.



BOMB. J. S. GARTSHORE,  
6th Siege Battery,  
S.A.C., 1902.





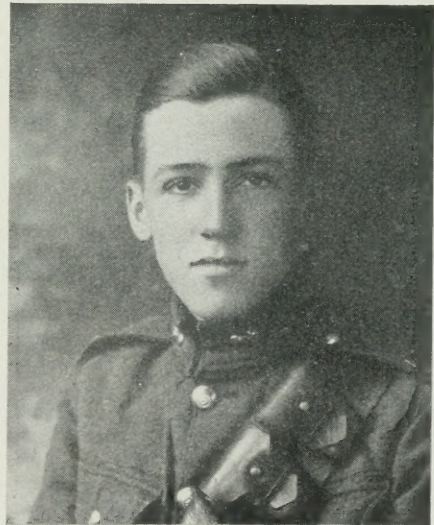
CAPT. R. J. GILL, M.C.,  
21st Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1904-1907.



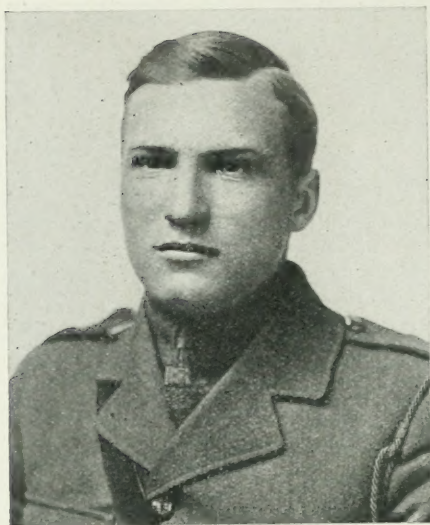
LIEUT. P. D. GILLESPIE,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1899.



CAPT. M. S. GOODERHAM,  
4th Infantry Brigade,  
S.A.C., 1901-1910.



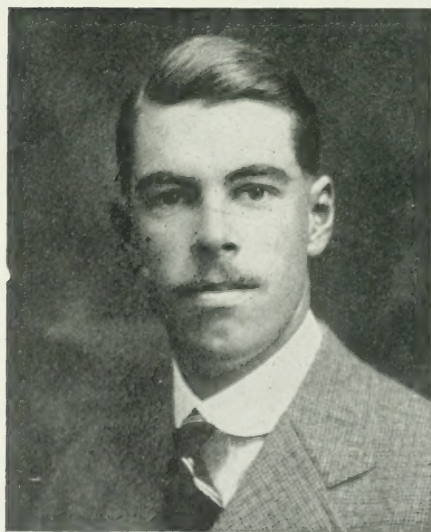
LIEUT. W. G. F. GRANT,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1915.



CAPT. R. H. GRANT,  
Dep. Assist. Provost Marshal, U.S.  
S.A.C., 1909-1915.



LIEUT. C. B. GRIER,  
Headquarters Staff,  
S.A.C., 1904-1905.



CAPT. FRANK C. HAMILTON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1913.

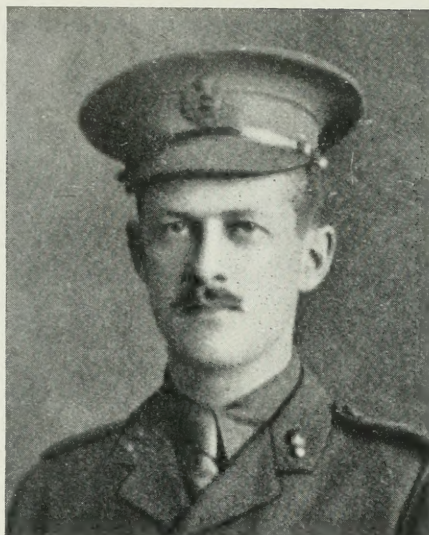


LIEUT. C. U. HAYWOOD,  
198th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1904-1907.





CAPT. A. P. HAYWOOD,  
R.N.V.R.,  
S.A.C., 1903-1904.



LT.-COL. H. F. H. HERTZBERG, D.S.O., M.C.,  
1st Field Co., Div. Engineers,  
S.A.C., 1900-1904.



LIEUT. O. P. HERTZBERG,  
1st Battalion Can. Troops,  
S.A.C., 1906-1909.



LIEUT. J. C. HOPE,  
1st Tank Bn.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1908.



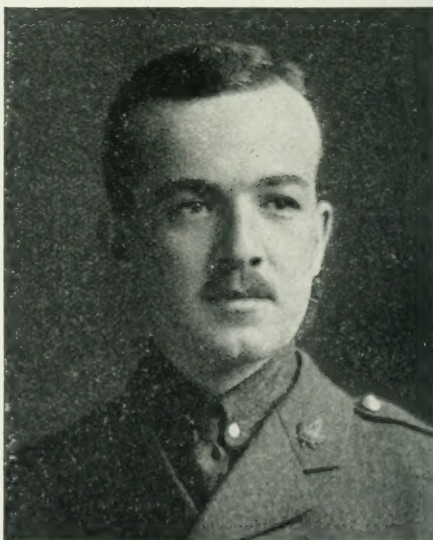
CAPT. H. A. JOHNSTON, D.S.C., M.C.,  
13th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1908-1912.



SIG. K. B. JOHNSTON, M.M.,  
66th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1910-1914.

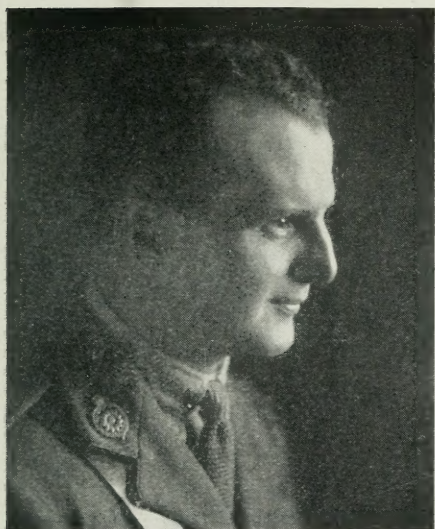


LIEUT. ASHLEY KILGOUR,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1900-1911.



CAPT. C. E. KILMER, D.S.O.,  
19th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1905-1909.





CAPT. G. H. G. LASH, M.C.,  
47th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1910-1913.



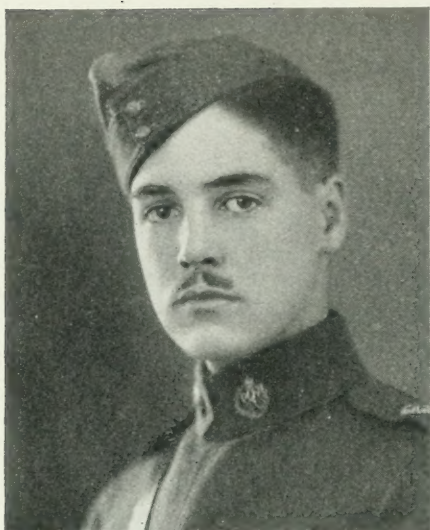
SIG. T. H. LAZIER,  
52nd Battery,  
S.A.C., 1913-1914.



SUB. LT. H. S. LECKIE,  
Royal Navy,  
S.A.C., 1909-1914.



CAPT. W. H. LEISHMAN, M.C.,  
Trench Mortar Battery,  
S.A.C., 1905-1909.



LIEUT. G. E. LEISHMAN,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1914.



LIEUT. H. G. LENNARD, M.M.,  
M. G. School, Seaford,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910.



CAPT. A. B. LINDSAY, M.C.,  
2nd Depot Bn., 2nd C.O.R.,  
S.A.C., 1904-1914.

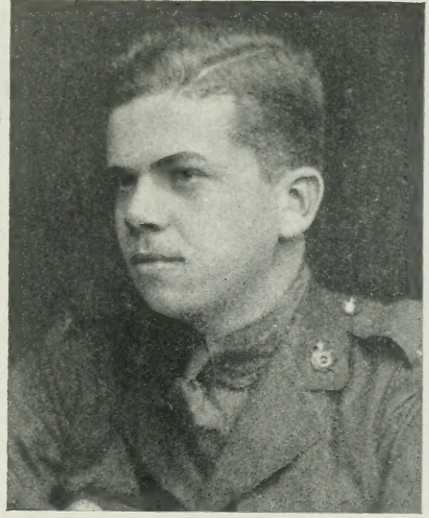


LIEUT. R. A. LOCKHART,  
Trench Mortar Battery,  
S.A.C., 1908-1912.





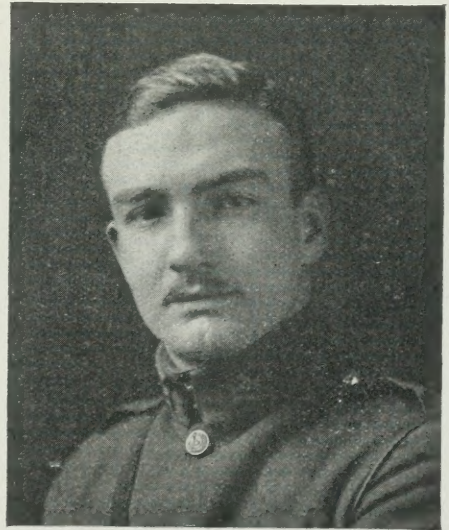
1ST LIEUT. J. W. LOCKHART,  
S.A.C., 1909-1913.



CAPT. R. H. M. LOWNDES,  
B. 5, Canton, C. Purchase Board,  
S.A.C., 1906-1912.



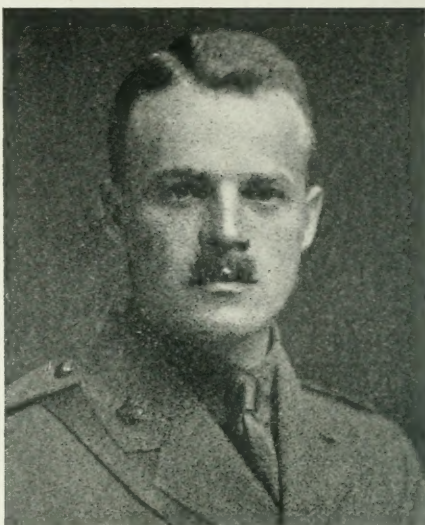
LIEUT. E. B. LOWNDES, M.C.,  
14th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1909-1915.



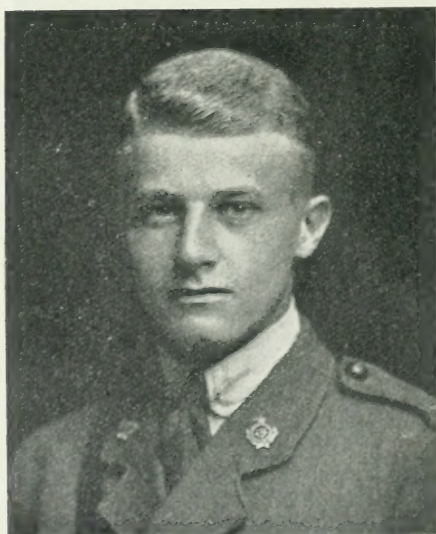
CAPT. W. S. McCLINTON, M.C.,  
18th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1909-1912.



CORP. R. W. McFARLANE,  
4th Can. Res., Bn.  
S.A.C., 1915-1916.



LIEUT. D. G. McINTOSH,  
1st Depot Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1902-1907.

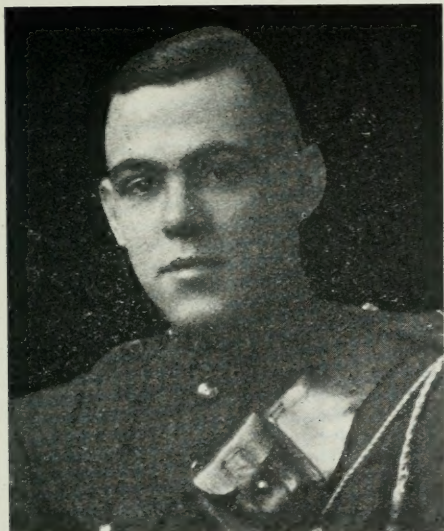


LIEUT. P. D. McINTOSH,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1903-1913.

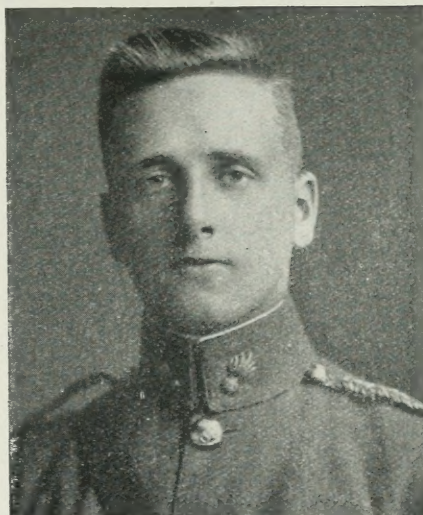


LIEUT. C. S. D. McLEOD,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1916-1917.





GR. J. R. McMICHAEL,  
3rd Can. Siege Battery,  
S.A.C., 1909-1914.



LIEUT. C. A. McMURTRY,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1914.



CAPT. W. B. McPHERSON,  
Military Headquarters, Ottawa,  
S.A.C., 1902-1907.



LIEUT. F. M. MACDONALD,  
R.N.V.R.,  
S.A.C., 1899-1907.



CAPT. F. W. MACDONALD,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1900-1908.



MAJOR J. MACDONNELL, M.C.,  
16th Battery, 6th Brigade,  
S.A.C., 1909-1914.



LIEUT. J. W. MACDOUGALL,  
5th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1912-1915.

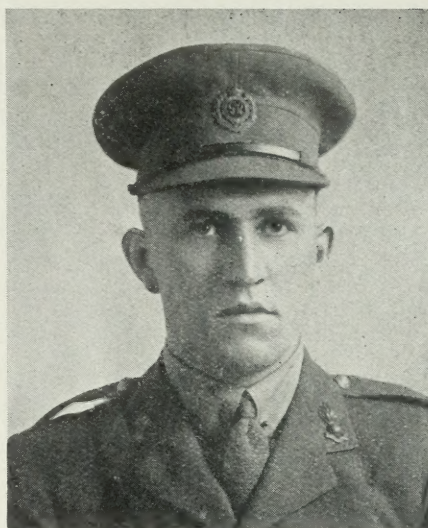


CAPT. W. K. MACNEE,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1908.





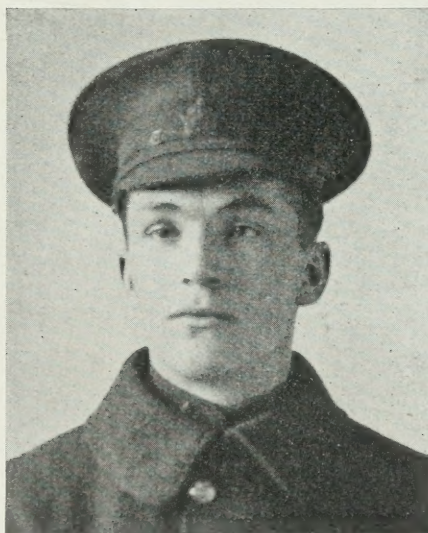
DRIVER P. T. MACNUTT,  
Can. Engineers,  
S.A.C., 1900-1901.



CAPT. F. S. MILLIGAN, M.C.,  
152nd Field Co.,  
S.A.C., 1901-1907.



LIEUT. W. D. MATHESON, M.C.,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1910.



CAPT. L. C. MONTGOMERY, M.C.,  
42nd Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1909-1912.



LIEUT. P. V. MOSELEY,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1910-1917.



PTE. R. S. E. MUNN,  
1st Nfld. Regiment.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1913.



LIEUT. W. L. G. MUNN,  
Nfld. Regiment,  
S.A.C., 1910-1914.

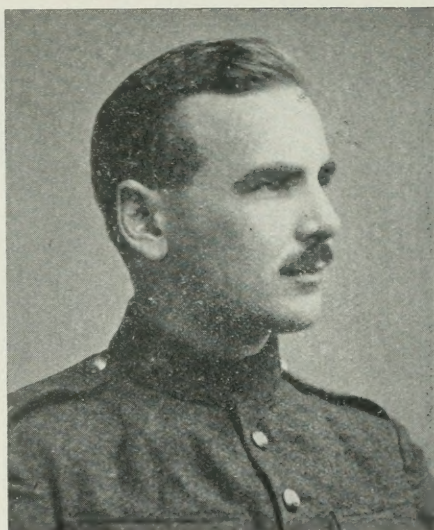


LIEUT. H. E. MUNRO,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1904-1909.





LIEUT. M. F. NEWMAN,  
15th Battalion.  
S.A.C., 1904-1908.



STAFF SERGT. C. E. NORRIS,  
Div. Ammun. Park, A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1905-1908.



SERGT. G. O. PATERSON,  
5th Div. C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1904-1913.



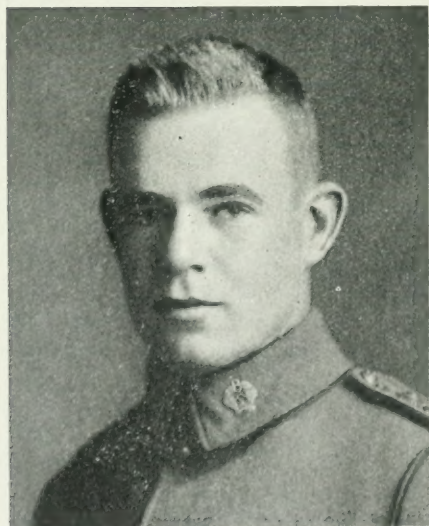
LIEUT. C. LEWIS O'BRIAN,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1911.



FL. LIEUT. MELVILLE PHILLIPS,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1903-1909.



FL. LIEUT. L. C. PHIPPEN,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1916.



LIEUT. S. C. R. RICHES, M.C.,  
4th Can. Div. Train,  
S.A.C., 1906-1909.

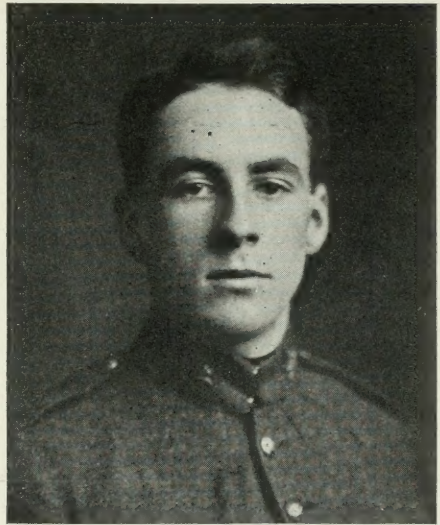


PTE. F. B. C. RICHARDSON,  
C.A.M.C.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913.

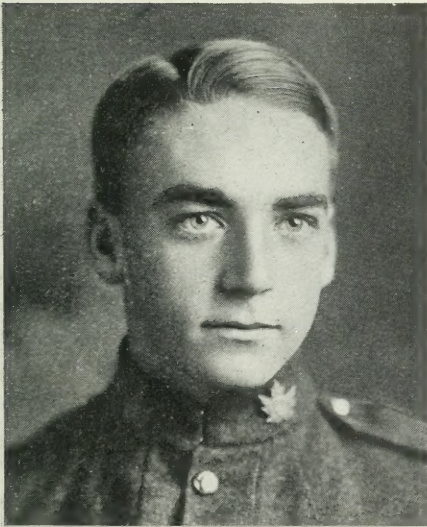




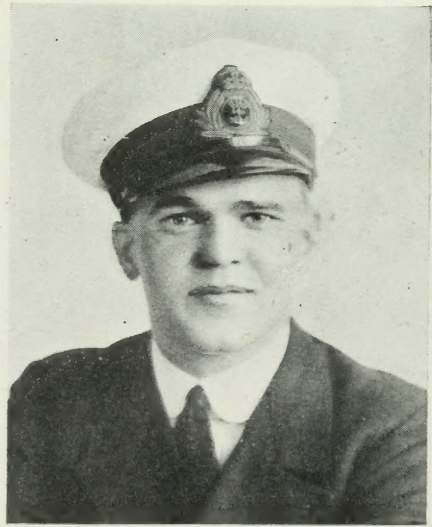
LIEUT. F. G. ROLPH,  
38th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1903-1913.



CAPT. H. J. ROLPH,  
4th Battery, C.F.A.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1914.



LIEUT. E. G. ROLPH,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1917.



SURG. PROB. DUDLEY ROSS,  
Navy,  
S.A.C., 1908-1913.



LIEUT. J. T. ROSE,  
C-165 Brigade,  
S.A.C., 1911-1916.



LIEUT. G. W. RUTTER,  
4th C. M. R.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1916.

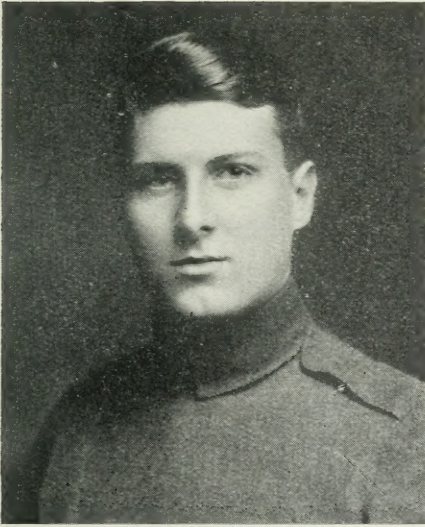


MAJOR R. P. SAUNDERS, D.S.O., M.C.,  
19th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1900-1904.



CAPT. Q. S. SHIRRIFF,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1906-1910.

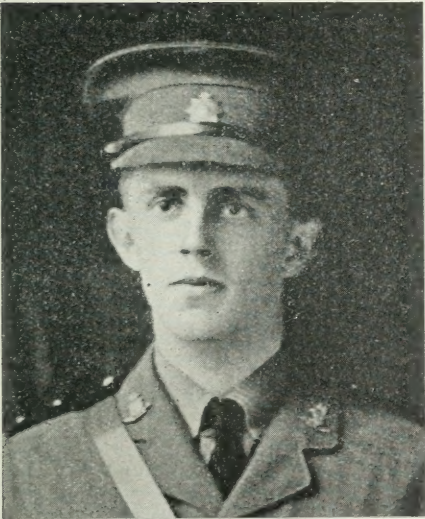




LIEUT. J. D. SMITH,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1916-1917.



PTE. J. R. SMITH,  
15th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1906-1910.



LIEUT. J. PAUL SKIDMORE,  
Siberian Exp. Force,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910.



LIEUT. H. G. SPOHN, M.C.,  
66th Battery, C.F.A.,  
S.A.C., 1909-1912.



CADET A. A. SYME,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1912-1913.



LT.-COL. A. E. TAYLOR, D.S.O.,  
Headquarters Staff, 4th Division,  
S.A.C., 1905-1914.



LIEUT. J. W. TAYLOR,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1907-1917.



PTE. F. H. THOMPSON,  
Yukon Infantry Co.,  
S.A.C., 1910-1912.





LIEUT. E. S. THOMPSON,  
1st Canadian Regiment,  
S.A.C., 1910-1913.



LIEUT. G. A. TOWERS,  
C.A.S.C.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1913.



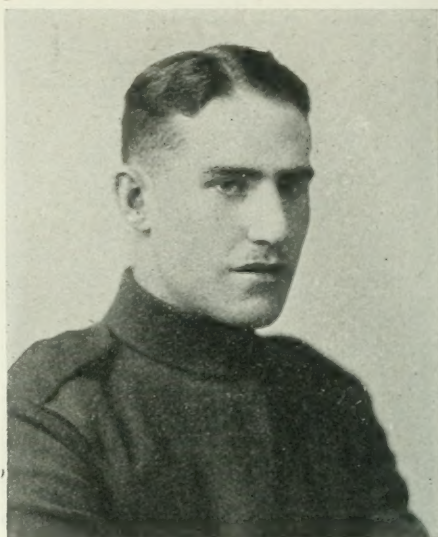
LIEUT. T. B. D. TUDBALL,  
13th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1909-1915.



GR. W. C. TURNBULL,  
67th Battery,  
S.A.C., 1912-1917.



GR. CLARENCE WALLACE,  
5th Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1911-1912.



LIEUT. HARRY E. WATSON,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1915-1916.



FLIGHT CADET R. R. WEST,  
Royal Air Force,  
S.A.C., 1906-1912.



LIEUT. E. G. WHITAKER,  
43rd Howitzer Battery,  
S.A.C., 1908-1915.





GUNNER E. G. WHITAKER,  
22nd Howitzer Battery,  
S.A.C., 1908-1916.



LIEUT. H. B. WILLOUGHBY,  
R. A. F.,  
S.A.C., 1911-1916.



SERGT. M. G. WINTER, M.M.,  
2nd Nfld. Battalion,  
S.A.C., 1912-1915.

## HONOURS AWARDED TO ANDREANS FOR SERVICES ON THE FIELD

### D. S. O.

Major A. E. Duncanson.  
Lt.-Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg.  
Capt. Hugh A. Johnston.  
Capt. C. E. Kilmer.  
Major W. B. McTaggart.

Major J. A. Morphey.  
Capt. F. G. Quigley.  
Major R. P. Saunders.  
Lt.-Col. A. E. Taylor.

### D. S. C.

Capt. Murray Galbraith (one bar).

Lieut. L. F. W. Smith.

### MILITARY CROSS.

Lieut. E. R. Allen.  
Capt. J. C. Auld (two bars).  
Capt. H. Brooke Bell.  
Capt. R. A. Brown.  
Lieut. G. T. Cassels.  
Capt. C. P. Coatsworth.  
Lieut. V. R. A. Crombie.  
Major B. M. Clerk.  
Lieut. I. de Sherbinin.  
Capt. John A. Ferguson.  
Lieut. T. I. Findley.  
Lieut. S. F. Fiskens.  
Capt. D. T. Fraser.  
Lieut. J. Galbraith.  
Major R. D. Galbraith.  
Capt. R. J. Gill.  
Capt. John Gillespie.  
Lieut. G. R. Gouinlock.  
Lieut. D. A. Grant.  
Capt. G. W. Grant.  
Capt. H. K. Harris.  
Capt. W. L. Harrison.  
Capt. V. J. Hastings.  
Lieut. C. S. L. Hertzberg.  
Lt.-Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg.  
Capt. H. A. Johnston.  
Lieut. R. L. Junkin.  
Capt. K. W. Junor.  
Major J. Kay.

Capt. G. H. G. Lash (one bar).  
Capt. A. B. Lindsay.  
Lieut. E. B. Lowndes.  
Capt. A. T. Löwes.  
Lieut. H. Leishman.  
Lieut. W. C. McClinton.  
Lieut. G. D. McTaggart.  
Major J. M. Macdonnell.  
Lieut. W. G. Mackenzie.  
Lieut. Ian MacLaren.  
Lieut. Jack Malcolm.  
Lieut. W. D. Matheson.  
Lieut. F. S. Milligan.  
Capt. C. L. Montgomery.  
Capt. W. D. Nelson.  
Lieut. Allan Oliver.  
Lieut. J. H. Pedley.  
Capt. F. G. Quigley (one bar).  
Lieut. J. C. Ramsden.  
Lieut. S. C. R. Riches.  
Lieut. M. E. Ross.  
Capt. R. P. Saunders.  
Capt. A. E. Stewart.  
Lieut. H. G. Spohn.  
Lieut. S. G. Stokes.  
Lieut. H. Sykes.  
Lieut. W. W. Taylor.  
Lieut. R. S. C. Webber.  
Lieut. J. H. Wilson.

### DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS.

Capt. G. T. Reid.



## CROIX DE GUERRE.

Capt. H. Brooke Bell (Italian).	Malcolm Hallam (French—Palm Branch).
Capt. V. S. Bennett (French—with Palms).	Major J. M. Macdonnell (French).
Lieut. Murray Galbraith (French—with bar).	Lieut. Jack Malcolm (French).
Lt.-Col. T. Hale (French).	Lieut. L. F. W. Smith (Belgian).

## ORDER OF THE CROWN (COMMANDER)

Lieut. L. F. W. Smith.

## MILITARY MEDAL.

W. S. Anderson.	Lieut. H. G. Lennard.
Sergt. G. A. Chase.	Lieut. A. Montgomery.
Driver C. D. Hamilton.	J. A. Montgomery.
Sig. K. B. Johnston.	

## D. C. M.

W. S. Anderson.	Sergt. M. G. Winter.
Lieut. S. C. Black.	

## OFFICE OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Lt.-Col. R. B. S. Burton.

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Capt. H. Brooke Bell.	Capt. H. G. H. Lash.
Capt. V. S. Bennett.	Lieut. H. Leishman (mentioned four times).
Lieut. W. H. Comstock.	Lieut. P. D. M. McLagan.
Major A. E. Duncanson (mentioned twice).	Major W. B. McTaggart.
Capt. D. T. Fraser.	Major J. A. Morphey.
Lt.-Col. H. F. H. Hertzberg (mentioned twice).	Capt. L. G. Mills.
Capt. D. M. B. Galbraith.	Lieut. G. F. Ross.
Capt. W. O. Gibson.	Major R. P. Saunders.
Lieut. T. R. Gideon.	Lt.-Col. A. E. Taylor (mentioned three times).
Capt. M. S. Gooderham.	Sergt. M. G. Winter.
Lieut. C. B. Grier.	Capt. D. E. S. Wishart.
Capt. C. E. Kilmer.	Major Wm. Broder McTaggart (Mentioned twice).
Major G. G. Knighton.	

# HONOR ROLL

St. Andrew's College Masters and Old Boys Serving the Empire.

## MASTERS.

Name	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Allan, N. McD	Sergt.	Dental Corps	Paisley	1915-1916
Bell, Dr. A. M.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Merrickville	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers	England	1913-1915
Caverhill, E. A. H.	Lieut.	3rd Battery, 45th Brigade	Toronto	1915
Church, F. M.	Pte.	1st Can. Tank Battalion	Petrolia	1916-1918
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	4th Cab. Bn.	Sudbury	1908-1911
Grant, W. L.	Major	20th Battalion	Toronto	1903
Green, A.		Army Service Corps	Ottawa	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy	England	1912-1913
Ker, A. W. W.	Capt.	55th Battery	England	1913-1914
Knighton, G. G.	Major	9th Oxford Bucks, L.I.	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Major	16th Battery, 6th Brigade	Toronto	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H. W.	Capt.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Toronto	1913-1915
Ralph, L. W. H.	Pte.	244th Co., M. G. Co.	England	1913-1914
Sinclair, Alex.	Major	Home Duty	Toronto	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Lt.-Col.	Headquarters Staff, 4th Div.	Toronto	1905-1914
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Whitehead, A.		Artillery	Walkerton	1916-1918

## OLD BOYS.

Abendana, K. V.	Lieut.	B. W. I. Regiment	Port Antonio	1905-1910
Abendana, E. M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers	Port Antonio	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred			Campbellton	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Capt.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Toronto	1906-1910
Allan, J. A. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1911-1913
Allen, J. R.		R. A. F.	Ottawa	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co.	Toronto	1903-1905
Allen, J. S.	Capt.	P. P. C. L. I.	Vancouver	1910-1911
Ambrose, J. H.		U. S. Air Service	Nashville, Tenn.	1910-1911
Anderson, D. L.	Pte.	Machine Gun Co.	Tory Hill	1906
Anderson, G. W.	Capt.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Sergt.	2nd C. M. R.	Toronto	1906-1911
Anderson, R. F.			Ottawa	1906-1908
Anderson, W. S.		B. Co. Tank Corps Depot	St. John's, Nfld.	1909-1910
Angstrom, L. C.	Major	R. A. F.	Toronto	1903-1908
Angus, K. A.		R. A. F.	Regina	1903-1905
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters	Hamilton	1905-1906
Aspyden, A.	Pte.	1st Tank Battalion	New York City	1906-1913
Atkinson, H. J. H.	Gnr.	Artillery	Toronto	1913-1914
Auld, J. C.	Capt.	Can. F. A.	Toronto	1904-1912
Ault, A. D.	Gnr.	D. Battery, 2nd Brigade, C.H.A.	Ottawa	1911-1912
Baker, W. L.	Lieut.		Prince Albert	1911-1912
Balfour, W. E.	Gnr.	16th Battery, 9th Brigade	Regina	1912-1914
Ballantyne, C. C.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1901-1905
Barclay, W. C.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1906
Bastedo, R. H.	Pte.	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1908-1911
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Oakville	1905-1907
Bath, C. L.	Capt.	Flt. Comm., R. A. F.	Toronto	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sb. Lt.	R. A. F.	Victoria	1911-1912



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Beath, M. G.	Lieut.	227th Battalion	Sudbury	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Lieut.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Lieut.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1905-1910
Beecroft, H. T.	Lieut.	7th Brigade	Edmonton	1912-1913
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Montreal	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1908-1915
Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	27th Winnipeg Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1900-1909
Bennett, F.	Lieut.	Nfld. Record Office	St. John's	1911-1912
Bennett, S.	Capt.	R. A. F.	St. John's	1911-1914
Bennett, R. E.		R. A. F.	St. John's	1913-1915
Bigwood, P. H.	Fl. Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1909
Black, S. C.	Lieut.	9th Howitzer Battery	Montreal	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D. C. O. R.	Vancouver	1911-1913
Blake, G. E.	Capt.	Oxford Bucks, L.I.	Toronto	1901-1902
Blake, Hume, Jr.	Lieut.	Headquarters Staff	Toronto	1901-1902
Blackstock, G.	Gnr.	10th Can. Siege Battery	Toronto	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.	Pte.	60th Battalion	Toronto	1913-1915
Bole, W. W. R.	Driv.	Mechanical Transport	Toronto	1909-1916
Bond, H. St. G.	Capt.	R. C. E.	Toronto	1904-1909
Booth, C. D.	Capt.	39th Battery, 10th Brigade	Toronto	1903
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1911
Booth, D. W.	Capt.	169th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1903
Bowden, A. W.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Toronto	1916-1917
Bowden, H. V.	Corp.	C. A. S. C.	Toronto	1908-1909
Boyd, J. E.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1902-1909
Bradley, T. B.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Hamilton	1909-1913
Bradshaw, E. S.	Pte.	R. C. H. A.	Toronto	1907-1909
Bradshaw, M. A.	Corp.	67th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
Brecken, Paul R.	Capt.	Y. M. C. A. Secretary	Toronto	1901-1904
Broderick, F. N.	Corp.	York Rangers	Toronto	1906-1912
Broughall, Derie	Pte.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1904-1905
Brown, R. A.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, Bernal	Pte.	4th University Co.	Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, H. C.	Pte.	Officers' Training Corps	Columbia, U.S.A.	1917-1918
Brown, G. A.		R. C. D.	St. Thomas	1918
Burk, Gerrie		8th Battalion	Port Arthur	1906-1907
Burk, H. D.	Capt.	Paymaster, 1st C.E.R. Bn.	Toronto	1907-1909
Bryan, F. W.	Sergt.	Can. Corps Headquarters	Toronto	1908
Bullock, T. H.	Gnr.	12th Can. Siege Battery	Toronto	1914-1917
Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	20th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, G. K.	Pte.	Cyclists Corps	Toronto	1913-1914
Burns, M. C.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1908
Burton, R. B. S.	Lt.-Col.	Russia	Toronto	1902-1907
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1908
Butler, E. L.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks, L.I.	Toronto	1906-1908
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment	New Carlisle	1905-1907
Calvert, C. W. L.	Sb. Lt.	R. N. A. S.	Toronto	1912-1914
Cameron, J. H.	Pte.	51st Co., C.F.C.	Kenora	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A.	Sig.	4th C. M. R.	Owen Sound	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec.	Sergt.	2nd Div. Ammun. Col.	Toronto	1905-1912
Campbell, E. S.	Lieut.	R. N. A. S.	Toronto	1907-1916
Campbell, A. R.	Major.	216th Battalion	Toronto	1899-1900
Campbell, Geo.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	Halifax	1906-1911
Candeem, C. N.	L. Corp.	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1902-1909
Cantley, C. L.	Major.	5th Royal Highlanders	New Glasgow	1900-1902
Cantley, D. F.	Lieut.	4th Can. Siege Battery	New Glasgow	1911-1916
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1912
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Can. and R. F. C.	Kenora	1907-1909
Carr, F. R.	Sap.	Division Signallers	Hamilton	1909-1913

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Cameron, W. S.	.....	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1912-1916
Carver, D. F.	Corp.	U. S. Army, Base Hosp. No. 8.	Winderr	1902-1906
Cassels, G. T.	Capt.	R. C. H. A.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Gnr.	R. C. H. A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Gnr.	7th Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B.	.....	4th Univ. Co.	Port Williams	1912-1913
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	C. Squad, 2nd Brigade	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H.	Pte.	No. 7 Stationary Hospital	Wolfville	1910-1911
Chestnut, E. F.	Sergt.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1908
Chestnut A. W.	.....	4th Univ. Co.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Gnr.	C. F. A.	Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, H.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1905-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg Medical Corps	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Pte.	1st Can. Battalion	Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, E. K.	Capt.	Queen's Can. Mil. Hospital	Toronto	1905-1911
Clarke, N. D.	Pte.	P. P. C. L. I.	Toronto	1905-1909
Clark, C. T.	Capt.	Siberian Forces	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.	Lieut.	1st Motor Mach. Gun Brigade	Renfrew	1901
Clark, A. R. S.	.....	Dorsetshire Regiment	Toronto	1901-1902
Clement, D. W.	1st A.M.	R. A. F.	Kitchener	1913-1915
Clerk, B. M.	Major	11th Machine Gun Co.	Toronto	1903-1904
Coatsworth, C. P.	Capt.	2nd Pioneer Battalion, Can.	Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	R. H. A.	Ottawa	1905-1909
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Sb. Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1907-1910
Cocking, A. H.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Vancouver	1911-1912
Collins, F. H.	Sergt.	.....	Peterboro'	1903-1904
Comstock, W. H.	Fl. Lt.	R. N. A. S.	Brockville	1909-1916
Cooch, H. A.	Lieut.	7th Battalion, C.E.	Toronto	1902-1906
Copeland, G. R.	Com.	Armoured Cars	Toronto	1908-1909
Copeland, R. C.	Gnr.	4th Can. Siege Battery	Collingwood	1911-1912
Corbould, C. E. B.	Capt.	R. A. F., Egypt	New Westminster	1905-1908
Corsan, T. W.	Lieut.	7th Battalion	Victoria	1904-1906
Cosgrove, K. W.	Gnr.	67th Battery	Toronto	1915-1916
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	27th Battery	Brockville	1913-1915
Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	12th Brigade, M.G.C.	Toronto	1902-1904
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	1st Can. T. M. Battery	Toronto	1901-1905
Cotton, H. H.	Lieut.	2nd Brigade, C.M.R.	Cowansville	1910-1912
Coulthard, J. K. B.	Pte.	58th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.	Lieut.	50th Regiment	Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.	Driv.	2nd Division Train	Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.	S. Sgt.	.....	Toronto	1900
Crawford, C. S.	.....	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1903-1908
Crawford, H. A. C.	Lieut.	13th Can. Reserve Battalion	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	42nd Infantry Battalion	Toronto	1906-1911
Crowe, H. L.	Sb. Lt.	R. N. A. S.	Toronto	1908-1915
Crowe, J. A.	Capt.	43rd Winnipeg Cameron High.	Winnipeg	1905-1909
Crombie, V. R. A.	Lieut.	No. 1, 19th Battalion	Toronto	1913-1914
Crothers, W. G.	Lieut.	.....	Ottawa	1912-1913
Cruikshank, W. J.	Corp.	Infantry	Matsqui	1911-1912
Cunningham, L. E.	.....	13th Battalion	Parry Sound	1901
Cutler, J. G.	.....	8th Battalion	Halifax	1905-1907
Dack, J. O.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1915-1916
Dancey, W. A.	.....	R. N. V. R.	Goderich	1910-1911
Dand, A. C.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	New Glasgow	1912-1913
Dardis, G. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Morrisburg	1909
Darroch, J. C.	.....	Troop 3, Strathcona Horse	China	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Davies, H. E.	.....	R. A. F.	Toronto	1912-1917
Davidson, J. J.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1903-1909
Davis, G. G. L.	.....	65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1912-1913



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Davis, R. D.	Ensign	United States Navy	Pasadena	1911-1915
Davis, Lee S.	Lieut.	U. S. Army	Pasadena	1911-1915
Davison, J. A.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1902-1910
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Bridgewater	1906-1908
Davison, R. F.		R. N. A. S.	Bridgewater	1906-1909
DeBeck, C. V.	Pte.	Infantry	Penticton	1911-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.		Toronto	1903-1908
DeSherbinin, I.	Lieut.	C. S. E. F.	New York	1911-1912
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery	Winnipeg	1911
Dickson, I. W.			Toronto	1899-1900
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion	Toronto	1910-1912
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	4th C. M. R.	Toronto	1910-1915
Dineen, G. G.	Capt.	9th Bn. Royal Berkshire Reg.	Toronto	1907
Diver, F. G.	Lieut.	87th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	1st Can. Motor Mach. Gun B.	Toronto	1909-1913
Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion	Winnipeg	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
Donaldson, W. A.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Prince Albert	1913-1914
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1910
Douglas, J. G.	Lieut.	7th Seaforth Highlanders	Toronto	1904-1907
Douglas, G. K.	Gnr.	1st Reserve Brigade	Toronto	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Moose Jaw	1913-1915
Douglas, G. E.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Moose Jaw	1916-1917
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Winnipeg	1904-1906
Duncan, J. M.	Eng. Lt.	Royal Navy	Toronto	1903-1906
Duncan, M. E.		R. A. F.	Montreal	1912-1915
Duncanson, A. E.	Major	6th Can. Infantry Brigade	Toronto	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.	Sergt.	Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1907-1912
Dyement, I.	Corp.	Army Pay Corps	Toronto	1906-1912
Eakins, C. Gray	Sig.	18th Battery, C.F.A.	Napanee	1911-1916
Easson, J. M.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Toronto	1913-1916
Eberts, M. M.	Capt.	U. S. Army Aviation	Little Rock	1906-1908
Empey, R. O.	Driv.	R. C. H. A.	Toronto	1916-1917
Evans, Ed.	2nd Lt.	68th Co. Chinese L. Corps	China	1906-1907
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Bn. and 8th Res. Bn.	Toronto	1903-1907
Farquhar, T. D.	Lieut.	8th Can. Siege Bn.	Halifax	1907-1908
Ferguson, J. A.	Lieut.	17th Draft, C.E.	Massey	1910-1913
Ferguson, W. R.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Brandon	1911-1912
Ferguson, W. W.	Major	228th Battalion	North Boy	1902-1905
Fergusson, J. L.	Major	C. A. S. C.	Toronto	1899-1902
Fergusson, A. T.	Lieut.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1899-1906
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1910
Ferguson, R. A.		25th Battery	Adamston	1913
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1910
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Firstbrook, N. R.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1911-1916
Firth-Eagland, W.		Motor Cycle Corps	Toronto	1909-1911
Fisken, Sidney	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1901-1903
Flavell, J. F.	Capt.		Toronto	1901-1909
Fleming, D. W.	Lieut.	Military Service, Sarnia	Windsor	1910-1911
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Ottawa	1913-1916
Fleming, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 1 Construction Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Flemming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-1907
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	C. A. M. C.	Toronto	1902-1907
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Oakville	1900-1903
Forbes, R. D.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Hespeler	1906-1910
Forgie, J. M.	Capt.	1st Tank Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Foster, M. L.	Sb. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1909-1911
Foster, W. F. T.	Sergt.	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Capt.	M. G. School, Kingston	Ottawa	1903-1911
Fraser, D. T.	Capt.	94th Field Ambulance	Toronto	1900-1905
Frith, Ed. V.	Lieut.	C. M. G.	Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Frith, N. L. H.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Hamilton, Ber.	1914-1916
Firstbrook, W. G.		C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1908-1913
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	Res. Eng. Imp. Munit. Bd.	Toronto	1906-1910
Galbraith, R. D.	Major	2nd Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Carleton Pl.	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. A. H.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Toronto	1907-1915
Garratt, P. C.	Major	R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1910
Gartshore, J. S.	Bomb.	6th Siege Battery	Toronto	1902
Gartshore, L. B.	Lieut.		Toronto	1899
Gauld, W. H.		Cycle Corps	Japan	1911-1912
Geggie, W. M. M.	2nd Lt.	Machine Gun Corps	Toronto	1907-1910
Gibson, D. P.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Guelph	1905-1907
Gibson, W. O.	Lieut.	31st Battery	Guelph	1907
Gibson, Ira A.	Corp.	C. A. S. C.	Perth	1911-1913
Gideon, T. R.	Capt.	1st Lincolns	Port Antonio	1904-1906
Gill, R. J.	Capt.	21st Battalion	Bowmanville	1904-1907
Gillespie, J. K.	Capt.	3rd Can. Battalion	Toronto	1902
Gillespie, P. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1899
Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1900-1902
Gillies, C. C.		Canadian Engineers	Clover Bar	1900
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.	Forestry Department	Vancouver	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul	Capt.	17th N. S. Battalion	Toronto	1902
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	54th Battery	Toronto	1905-1908
Gooderham, Grant	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1910
Gooderham, M. S.	Capt.	4th Infantry Brigade	Toronto	1901-1910
Gordon, D. W.		R. A. F.	Vancouver	1908-1909
Gordon, J. C.	Pte.	31st Forestry Co.	Winnipeg	1909-1912
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F.	Capt.	Can. Forestry Corps	Pembroke	1910-1914
Gouinlock, G. R.	Lieut.	15th Battery	Toronto	1908-1910
Graham, D. W.	Pte.	5th Can. Mach. Gun Co.	Renfrew	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	58th Howitzer Battery	Belleville	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	R. N. A. S.	Napanee	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.	Lieut.	Royal Canadian Dragoons	Perth	1910-1912
Grant, E. M.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, G. W.	Capt.	Can. Medical Services	Halifax	1905-1907
Grant, R. H.	Capt.	Dep. Assist Prov. Marsh., U.S.	Toronto	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1915
Gray, M. J.	Driv.	C. A. S. C.	Stratford	1909
Greer, W. C.	Lieut.	11th Irish Fusiliers	Vancouver	1910-1911
Grier, C. B.	Lieut.	Headquarters Staff	Montreal	1904-1905
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	68th Battery		
Haas, K. E.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1908-1911
Haas, M. S.	Lieut.	1st Can. Mach. Gun Bn.	Toronto	1903-1908
Hachborn, E. W.	Major	Royal Garrison Artillery	Toronto	1904
Hale, Thos.	Lt.-Col.	224th Forestry Battalion	Pembroke	1905-1907
Hallam, M.		Scottish Red Cross	Toronto	1901-1910
Hamilton, C. D.	Driv.	4th Can. Field Ambulance	Toronto	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	R. F. A.	Toronto	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	Can. Forestry Corps	Toronto	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sap.	2nd Field Engineers	Erindale	1902
Hanlon, E. G.	Fl. Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1908
Hanna, W. B.	Capt.	92nd Battalion	Toronto	1903-1911
Hanna, W. N.	Lieut.	R. F. A. and R. A. F.	Toronto	1908-1910



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Hardie, J. M. O.	Pte.	2nd C. M. R.	Lethbridge	1907-1909
Hardie, W. E. G.	Pte.	29th Battalion	Lethbridge	1906-1909
Harris, H. K.	Capt.	Imperial Army	Toronto	1899
Harris, G. R.	Pte.	U. S. Army	Toronto	1910-1918
Harrison, W. L.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1913-1916
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	Service in Montreal	Montreal	1906-1907
Hastings, C. E.	Lieut.	C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1908-1909
Hastings, V. J.	Major.	Sec. Can. Overseas Forces	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Capt.	Headquarters Staff, Winnipeg	Winnipeg	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	C. A. S. C., C. S. E. F.	Whitby	1910-1914
Hayden, R.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Calgary	1910-1911
Hayes, B. Barry	Sb. Lt.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1904-1906
Haywood, A. P.	Capt.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Hennessey, J. W.	Major.	71st Co., Forestry Corps	Port Coulonge	1912
Hennessey, A. B.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Port Coulonge	1912
Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	11th Ontario County Bn.	Oshawa	1910-1913
Herald, R. A.	Pte.	16th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lt.-Col.	1st Field Co. Div., Eng.	Toronto	1900-1904
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	7th Field Co., and Siberia	Toronto	1899-1901
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	1st Bn. Can. Troops	Toronto	1906-1909
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	13th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1909
Hodgson, D. E.	Gnr.	14th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1908-1912
Hoeffler, I. W.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Vancouver	1908-1912
Holliday, D. H.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1916-1917
Home, H. M.	Pte.	Canadian Engineers	Toronto	1907-1917
Hope, J. C.	Lieut.	1st Tank Battalion	Toronto	1905-1909
Hughes, B. H.		Canadian Engineers	Toronto	1902-1904
Hume, R. F.	S. Sgt.	Can. Forestry Corps	Vancouver	1911-1912
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	London Ont.	1901-1903
Hunter, J. A. P.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Innisfree	1910-1916
Husband, G. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1914
Hutcheson, B. W.	Capt.	25th Field Co., Can. Forestry	Huntsville	1911-1912
Hutchings, D. J.	Lieut.	Lewis Mach. Gun 46th Bn.	Calgary	1909-1912
Hutchings, J. G.	Gnr.	Army Saddler	Calgary	1911
Hutchings, H.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Hamilton, Ber.	1915-1916
Hutchings, H. G.			Winnipeg	1911-1913
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	R. H. A.	Toronto	1912-1915
Ings, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Charlottetown	1913-1914
Isbester, M.	Capt.	Royal Canadian Regiment	Port Arthur	1900-1902
Isaacs, C. L.	Lieut.	Reserve Battalion	Jamaica	1908-1910
Jackson, James	Sgt.-Mj.		Toronto	1908-1910
James, W. C.	Lieut.	1st Tank Battalion	Toronto	1904-1910
Jardine, R. A.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Winnipeg	1909-1911
Jenkins, W. S.	Driv.	1st Can. Heavy Battery	Madoc	1915-1916
Johnson, G. R.	Capt.	177th Company, R.E.	Fernie	1904-1906
Johnston, F. V.	Lieut.	Royal Canadian Dragoons	Toronto	1908-1916
Johnston, H. A.	Capt.	13th Battalion	Montreal	1908-1912
Johnston, K. B.	Sig.	66th Battery	Montreal	1910-1914
Johnston, R. G.		77th Battery	California	1905-1909
Jones-Bateman, J. B.	Corp.	A.P.M.'s Office, London	Toronto	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, B. W.	Lieut.	42nd Battalion, M.G. Sect.	Toronto	1909-1913
Junkin, R. L.	Capt.	5th Field Co. Div., Eng.	Toronto	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1908-1912
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	Toronto	1903-1907
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	3rd Brigade Staff	Toronto	1903-1910
Kay, Jack	Major.	4th Brigade, Mach. Gun	Toronto	1901-1909
Kelly, Chas. H.	Pte.	10th Battalion	St. George's	1900-1902

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Keith, N. M.	Capt.	3rd Harvard Unit	Toronto	1899-1904
Kemp, C. A.	Lieut.	C. A. S. C.	Toronto	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1913
Kerr, H. T.	Gnr.	Siberian Force, Artillery	Toronto	1913-1918
Kerr, W. J.	Cadet	R. A. F.	Toronto	1917-1918
Kilgour, Arthur	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1900-1907
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1905-1909
King, R. R. E.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1906-1909
Kingston, H. C.	Lieut.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto	1905-1907
Knechtel, K. D.	Gnr.	4th Battery, C.F.A.	Hanover	1915-1916
Lafferty, Heber	Major	R. C. H. A.	Calgary	1906-1907
Langton, W. T.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1911-1912
Larkin, S. P.	At. Sgt.	Battery A., 2nd Tr. Bn.	Plattsburg	1916-1918
Lash, G. H. G.	Capt.	47th Battalion	Toronto	1910-1913
Lazier, T. H.	Sig.	52nd Battery	Belleville	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	30th Ottawa Rifles	London	1903-1906
Leckie, C. P.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Vancouver,	1911-1915
Leckie, H. B.	Sb. Lt.	Royal Navy	Vancouver	1909-1914
Lee, S. B. D.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1900-1906
Leishman, C. M.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1905-1910
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.	Pte.	5th Co., 5th Res. Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Capt.	Trench Mortar Battalion	Toronto	1905-1909
Leishman, N. G.	Gnr.	A. Battery, 1st Brigade	Toronto	1912-1913
Lennard, H. G.	Lieut.	M. G. School, Seaford	Dundas	1908-1910
Lighbourne, F. G.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1903-1911
Lighbourne, G. O.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1903-1908
Lighbourn, A. H.	Lieut.	Volunteer Rifles	Paget, Ber.	1908-1909
Lindsay, A. B.	Capt.	2nd Depot Bn., 2nd C.O.R.	Toronto	1904-1914
Livingston, R.	Lieut.	10th Battery	Kingston	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	1st Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1913
Lockhart, N. B.	Pte.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Lockhart, R. A.	Lieut.	Trench Mortar Battery	Toronto	1908-1912
Lorimer, N. H.	Lieut.	20th Battery	Toronto	1906-1908
Loudon, L. B. M.	Capt.	5th Reserve	Toronto	1902-1906
Lowndes, E. B.	Lieut.	14th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1915
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Capt.	B. 5 Canton, C. Purchase Bd.	Toronto	1906-1912
Lowes, A. T.	Capt.	5th Canadians	Calgary	1906-1907
Lytle, W. H.	Major	7th Ban., C.E.	Toronto	1906-1908
McAvity, P. D.	Major	26th Battalion	St. John	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Capt.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
McCutcheon, J. G. M.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1914-1915
McDonald, G. C.	Gnr.	40th Battery	Chatsworth	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.	Capt.	27th Battalion	Winnipeg	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corp.	4th Can. Reserve Battalion	Walkerton	1915-1916
McGillivray, Erie	Gnr.	C. F. A.	Port Elgin	1912-1913
McGillivray, D.	Capt.	7th Brigade Staff	Vancouver	1909-1911
McGregor, D. G.	Lieut.	153rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1910
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	1st Depot Battalion	Toronto	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1903-1913
McIvor, W.	Pte.	2nd Div. Supply Sol.	Winnipeg	1910-1914
McKay, Frank M.		Cobourne Heavies	Toronto	1902-1906
McKeague, C. W.	Capt.	21st Co., C.F.C.	Winnipeg	1910-1913
McKenzie, K. G.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Monkton	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Major	Headquarters Staff, Ottawa	Ottawa	1908-1910
McLachlin, K.	Capt.	21st Co., C.F.C.	Ottawa	1904-1905
McLachlin, J. H.	Capt.	2nd Can. Div. M.P. Co.	Ottawa	1904-1906



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
McLagan, P. D. M.	Lieut.	103rd Battalion	Abbotsford	1905-1907
McLennan, A. R.	Sergt.	2nd Can. Command Regiment	Toronto	1907-1914
McLaren, G. B.	Sb. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1903-1907
McLeod, C. S. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Stratford	1916-1917
McLeod, J. E.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1913
McMullen, R. P.		50th Queen's Battery	Toronto	1912-1914
McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	R. F. A. 55th Battery	Toronto	1912-1914
McMurtry, U. B.	Lieut.	116th Battalion	Toronto	1915-1916
McMichael, J. E.	Gnr.	3rd Can. Siege Battery	Toronto	1909-1914
McPhedran, M.	Capt.	Medical Officer, 12th Brigade	Toronto	1902-1906
McPherson, G. B.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, W. B.	Capt.	Military Headquarters, Ottawa	Toronto	1902-1907
McQueen, H. M.	Pte.	58th Battalion	Petrolia	1912-1913
McRae, D. A.		R. N. A. S.	Winnipeg	1913-1915
McTaggart, G. D.	Lieut.	219th Field Co., R.E.	Clinton	1912-1914
McTaggart, W. B.	Major.	12th Battery, 3rd Brigade	Clinton	1908-1910
Maclure, L. C.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Kilgard, B.C.	1903
Macdonald, F. M.	Lieut.	R. N. V. R.	Toronto	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1900-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Winnipeg	1911-1915
MacDougall, J. W.	Lieut.	5th Battery	Vancouver	1912-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	33rd Battery	London	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders	Montreal	1900-1902
MacGregor, I. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	New Glasgow	1912-1916
MacKeen, D. W.	Lieut.	5th Battery	Halifax	1907-1912
MacKeen, H.	Lieut.	Can. Heavy Battery	Halifax	1906-1910
MacKenzie, A. B.	Sergt.	12th Reserve	Toronto	1906-1913
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Battalion	Washington	1901-1902
MacKenzie, W. G.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Vancouver	1916
MacLaren, Ian	Lieut.	58th Battery	St. John	1910-1913
MacLaren, K. B.	Capt.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
MacNutt, P. T.	Driv.	Canadian Engineers	St. John	1900-1901
Macpherson, C. S.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Guelph	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.		Amherst	1913
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Montreal	1907-1908
Macnee, W. K.	Capt.	R. A. F.	Kingston	1905-1908
Malcolm, E. B.		Service in Montreal	Campbellton	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	Lieut.	Canadian Forestry Corps	Campbellton	1910-1912
Malcolm, J.	Lieut.	R. A. F., Egypt	Campbellton	1910-1913
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Lieut.	65th Battalion	Prince Albert	1911-1913
Marks, G. R.	Cadet.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1910-1913
Marsh, P. C.	Corp.	Can. Corps Supply Col	Huntsville	1909-1910
Marshall, D. G.	Bomb.	52nd Battery	Vancouver	1910-1912
Matheson, W. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	New Glasgow	1905-1910
Massey, A. B.	Fl. Lt.	R. N. A. S.	Toronto	1906-1908
Massey, A. H.	Lieut.	Siberian Exp. Force	Toronto	1911
Massey, V.	Lt.-Col.	Sec. War Cabinet, Ottawa	Toronto	1902-1906
Masson, R. G.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Ottawa	1909-1910
Matthews, R. A.	Capt.	C. A. M. C.	Toronto	1902-1903
May, G. H.	Lieut.	S. M. T. O., Can. Corps	Ottawa	1903-1905
May, T. C.		R. N. A. S.	Toronto	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.	Sap.	R. E.	Peterboro'	1907-1908
Meredith, E. W. J.	Capt.		Vancouver	1903
Meyer, C. H.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1913-1915
Mickleborough, K.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Battalion	Toronto	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	Capt.	152nd Field Co.	Toronto	1901-1907
Millington, C. A.	Pte.	Ontario Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1909-1914

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Milne, J. K. ....	Sap.	D. Co., C.C.D.	Madoc	1910-1911
Mills, L. G. ....	Capt.	No. 2 District Depot	Toronto	1907-1908
Mitchell, R. G. ....	Eaton	Battery	Weyburn	1909-1911
Moffatt, A. B. ....	Lieut.	R. A. M. C.	Toronto	1899-1906
Montgomery, A. R. ....	Lieut.	T. M. B.	New Richmond	1909-1910
Montgomery, L. C. ....	Capt.	42nd Battalion	New Richmond	1909-1912
Montgomery, C. C. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1907
Montgomery, J. A. ....			Toronto	1905
Moore, W. R. ....		Montreal Grenadiers	North Bay	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A. ....	Major	5th Canadian Engineers	Oshawa	1906-1908
Morrison, A. M. ....	Pte.	C.A.S.C. Mech. Transport	Winnipeg	1915-1916
Morrison, D. W. ....	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1903-1905
Mortimer, V. S. ....		2nd C. M. R.	Toronto	1902-1905
Morton, D. R. ....	Major	Bd. of Inquiry re Transport	Toronto	1909-1911
Morton, R. O. G. ....	Lieut.	Royal Canadian Artillery	Toronto	1907-1912
Moseley, P. V. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	St. Hyacinthe	1910-1917
Mulligan, W. R. ....	Tpr.	Lord Strathcona Horse	Regina	1911
Munn, W. L. G. ....	Lieut.	Nfld. Regiment	St. John's	1910-1914
Munn, R. S. E. ....	Pte.	1st Nfld. Regiment	St. John's	1909-1913
Munro, H. E. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1904-1909
Munro, J. E. ....	Gnr.	72nd Queen's Battery	Pembroke	1914-1917
Munro, Freeman ....	Lieut.	36th Battalion	Dunnville	1906-1911
Munro, W. M. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon ....	Sergt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E. ....	Pte.	Can. Br. (B.C.) Record Office	Weyburn	1910
Nasmith, D. H. ....	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Toronto	1900-1902
Nation, Geo. ....	Lieut.	7th Canadian Battalion	Victoria	1910-1913
Neil, R. M. ....	Gnr.	10th Battery, 3rd Brigade	Peterboro'	1913-1914
Nelson, G. V. ....	Major	18th Battalion	Toronto	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren D. ....	Capt.	Div. T. M., 4th Can. Div.	Montreal	1906-1913
Newman, M. F. ....	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. G. H. ....		14th Home Guards	Kingston	1906-1908
Nicol, H. L. ....	A. Maj.	Strathcona Horse	Vancouver	1909-1911
Norrie, E. H. ....	Gnr.	48th Battery	Toronto	1909-1913
Norris, C. E. ....	S. Sgt.	Div. Ammun. Park, A.S.C.	Toronto	1905-1908
O'Brian, C. Lewis ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	L'Original	1907-1911
Oliver, Allan ....	Lieut.	26th Battery	Ottawa	1905-1909
Ord, W. E. ....	Capt.	Grenfell Special Hospital	McAdam Jet.	1908
Page, F. P. ....	Major	4th Canadian I.C.B.	Toronto	1902
Parker, Park ....	Lieut.	U. S. Aviation	New York	1907-1908
Parsons, J. D. ....	Lieut.	4th Reserve Battalion	Galt	1911-1913
Persons, Myles ....		19th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1907
Paisley, J. E. H. ....	Lieut.	A. Battery, R.C.H.A.	Ottawa	1908-1910
Paterson, G. O. ....	Sergt.	5th Div. C.A.S.C.	Toronto	1904-1913
Paton, W. H. ....	Corp.	198th Battalion	London	1906-1907
Pedley, J. H. ....	Lieut.	4th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1909
Peuchen, G. A. ....	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
Phillips, Ralph ....	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Ottawa	1912-1915
Phillips, M. ....	Fl. Lt.	R. A. F.	Parry Sound	1903-1909
Phippen, L. C. ....	Fl. Lt.	R. A. F.	Sarnia	1916
Porter, R. M. ....	Lieut.	6th Reserve Battalion	Belleville	1911-1915
Proctor, J. A. ....	Lieut.	8th Reserve Battalion	Beaverton	1908
Quigley, F. G. ....	Capt.	R. A. F.	Winnipeg	1908-1909
Ramsden, J. C. ....	Lieut.	3rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R. ....	Lieut.	4th C. M. R.	Toronto	1902-1908
Rand, E. A. ....	Lieut.	8th Battalion	New Westminster	1912-1913
Rankin, T. R. ....	Cadet	C. O. T. C.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	1911-1916



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Reid, G. T. ....	Capt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1908-1909
Rennie, G. G. ....	Pte.	C. A. S. C. ....	Toronto	1903-1912
Reynolds, T. R. ....	Pte.	A. M. C. ....	Toronto	1905-1906
Raney, P. H. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1906-1908
Rice, H. F. ....	Bomb.	59th Battery	Toronto	1912-1913
Rice, S. G. ....	Lieut.	31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C. ....	Pte.	C. A. M. C. ....	Portage la Prairie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R. ....	Lieut.	4th Div. Can. Train	Toronto	1906-1909
Riddell, A. R. ....	Capt.	C. A. M. C. ....	Toronto	1900
Risteen, C. F. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F. ....	Vancouver	1909-1911
Risteen, G. N. ....	Driv.	53rd Battery	Vancouver	1909-1914
Robertson, Alex. ....	Cadet.	R. A. F. ....	Lethbridge	1912-1913
Rogers, C. E. ....	Sb. Lt.	R. N. A. S. ....	Toronto	1902-1909
Rolph, F. G. ....	Lieut.	38th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1913
Rolph, H. J. ....	Capt.	4th Battery, C.F.A.	Toronto	1906-1914
Rolph, E. G. ....	Lieut.	C. O. T. C. ....	Toronto	1907-1917
Rose, J. T. ....	Lieut.	C-165 Brigade	Toronto	1911-1916
Ross, Dudley ....	S. Prob.	Navy	Elora	1908-1913
Ross, J. D. F. ....	Pte.	C. O. T. C. ....	Toronto	1913-1918
Ross, David Roy ....	Cadet.	R. A. F. ....	Truro	1916-1918
Ross, G. F. ....	Fl. Lt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, M. E. ....	Lieut.	C. F. A. ....	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D. ....		47th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
Russell, Frank A. ....		Artillery	Waubushene	1901
Rutter, G. W. ....	Lieut.	4th C. M. R. ....	Toronto	1911-1916
Saunders, R. P. ....	Major.	19th Battalion	Toronto	1900-1904
Scott, D. S. ....	Sb. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1908-1911
Scott, H. H. ....		Navy	Toronto	1909-1915
Shirriff, Q. S. ....	Capt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1906-1910
Silver, H. N. ....	Pte.	12th Div. M. T. Co'y.	Halifax	1909-1910
Skead, E. A. ....	Lieut.	1st C. M. R. ....	Attawa	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P. ....	Lieut.	Siberian Exp. Force	Cobourg	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K. ....	Gnr.	271st Can. Siege Battery	Montreal	1910-1915
Slatter, A. M. ....	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F. ....	L. Corp.	Can. Reserve Cyclists	Kingston	1913-1914
Smith, D. R. M. ....	Lieut.	Imperial Army	Ottawa	1912-1913
Smith, E. M. ....	Capt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1904-1910
Smith, H. I. ....	Cadet.	R. A. F. ....	Vernon	1916-1918
Smith, N. M. ....	Pte.	C. A. S. C. ....	Vancouver	1912-1914
Smith, J. A. ....			New Westminster	1912
Smith, J. D. ....		R. A. F. ....	Port Hope	1916-1917
Smith, J. R. ....	Pte.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1910
Smith, K. B. F. ....			Toronto	1911-1916
Smith, L. F. W. ....	Sb. Lt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1910-1912
Smith, S. H. ....	Sergt.	American Army	Los Angeles	1902-1910
Snelgrove, G. R. ....	Capt.	C. S. E. F. ....	Toronto	1908-1913
Snelgrove, J. C. ....	Capt.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1904-1907
Snow, G. A. ....	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1912
Snow, G. B. ....	Lieut.	134th Battalion	Toronto	1906-1909
Snowball, F. L. ....	Lieut.	2nd Brigade	Chatham, N.B.	1911-1912
Somerville, H. A. ....	Lieut.	2nd C. O. R. ....	Toronto	1907-1915
Somerville, H. A. ....	Lieut.	1st Battalion	Toronto	1907-1913
Spohn, P. D. ....	Capt.	Brook Military Hospital	Penetang	1902-1905
Spohn, H. G. ....	Lieut.	66th Battery, C.F.A.	Penetang	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B. ....	Capt.	Orpington Hospital	Toronto	1903-1906
Stavert, R. E. ....	Lieut.	7th Battalion, C.E.	Montreal	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E. ....	Capt.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps	Toronto	1903-1908
Stone, F. H. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F. ....	Toronto	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R. ....	Lieut.	R. A. F. ....	Farran's Pt.	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C. ....	Pte.	No. 3, C. C. Depot	Fort William	1910-1913

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Stephen, J. F.	Cadet	R. A. F.	Vancouver	1909-1912
Stonehuse, C. E.	Sergt.	1st C. C. D.	Toronto	1903-1905
Stonehouse, G. G.	Lieut.	A. M. C.	Wallaceburg	1913-1914
Stovel, E. F.	Lieut.	Strathcona Horse	Winnipeg	1914
Stokes, S. G.	Lieut.	18th Can. Battalion	Petrolia	1910
Straith, J. L.		99th Battery	Windsor	1912
Strother, K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army	Toronto	1904-1909
Stuart, J. F. P.		73rd Siege Battery	Vancouver	1906-1911
Stuckey, F. A.		R. A. F.	Calgary	1913-1914
Sutherland, W. E.	Pte.	28th Battalion	Vancouver	1906-1911
Sutherland, W. W.			Quebec City	1910-1912
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1905
Sykes, H. H.	Capt.	18th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1910
Syme, A. A.	Cadet	R. A. F.	St. John's	1912-1913
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Sig. Co.	Toronto	1908
Taylor, Wilfred		Engineers	Whitehorse	1913-1916
Taylor, J. S.	Pte.	Borden's Motor Car Battery	Whitehorse	1908-1910
Taylor, J. W.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Guelph	1907-1917
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	4th Can. Reserve Battalion	Chatham	1913
Templeton, E. W.	Lieut.	178th Battalion	Vancouver	1910
Thompson, E. W.	Lieut.	Can. Eng. M. T. Co.	Toronto	1901-1910
Thomson, E. S.	Lieut.	1st Canadian Regiment	Halifax	1910-1913
Thompson, F. H.		Yukon Infantry Co.	Dawson City	1910-1912
Thompson, J. C.	2nd Lt.	Battery B, 43rd Artillery	New York	1906-1907
Thomson, G. Grant	Gnr.	9th Howitzer Battery	Orillia	1902-1905
Thomson, Gardner C.	Pte.	Mechanical Transport	Dundas	1917-1918
Tibb, J. C.	Sergt.	1st Depot Reserve Battalion	Toronto	1902-1904
Tibb, R. C.		American Army	Toronto	1899
Tidy, P. C.	Capt.	Brigade Headquarters, Can. Inf.	Toronto	1907
Tod, Geo. D.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Summit, N.J.	1915-1916
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	C. A. S. C.	Montreal	1911-1913
Travis, G. W.	Lieut.	18th Brigade, M. G. Co.	Sydney, N.S.	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Pte.	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1905-1908
Trow, E. M.	Pte.	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1912-1915
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	18th Battalion (Canadians)	London	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gnr.	3rd C. A. D. C.	Toronto	1910-1914
Turnbull, W. C.	Gnr.	67th Battery	Edmonton	1912-1917
Thomson, G. J.	Sb. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol	Vancouver	1907-1909
Thomson, R. A.	Gnr.		Paris	1905-1909
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	T. M. B., 15th Battalion	Oakville	1912-1914
Urquhart, A.	Lieut.	T. M. B., 15th Battalion	Oakville	1912-1914
VanderVoort, C. M.	Pte.	C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1906
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	C. A. S. C.	Hamilton	1909-1911
Verner, W. S.		36th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1910
Verner, F. B.	Pte.		Toronto	1909-1910
Vogt, Geo. M.		159th Inf. Bn., U. S. Army	Toronto	1909-1911
Walker, S. A.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Norwich	1906-1911
Walker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion	Fort William	1907-1910
Wallace, Cecil	Cadet	R. A. F.	Blind River	1914-1916
Wallace, H. D. M.		R. A. F.	Blind River	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.	Capt.	Army Medical Corps	Toronto	1901-1904
Wallace, C.		5th Battalion	Vancouver	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.	Lieut.	234th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1912
Wallace, N. E.	Lieut.	16th Battery	Hamilton	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	24th Battalion	Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. L.	Lieut.	38th Battery	Brantford	1907-1910
Watson, H. E.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1915-1916
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1911



Name.	Rank	Unit.	Home	St. Andrew's College
Webster, Harold	Sb. Lt.	Motor Boat Patrol Service	Vancouver	1910
Webster, W. L.	Corp.	R. C. G. A.	Merquette, Mich.	1907-1909
Wemyss, R. H.	Gnr.	60th Battery	Neepawa	1910-1913
West, G. H.	Pte.	28th Battalion	Wetaskiwin	1902
West, R. R.	F. Cadet	R. A. F.	Brandon	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mechanical Transport	Brantford	1908-1912
Whitaker, E. G.	Lieut.	43rd Howitzer Battery	Brantford	1908-1915
Whitaker, G. E.	Gnr.	22nd Howitzer Battery	Brantford	1908-1916
Whitney, E. G.		208th Battalion (Band)	Toronto	1907-1912
Wiggins, D. E.		R. A. F.	Saskatoon	1918
Wildman, V.		R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1914
Wilkes, F. H.	Capt.	3rd Indian Cavalry	Brantford	1908-1909
Williams, J. M.	Pte.	C. A. S. C.	Winnipeg	1913-1914
Williams, W. D.		4th C. M. R.	Mexico	1906-1911
Williamson, F. S.	Lieut.	Canadian Engineers	Toronto	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Oshowa	1911-1916
Wilson, A. C. H.	Pte.	15th Battalion	Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
Wilson, J. T.		5th Battery	Toronto	1910-1914
Wilson, J. H.	Lieut.	102nd Battalion	Vancouver	1904-1910
Wilson, J. R.	Lieut.		Belleville	1911-1913
Winchester, A. S.	Sap.	Signal Corps	Toronto	1903-1907
Winter, E. R.	2nd Lt.	1st Nfld. Regiment	St. John's	1912-1914
Winter, M. G.	Sergt.	2nd Bn. Nfld. Regiment	St. John's	1912-1915
Wishart, D. E. S.	Capt.	No. 4 Can. General Hospital	Toronto	1901-1906
Wood, R. S.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1905-1907
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C.	Lieut.	R. A. F.	New Westminster	1906-1909
Wright, H. R. L.	Lieut.	Can. Field Artillery	Toronto	1907-1914
Wright, B. H.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	Toronto	1910-1916
Wright, J. H.		C. O. T. C.	Toronto	1912-1917
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lancashire Fusiliers	Toronto	1907-1912
Young, J. W.	Sergt.	67th Battery	Gravenhurst	1909-1912
Yuile, J. W.	Bomb.	45th Battery	Montreal	1906-1909
Yuill, J. H.	Cadet	R. A. F.	Medicine Hat	1915-1917
Yuill, J. W.		U. S. Army	Medicine Hat	1915-1916
Yuille, W. B.	2nd Lt.	R. A. F.	Toronto	1908-1913

## THE WAR AND ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

The school year of 1913-14 was a year full of events. The football championship was won by a team captained by Lindsay Wright. The second team, captained by T. I. Findley, had an unusually successful season. There were also third, fourth and fifth teams which distinguished themselves. These victories were celebrated by a series of dinners. On November 20th the Cross Country Run was won by R. A. Brown. On February 2nd His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught presented the prizes and addressed the boys. On May 21st Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught very graciously consented to distribute the prizes for the athletic sports. Brown was the winner of the senior championship. In the summer term Lindsay Wright was captain of the cricket team. When the school broke up in June there was no hint of the impending storm. The brightest of futures seemed before the boys who played so manfully their part in study and sport:

*"Futuri temporis exitum,  
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus."*

Lindsay Wright was to meet his death in France seated at the regimental mess, killed by a high explosive shell; Brown was to fall at Passchendaele; and Findley was to escape severely wounded after an air encounter prior to the great German assault of March, 1918. Every member of the staff of the REVIEW for 1913-14 was to see service and there is no group photograph for that year that does not include those who have now fallen.

When we reassembled in September the storm had burst. On the 4th of August Britain declared war. On the 15th Liege fell, and on the 20th the Germans marching arrogantly through the Belgian capital made Brussels re-echo with "Ein Feste Burg." On August 26th, though it was long before we knew the magnitude of their defeat, the Russians were rolled back at Tannenberg in East Prussia. In Galicia their armies successfully encountered the Austrians and occupied Lemberg. As we returned to school the French had withdrawn their government from Paris to Bordeaux and the German spear-head was already thrusting at the city. The glorious retreat of the British from Mons had ended, and we began the school year in the very days when the decisive battle of the Marne was fought. Already young Canada had sprung to arms. Thirty



thousand impatient troops were mustered at Valcartier. The Headmaster made a visit to the training camp and found about thirty-five old boys and former masters already enlisted. With what eager interest the school followed the details of their training at Valcartier and later amid the mud of Salisbury Plains! There were no Andreans in the original Princess Patricias, so that so far as is known none of our boys reached France till the early months of 1915. Meantime the course of the war swept on. The Germans, decisively defeated at the Marne, entrenched on the Aisne where a struggle took place beginning September 15, followed by an out-flanking race to the sea, the Germans being definitely halted in their efforts by the first contest at Ypres October 11-November 20. Antwerp was occupied October 9. A sad and gloomy Autumn this for the school, although as yet none dreamed of the eventual magnitude of the struggle. On November 1st the disastrous action off Coronel took place, to be splendidly avenged five weeks later, on December 8, by the victory of the Falklands. War was declared on November 15th against Turkey. Tsing-Tau fell to the Japanese on November 7th. The first invasion of Servia took place in early December, and a week before we broke up the Germans shelled Scarborough and Hartlepool. The struggle seemed widening in all directions, with all our hopes centred, until the British forces could be recruited, upon the Russian armies still intact and victorious. By Christmas, 1914, nearly sixty Old Boys were in training with as yet no casualties. The rugby championship had been retained.

From Christmas to midsummer, 1915, the course of the war became more tragic and threatening. On February 18 the German submarine campaign began, and on May 7th the *Lusitania* was sunk, events which in the end brought the Americans into the conflict. The Russians, after the dramatic capture of Przemyśl on March 22, experienced, beginning at the Dunajec, the first of a long series of calamitous defeats. On April 25th the Allies landed at Gallipoli. Munn, Bennett, and Winter of Newfoundland, among our Old Boys, took part in this affair, and Munn was among the last to leave when on December 19th the disastrous attempt was abandoned. Italy entered the war on May 23, and the Coalition Cabinet was formed in England May 25th. The year 1915 was not marked by exceptional activity on the western front. The policy of nibbling was still pursued. The Germans were on the whole content to hold their ground while giving all their attention to the crushing of Russia.



A British effort was made, however, at Neuve Chapelle on March 10th, and at Hill 60, on April 17th, but as yet resources and organization were far too incomplete to attain any adequate success. On March 16th Lieut. F. C. Andrews, the first of St. Andrew's Old Boys to fall in the war, was killed in action by gunshot wounds. He was with the Royal Leinsters, an Irish regiment. On April 28 at the second battle of Ypres the forces of Canada won imperishable renown and saved a situation which threatened grave disaster. The military record of the Canadian forces contains no prouder page than the story of the gallant stand at St. Julien. In a very real sense Canada took her rightful place among the nations by virtue of her manhood at the battle of Ypres. All doubt as to the quality of the Canadian troops was at an end. We who never doubted their valour and discipline felt that such questions were finally and gloriously settled. At the battle of Ypres Lieut. A. L. Bell and Eric Broughall were killed. It fell to the lot of Major Burton, after gallantly retaining command of his company when seriously wounded, to receive in hospital the personal thanks of the King for the "splendid conduct of my Canadians." Another of our Old Boys, Capt. Fred Macdonald, was made prisoner at the battle after the most gallant stand. Lieut. Paul Skidmore was severely wounded, and many others took part, including Capt. J. D. Cotton, who was the only one unwounded of his machine gun section. The second battle of Ypres was a critical battle for the Allies, and it was an epoch-making event for Canada.

At the school this half year was marked by the beginning of Red Cross work for the Old Boys. For some weeks a number of ladies interested in the school met in the Library to roll bandages. On February 4th a series of tableaux were arranged by Mrs. Macdonald, the proceeds of tickets sold amounted to \$167. Subsequently a systematic contribution was voluntarily made by the boys acting through their own representatives to send the REVIEW to the Old Boys abroad and Christmas parcels containing suitable gifts, which were greatly appreciated. More than \$3,000 was raised in this way, and great numbers of letters came to the Headmaster expressing thanks from those in the trenches. In June Col. Taylor and Mr. Clayton left us for the front. The list of Old Boys serving had now grown to 165, with four killed. The school broke up for the holidays on the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

The summer holidays were dreary days indeed. The Allies fared disastrously at Gallipoli, and Russian fortresses fell successively one after the other into the hands of the triumphant Germans



beginning with Warsaw on August 4 and ending with Vilna September 18.

Immediately after reopening in September news came of the calamitous action at Halluch, Loos and Hooze, on September 25. The Autumn term of 1915 was contemporary with disastrous events. Germany having crushed the Russians turned to the extinction of Servia. The invasion began on October 6, and on the 14th Bulgaria entered the war as an enemy. By November 23 Servia was crushed and the horrors had taken place which were subsequently narrated to the school by Canon Savage, himself a spectator. The Allies occupied Salonika on October 5th, and the REVIEW printed several letters from an old Andrean, Capt. Staunton Wishart, who was a participant in the Servian retreat. Again, at this period, the old names so familiar in classical literature leaped to life. Salonika, the dreary home of Cicerio's year of exile; Mount Olympus, the home of the Greek gods, Lemnos and the Troad, the Hellespont and Tenedos.

On November 22 the battle of Ctesiphon marked the limit of the first victorious advance of General Townsend in Mesopotamia, to be followed by defeat and retreat on December 3 to Kut-el-Amara. On December 2 Monastir fell to the Teutons. Sir John French relinquished his command on December 15th and on December 19th British troops were withdrawn from Gallipoli. The second year of the war closed with the Germans victorious everywhere except on the western front, and here the decision was eventually to come. By Christmas, 1915, 261 Andreans were serving. The last six months of the year found them engaged in minor actions in France, enduring the mud and horrors of the trenches with unfailing good nature, still with a merry laugh for "the coal boxes whining life lost souls," cheerful under all circumstances, enjoying the ruse of burning sulphur and straw to terrify the Germans, never complaining and never bitter. But across the cheerfulness of the letters they wrote runs the deepening shadow of the war whose perils, so light heartedly encountered at the outset, were soon to extinguish so much noble youth and the promise of mature manhood. Down to the end of 1915 casualties among our old boys were light. The war situation was gloomy enough, but it had not yet to those at home become intolerable from the tragedy of sacrifice.

In the athletic activities of the Autumn the football team retained under Capt. Ed. Whitaker a position of pre-eminence, tying with Ridley for the leadership of the league. The team this year

contained many boys who subsequently saw service, and the general manager, Tod Grant, became British Provost Marshal in New York.

The campaign of year 1916 opened with the long struggle around Verdun which began on February 21. On May 31 occurred the eventful battle of Jutland which terminated finally German ambition on the sea. Lieut. Duncan, of the Royal Navy, at one time on Admiral Beatty's staff, told the school this spring something of the events of that day. The feeling of unjustified depression which followed the first news of this conflict will long be remembered by the school. While Austrian troops were celebrating in Galicia what they considered a great German victory, Gen. Brusiloff struck, and in a great offensive which lasted till December, the Russians captured upwards of 400,000 prisoners. Our own forces on the western front had repelled successfully the third German assault on Ypres, and early in June at Zillebeke W. D. Williams and Lieut. M. E. Malone were killed. The death of Lieut. Malone, so affectionately known to several generations of Old Boys, was deeply lamented by all. It was at Zillebeke, too, that Lieut. Hugh MacDonald was wounded, and was so gallantly aided by Donald Chase. Casualties in Flanders in the Spring of 1916 were over 15,000. Many of our boys fought at St. Eloi in April, at Sanctuary Wood June 2nd, and at Hooge June 6th. But all these engagements were insignificant compared with the great battle of the Somme which, beginning on July 1st, continued till November 13th, with stupendous losses to the enemy. The battle proved a veritable shambles, and our losses were enormous. Major McClinton, one of our own boys, reports that about eighty out of five hundred in his division were mustered after a successful attack. Lieut. E. R. Winter, J. S. Taylor, Lieut. G. A. Snow, Lieut. Geo. Nation, Capt. G. E. Blake, Lieut. H. V. Wrong, Lieut. Alan Oliver, among others, lost their lives in this long struggle, while many Old Boys were wounded. Lieut. Oliver had distinguished himself at McGill and had been the editor of the McGill daily. Harold Wrong was at the outbreak of war an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, and his name appears in the Cambridge Encyclopedia of literature as a composer of verse. Taylor, who lost his life in this battle, had a remarkable escape from death in the great fire at Porcupine. Numerous military honours were awarded the survivors of these terrible conflicts.

Among others who fell in this year, Lieut. Clarence Rogers of the Royal Air Force, must not be unmentioned. He was re-



garded as among the most expert of aviators, and had passed first in flying tests before leaving England. He succumbed in a conflict on June 18. It was the battle of the Somme which determined the British Government to develop still further the air service, and this resolution led to the establishment in Canada of the Royal Air Force in which so many of our boys enlisted. St. Andrew's boys, like other Canadians, proved themselves exceptionally fitted for this branch of the service. One has only to recall the exploits of Murray Galbraith, Brooke Bell, May, Smith and a great many others to prove that in this branch of the service a high standard of excellence was attained. The splendid record of the Canadians was maintained all through the long campaign of the Somme, and many of our Old Boys took part in the engagements at Mouquet Farm, Courcellette, Fabeck Graben, Zollern Graben, Zollern, Hessian, and Kenora Trenches, Regina Trench, and Desire Trench.

On August 27 Roumania entered the struggle on the side of the Allies, encouraged by the success of the Russian offensive, the successful resistance of the French at Verdun, the great promise of the early stages of the Somme battle, and the initial success of the Italian operations against Gorizia. Roumania was doomed to bear alone the full weight of the Teutonic assault, and before the end of the year had gone down to irretrievable defeat. The year 1916 was a year of high hopes for the Allies and of great but costly achievements in attack on the Somme front and in defense at Verdun. About 500 Andreans were now on active service, twenty had been killed and ninety-two wounded. It is of note that in this year the first trench raid was organized by an old Andrean, Major Kilmer, who received the D. S. O.; that Jas. Gerry Burk was among the first British prisoners to escape from Germany; that our boys were participants in all the actions of this year, Lieut. Trevor Bell being killed while leading the charge at Courcellette September 15th, and Lieut. Harry G. Leonard being decorated for gallantry at St. Eloi in April. On St. Andrew's Day the school was honoured by a visit from His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire.

The great lesson of the campaign of 1916 was the futility of isolated and unsupported assaults, and the Allies in conference in November planned for the year 1917 a series of simultaneous assaults in France, Italy and Russia that were expected to crush Germany and terminate the war. As yet, however, there was no unity of command and the defection of Russia in March of 1917, coupled with the alterations in the plan of campaign consequent on the appointment of Gen. Neville in France, together with the



persistent unfavourable weather throughout the year rendered the events of 1917 in spite of many brilliant successes in every real sense calamitous. In the late autumn came the crushing blow in Italy, and the British forces alone had lost in operations, however successful, at least 600,000 men. In spite of the accession of the United States to the ranks of the Allies Germany might still hope at the end of 1917 for, if not victory, at least a prolonged conflict.

Yet the year 1917 was full of glory to Canada, and how often was the school to feel just pride in the performance of her Old Boys. They were to be found in every theatre of the conflict, playing the watch-dog game in the Channel, doing bacteriological work in Mesopotamia, fighting the typhus among Chinese coolies, driving an ambulance in Italy, and in the forefront of every battle. "*Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*" The British plan of campaign was a series of assaults upon the German line from the Somme north to Belgium, and in the first of these at Vimy Ridge on April 9th the Canadians engaged won immortal fame. In this assault upon a supposedly impregnable position so brilliantly executed great numbers of old Andreans participated. For gallantry in this action Lieut. R. A. Brown received the Military Cross and Ed. Whittaker, whom we all know so well, captain of the victorious football team in the previous year, lost both feet by the explosion of a shell. On June 7th there was the great mining triumph of Messines Ridge, and when school closed for the year everything seemed prosperous for the cause. Canada on the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation was crowned with sorrow and glory by the sacrifices of her sons. The number of Old Boys serving had now grown to 553. The half-year was marked by the death of Major Knighton on May 15th, and by Capt. Eberts on the same day, after whom a flying camp in Arkansas was named by the U. S. Government. Another Old Boy who fell in the action following Vimy Ridge was Lieut. Ernest Kappeler, who came to the school in Rosedale as a very little boy in 1905, and who showed great courage and gallantry. In the action at Hill 70 in August of this year Lieut. Jack Gooch was killed. He was an extremely efficient officer, and was almost worshipped by his men. On November 11th the school attended a memorial service in St. Paul's when tablets were erected to Gooch and Malone. The Autumn term of 1917 saw the school anxiously following the action east of Ypres which took place in October and November. On October 15th McLagan was killed, an Old Boy who had won golden opinions from his superior officers. On the 27th Lieut. W. M. Geggie fell in action, and on



November 9th Brown, so dear to a generation of Andreans, was fatally wounded. Passchendaele is to us a name of grief. Malone and Brown lie buried in Flanders, their graves, by happy chance, within a stone's throw of one another. On October 16th Sub-Lieut. Langley Smith was shot down by a raider returning from England after receiving in June the D. S. C. for remarkable courage and skill in destroying hostile aircraft. Others who died on service or fell in the actions of this year were: Lieut. Bigwood, Capt. H. St. G. Bond, Lieut. H. L. Crowe, R. A. Ferguson, Lieut. E. G. Hanlan, Lieut. A. Kilgour, T. C. May, Lieut. C. C. Montgomery, Lieut. R. Phillips, Lieut. P. H. Raney, Lieut. G. A. R. Cockburn, J. G. Cutler, Lieut. H. S. Devlin, D. W. Graham, Lieut. R. G. Masson, Lieut. E. A. Rand, Lieut. J. H. Wilson, Lieut. D. R. C. Wright, and J. T. Wilson.

On December 6th twenty-five Old Boys were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. They had returned invalided home from the front. A striking result of the war for St. Andrew's College has been the devotion which has sprung up among Old Boys, and the frequent expression of warm affection of Andreans for their old school. How the hearts of Andreans on service turned to the old school days and the old companionships! They have been brothers to one another and the school, impoverished by the death of so many faithful sons, is enriched by the record of their affection and the memory of their deeds.

In March, 1917, Bagdad was captured by General Maude, and after the Italian debacle of October and the bloody losses of Passchendaele, the year was brightened at its close by the capture in December of Jerusalem by General Allenby. Lieut. Fraser Grant and Lieut. Willoughby, among our Old Boys, saw service in Egypt and Palestine.

And now was dawning the year of 1918 so full of defeat and victory, and destined to bring the long desired termination of conflict. How gloomy were the days of the school half from Christmas to June! How often was the flag at half-mast and the memorial service read for gallant lives lost! Nor yet when we closed in June was there any hint of approaching events which were to turn despair into triumph. The events of the first six months of 1918 are still fresh in memory. The Brest-Litovsk treaty on March 3rd freed Germany on the eastern front, and on March 21st a tremendous assault was begun upon the Allies at the point of juncture of the British and French forces. A gap was made but fortunately closed by French cavalry in time to hold the inrush of German cavalry prepared to roll up the retreating armies. By April



1st the Germans were within six miles of the Amiens Paris railroad, and the heavy losses of British forces had to be made good by an army of 400,000 boys, the last available reserve. Shifting their attack to the north the Germans penetrated south of Ypres to Mount Kemmel, but were strongly checked on April 29th. Again striking farther south between Rheims and Soissons by the 31st of May they reached the Marne with a capture of 45,000 prisoners, and on June 2nd they were within forty miles of Paris which was bombarded by long range guns. On March 28th Marshal Foch had assumed supreme command and was watching carefully an opportunity to strike with his army of manoeuvre.

When school closed in June the war was sinister and threatening with forebodings everywhere that the Americans might be too late with their assistance. In the Easter term there had been a visit from Major W. B. McTaggart, D.S.O., on his way back to France, where he was to lose his life a few weeks later killed by a chance shell in Amiens. There was news of Sergt. M. G. Winter's magnificent gallantry in capturing single handed a village from the enemy. There were the public honours to Lieut. Brook Bell in Italy, and Mr. Tudball's story of Lieut. Jack Ramsden's heroism in hospital. H. E. Davies, who had left us so lately, was already reported prisoner in Germany. In the summer term the school building was taken by the Government as a hospital, and St. Andrew's was forced to part with associations now doubly dear. Yet this last change, vitally as it affected the whole school, was scarcely appreciated, so intently were the thoughts of all centred upon the tremendous events of the war. Ever lengthening was the list of the dead, a list which was to record as many killed in the last six months of the war as in the previous four years. Contrary to opinion the perils and mortality increased on both sides as the war progressed, and had the conflict continued few indeed would have returned. During the operations of the first half of 1918 the Canadian corps was not engaged, but by July it occupied north of Amiens a position of isolated danger. Among those who fell in the first half of the year were: Lieut. J. G. Douglas, Capt. H. K. Harris, Major H. L. Nicol, Lieut. W. W. Taylor, R. B. Whitaker, Lieut. R. S. Wood, and Lieut. W. B. Yuille. In Italy Lieut. Douglas Wright was killed in aerial combat with Austrian air men and on May 10th Lieut. Gordon Ross fell in the splendid naval action at Ostend.

From the first the Navy had claimed many Andreans, either as members of the naval branch of the air service or in the motor patrols, or as regular officers. Lieut. Frank Macdonald, who was



enrolled on the day when St. Andrew's opened, Lieut. Duncan, Lieut. Leckie, Lieut Harold Beattie, and Lieut. Wilfred Beattie are a few only of the many who served in the fleet. St. Andrew's is proud to remember that so many of her old boys played their part in the magnificent work of the British Navy. The world is aware how great that work was and that freedom lives to-day largely because of the sure shield and silent service of the fleet. On May 11th, 1919, a tablet was dedicated in St. Paul's to the memory of Lieut. Gordon Ross, who was present at Zeebrugge, and who fell so gallantly at Ostend. St. Andrew's is proud to be associated with this, the outstanding naval action of the war, in which the highest traditions of gallantry and enterprise were surpassed.

In the Autumn of 1918 the school reassembled in temporary quarters in Knox College, and amid very martial surroundings, for the University lawn was crowded each morning with hundreds of Flying Corps men in training. During the summer months the great turn in the tide had come. On July 11th the Germans crossed the Marne after an attack on a sixty mile front. On July 18th General Foch at last counter-attacked east of Paris, and on August 8th the great surprise attack of the British east of Amiens dealt the enemy a staggering blow. The story of the war from that date till the capture of Mons on November 11th, is a record of succeeding triumph. At Arras, at the DrocourtQueant Switch, at the Canal du Nord, at Cambrai, at Le Cateau, at Denain, Valenciennes, and finally at Mons, the Canadian forces enjoyed a succession of triumphs. Canada has every reason to remember with pride that her troops fought in the forefront and were honoured among the best. In the last months of the war fell V. R. A. Crombie, Lieut. Hanna, Lieut. J. W. Ings, Capt. L. B. H. Loudon, Lieut. D. W. Morrison, Lieut. R. M. Porter, Capt. Quigley, Lieut. C. F. Ristern, W. E. Sutherland, Lieut. Donald P. Gibson, H. M. McQueen, C. S. Macpherson, G. N. Ristern, H. H. Walker, H. R. L. Wright, Lieut. W. B. Yuille, and Lieut. G. W. Travis, whom the school especially remembers as head-prefect 1912-1914.

Other events elsewhere preceded the final collapse of Germany. On September 30th, after severe defeat, Bulgaria asked for an armistice. On October 31st the Austrians were routed by the Italians and an armistice was signed November 3rd. On October 31st also an armistice was concluded with Turkey. On November 9th Emperor William of Germany abdicated, and on the 10th fled to Holland, on the 11th, after four days' negotiations, the armistice with Germany was concluded. On November 21st the German fleet surrendered.

The first news of the armistice, though premature, evoked spontaneous feelings of gratitude which found appropriate expression in a service of thanksgiving in the chapel. The emotions of that day are not to return, but there have since been many other happy occasions when the school has welcomed returning soldier sons, and when she welcomed back two old masters, Col. Taylor and Lieut. Tudball. Especially at the memorial service in February, and at the dinner given to returned veterans in March, the school has expressed something of its regret and its gratitude. More than seven hundred Old Boys served, and at least a hundred gave their lives. The long list of honours won by Andreans is recorded elsewhere. The school rejoices in the splendid distinctions won by her Old Boys, and like a mother of noble children is happy in the affection of so many whose thoughts have turned to the old school in the long months of peril. For those who have fallen there has been from month to month the sharp regret and the silent mourning.

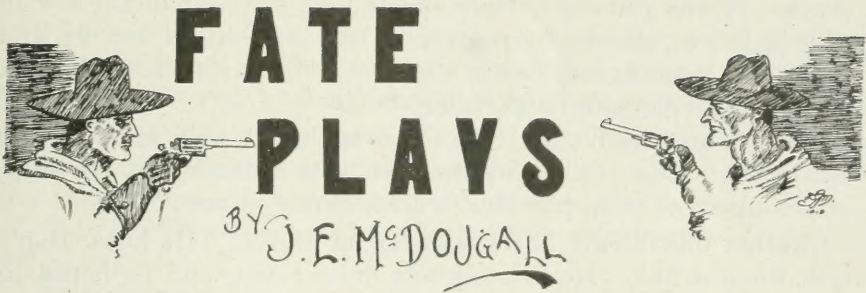
Still must we mourn our soldier dead!  
Though psalm be sung and prayer be said,  
Old joys have gone from these new days;  
There is regret in all our praise;  
Now when peace comes, 'tis as when night  
Mourns for the stars' extinguished light.

How vain to tune the joyous lyre,  
Proud paeans and glad hymns expire!  
On every ear the pealing bell  
Strikes like a slowly sobbing knell;  
Joy swell the heart, grief checks the breath,  
The paths of glory lead to death!

The armistice brought the happy belief that the present generation, and it is hoped many future generations, will be spared the horrors of conflict. The cloud which overhung the lives of so many has been lifted. The results of the great war for St. Andrew's College will be the same as the results for Canada. We have grown to maturity in trial. The noblest memorial to the dead will be a new school where future generations of Andreans will be trained in ideals of high attainment and unselfish service. There is no longer any need to look beyond for records of devotion and heroism.

PERCY J. ROBINSON.





I.

The fiery sun was casting golden shafts through the leaves of the old oaks which bordered the Lame Horse highway. It threw its mellow light over hill and dale and made a silhouette of the figures of two riders as they rounded the crest of a hill. They were Larry Renolds and Dan Sharpe, familiarly known among the inhabitants of Lame Horse as "The Pals." And truly, though, in their proud way, they never spoke of their friendship, it was well known that two more staunch allies were not to be found.

Dan was the best shot in Three Valleys, and many a time had he come to the aid of Larry. Larry, the weaker of the two, was more of a dreamer. He loved Dan and was continually getting into scrapes over Dan's honour, only to be rescued by the subject of discussion at the pistol's point.

The two rode slowly, saying little, which was not unusual, as Dan was not a talker and Larry enjoyed Dan's company as much when silent. But to-night there was a reason. Dan's old mare, "Jennie," had gone the way of faithful steeds, and Dan felt the loss heavily. His real friends were few, but among them he had learned to count the old mare. Never, he felt, would the pony he now rode learn to take her place.

At length they reached the village of Lame Horse, and, stopping in front of the saloon, they entered to hear the news of the day.

"Hello, Dan!" cried a loungee from the bar. "You look as happy as an empty bottle. Come an' have a drink an' fergit your dead horse."

Dan was not a heavy drinker, but he acquiesced, agreeing that a drink might brighten him up. Larry and he strode across the room to the bar and ordered drinks.

It was late that night when the two set out for their shack. It was raining outside and the cheery light of the saloon seemed more pleasant by contrast. Dan had drunk heavily and wished to remain, but Larry was just getting him out when an acquaintance placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't go," he begged, "let's get Mick and we'll have a little 'set in,' eh? Come on, here's the best table in the house. Hi, Bill, get us a pack or two, eh? Here's Mick comin' in now."

Rather unwillingly Larry was forced into it. He knew Dan's luck when drunk. He himself was quite sober, and he hoped to make up for Dan's weakness.

The game began. From the first Dan lost. At length Larry, desperate, cried to him:

"Come on, Dan, pay up and let's quit. You can't win to-night, you've been drinking too much."

"Drinking too much!" repeated Dan rising quickly and upsetting the table. "Insulting me, eh—think you'll get away with it, do you? I'll have you know I'm the best shot in——"

"Look out, Larry," cried someone, and just in time, for Dan had drawn on him. Larry, however, whose head was cool, quickly drew and shot Sharpe through the right arm.

"You'll pay for this, Renolds; you'll pay for this!" cried Dan. "Let go. He'll pay for this! He never was my pal. He's a sneakin' coward—shootin' a man when he's drunk!"

A crowd quickly gathered. Three or four men had seized Dan and were forcibly leading him out to attend to his wound. Immediately the crowd turned to poor Larry.

"You'd better beat it, Larry," two or three were saying to him. "Dan'll never forgive ye. He'll hunt ye down. If he was ever your friend, he's your enemy from now on."

Under the influence of the moment, Larry fled. When he reached Squaw's Bend he regretted it, and from the hotel there he wrote a short note to Dan asking him to forgive him. The only reply he received was written by "Red" Jones, and it told him that he had better leave the country as Dan had not relented. His only pal gone, Larry sought his home in the East, but hardly had he arrived when war was declared. Having no ties, nor, as a matter of fact, any desire to live, Larry's duty was plain. He entered a regiment and was soon on his way across the ocean.



## II.

Two years later over an aerodrome in England two machines were practising manoeuvres. They were descending, circling one another. At 1,000 feet they should have stopped and climbed again. At 500 feet they were still circling. Suddenly one plane began to spin, and like an arrow dived behind the trees. The other plane turned toward the hangars and quickly came to earth.

"Dan's crashed!" cried the pilot as soon as he could make himself heard.

An hour later they found him. Apparently he had unstrapped himself, for he was lying some distance from the wrecked machine. The engine had sunk deep into the earth and the driving seat was in splinters.

Dan was not dead. He came to an hour later. That evening the papers published an account of the crash and a sergeant in a London café read it. To him it said, "Your pal is hurt. Go and see him."

Larry was undecided as to what he should do. Should he risk fatally exciting Dan that he might satisfy his longing to see him? Still, his first thought had seemed the call of duty. Accordingly, a few days later, he appeared in a hospital at the bedside of the man who had vowed vengeance upon him two years back.

The injured man was sleeping. At length he opened his eyes. Larry bent low to read the first glance. But no light of recognition appeared.

"Dan!" cried Larry.

"You'll have to excuse me," said Dan, smiling, "but I don't remember you. Your face seems a little familiar, but I can't place you. You see, my little tumble made me lose my memory. If you know anything about me or my past, though, I'll thank ye to write it down for me on that pad so's I can learn it off."

Larry took the pad and wrote a few words.

"Here, Dan," he said, his voice trembling, "just memorize this."

On the pad was written, "I am Larry Renolds, who was and is your pal."

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## A STANDARD

This is the measure of a man: big enough to be kind, brave enough to be just, wise enough to be good.—D. E. C.



THE PREFECTS, 1918-19.



## “THE DEVIL’S PUNCH BOWL”

BY S. A. BEATH.

Rain had fallen all day. When night came it thickened to sleet, and a wind arose. The sentry pacing before the stockade shivered, took a last look around and stepped into his box. There would be no one, friend or foe, about on such a night.

Fort Edward, on a hill overlooking the Avon River, which is now within the town of Windsor, N.S., was an English outpost. There was a complement of perhaps two hundred and fifty men, nearly all British regulars, and seven officers. Their very existence was precarious, for none could tell when the hated French, with their Indian allies, would swoop down to murder and pillage the settlement. Those were wild times. The surrounding forest was haunted by prowling redskins, whose knives itched for the scalps of the palefaces. A very mercenary desire, because each English scalp would bring beads, cloth, and firewater, if taken to the French camp not many miles away.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, with all its forbidding nature, was one of merriment. A smaller expedition under an English captain had met and defeated a French-Indian force further up-country. The troops were carousing in their barracks, for the commandant had ordered an extra issue of grog ration. Shouts and ribald songs were heard, punctuated by crashes of overturned furniture, and the celebration went on.

In the officers’ messroom there was also jubilation. Dinner had been cleared away, and now long pipes and deep glasses littered the table. Jests were exchanged, and compliments, for the victory over the enemy had been of no small importance.

The commandant, a grizzled old warrior, was a natural master of the art of making his subordinates feel very important. After the glasses had been emptied and refilled several times he arose and complimented Captain Lester on his success. The recipient was very self-effacing, however, and to offset the loud applause, he rose and began to speak.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “to-night we are merry among ourselves. Fortune has favoured our expedition. Everything seems bright. But when the clouds come again, once more we’ll look for silent encouragement to our loved ones beyond the seas. Therefore, let us rise and drink to our wives and sweethearts—in England!”

The others stood and raised their glasses—with one exception—Ensign Malcolm, the youngest of the staff. He remained in the chair—looking seemingly at nothing at all.

"Ha, Malcolm, why not drink to many loyal ladies at home?" asked a brother officer.

"Ensign, this is most unseemly——" began the commandant, but military etiquette could not suppress the other young man.

"Oho!" he broke in, "our David is here in body, but his soul is with Mione, the fairest Indian maiden of Acadia! Is it not so, Davie boy? That heart of yours lingers in the teepee of Little Bear! Oh, the horror of an unrequited love! Even now is Moosehorn, the young brave, preparing his lodge for the new bride!"

A burst of laughter greeted this sally, and the young man flushed. He had drunk much wine, and his spirit was unready for such humour. With a slight effort he raised his head and saw the contemptuous smile on his taunter's face. It was too much! He sprang to his feet, took a step toward him, and raised his arm to strike. Before he could carry out the action he was seized and held till he regained his senses.

"Such comes poorly from you, Evan," he said.

The other smiled, slowly, and again the ensign fumed.

"By the Lord Harry, I'll bring that squaw back with me and show you all," he cried, as he seized his cloak and hat. "She will not refuse David Malcolm twice!"

He started for the door, and the others seeing he was in earnest tried to calm him.

"Stay, Malcolm," growled the major. "You are our punch-maker, we cannot proceed without you. Stay, and mix punch, forget that this ever occurred, and drink like the gentleman you are!"

"No, sir, I can't! I'll bring the girl back or mix punch for the devil before morning!" he shouted as he tore out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rain had ceased. The moon, stealing by a cloud gazed down through the bare boughs on a figure moving along the faint pathway toward the wigwam of Little Bear. Fired as he was by the alcohol, he could not forget to proceed cautiously, and he picked his steps as carefully as his befuddled brain allowed.

As he neared the teepee he saw nothing that would inform him of its inmates. If the father and lover were there—what of it? He, the son of a fighting father would take as he wished or not return to be the jest of his fellows. With this resolve he floundered



on—on up to the rude lodge. Splashed and bedraggled by the elements it stood, dimly outlined by the pale moon.

Tearing aside the skin he shouted, "Mione!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The girl had heard his approach as she lay awake. She knew it was not her father and lover who were coming. A vague fear gripped her, and she crept further under the protecting skins. She heard the man call her name and recognized the voice of the pale-face. She knew no English, but she could tell the white wanted her—and her only.

Hearing no answer he came in, and began groping around the lodge. He nearly touched her hair, then turned away with a muffled expression. Somehow, guided by fate, he turned again. This time his searching fingers seized her arm, and with a terrified shriek she tore away, evading him, out the entrance and into the wood.

Malcolm followed her. His only thought now was to tame this bear cub who did not know her master. Through the bare forest they fled, pursued and pursuer. He was slowly gaining, and, as they reached the edge of a cup-shaped hollow, filled by the rains, he seized her.

But there were others in the chase now. Little Bear and Moosehorn had crept from their shelter after the passing of the storm, and were following. As they saw the figures struggling on the edge of the hollow, they raced toward them, whooping as only enraged Indians can.

The officer tried to defend himself, but in his haste from the fort he had brought no weapons. Unarmed he was outmatched, and the redskins soon overcame him. In their wild passion they forgot even the scalp, and hacked wickedly at his head with their keen-edged tomahawks. Finally their rage eased, and with a final shriek of victory they hurled him into the pond.

\* \* \* \* \*

When dawn came the rising sun found no teepee. The failing moon had seen the dusky people steal away up the river in their canoe, far away from the scene of their deed, and possible pale-face revenge.

The rising sun also saw a party approaching the burned-out ashes of the last camp-fire. It saw them examine the ground and spread out to search the neighbourhood. Later, as it gazed down with increasing warmth upon the drenched countryside it saw a gathering upon the edge of a cup-shaped hollow, gazing with awe

upon the head of Ensign Malcolm protruding from the calm surface of the water.

Only one spoke. Ensign Evan removed his cap, and said with reverence:

"Aye—he carried out his word—and this is the devil's punch-bowl."

\* \* \* \* \*

So is it known to-day, that cup-shaped hollow on the edge of King's College Wood, at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

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## THE CRUISE OF THE KITTIWINK

BY DAVID K. FINDLAY.

The sun a-dance on the glittering seas,  
 The white of a bellying sail,  
 The thrust and pull of a basswood hull,  
 The call of the freshening gale.  
 A sudden twist of the tiller  
 And the light craft leaps for glee,—  
 We slip across the harbour bar  
 And stand for the open sea.  
 The white-capped blue and the blue of the sky,  
 Where a gleaming gull goes skirling by,  
 As we stand out to sea.

The gypsy wind upon your cheek,  
 With the sting of flying spray,  
 And the snowy foam from the breaking comb,  
 That the prow flings high and away.  
 Give the sheets to the wind, my lads,  
 Fling fearful care away,  
 Welcome the water's rough caress,  
 And shout aloud for joyousness.  
 Kin to the wild, and so we dare  
 The leaping seas on such a day.  
 As our Viking father's blood  
 Drew them to the tossing flood,  
 So with us,—and we cannot stay,  
 When the seas leap high on such a day.



# NEWFOUNDLAND

BY T. S. CLIFT.

Newfoundland is an island in the Atlantic Ocean, off the east coast of Canada. It is the twelfth largest island in the world with an area of 42,000 square miles. It is triangular in shape, being three hundred and sixty-six miles long by three hundred and sixty-five wide.

The island was discovered in 1497 by John Cabot and is consequently Great Britain's oldest colony. For nearly one hundred years after its discovery no attempts were made at colonization. During the summer months fishermen from Europe and the British Isles lived on the island, but as soon as the fishing was over they returned home. In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed at St. John's and formally took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

This possession was disputed by the French, who did not want the English to use the fishing grounds which they were then exploiting. These fishing disputes lasted till 1904 when, by the Anglo-French Convention, France surrendered all her fishing privileges except those along part of the southern coast in the vicinity of her possessions of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

In 1650 the population of the island did not exceed two thousand, which was increased by several thousand during the fishing season. In 1728 Sir Henry Osborne was sent out from England and became the first governor of the island. Up to this time the only recognized authority was a fishing admiral appointed each season to see that the fishing laws were not violated. A strip of the Labrador coast opposite the Straits of Belle Isle became a dependency in 1765. This place, although on the American mainland, can only be reached via Newfoundland. Except for a small part of coastline Labrador has never been explored. It is inhabited by Esquimaux and the few white men who go there as missionaries, chief among whom is Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

In 1814 seven thousand immigrants settled on the island increasing the population to over 80,000. In 1832 Newfoundland was given representative government, and in 1855 responsible government which she still has in spite of the belief of some people that the island is part of Canada.

In 1897 R. G. Reid, a Montreal contractor, secured a permit to construct a transinsular railway in spite of bitter opposition, as it

practically sold the island to him. This railroad, nearly six hundred miles long, extends from St. John's on the east coast to Port-aux-Basques on the south, which point is less than one hundred miles from Cape Breton. Since then many branch lines have been constructed, while some are now under construction. The railway is known as the Reid Newfoundland Railway.

The population of the island is now a quarter of a million people who are for the most part scattered along the coast. The interior is mainly timber land interspersed with many lakes, and has not yet been explored to any extent.

The chief industry of Newfoundland is the cod fishery, which gives employment to more than a quarter of the population. Cod are caught all around the coast, but the home of the cod is the Grand Bank. This is a large submarine plateau covering an area of 50,000 square miles. It is formed by huge glaciers, carried down by the Arctic current, melting and depositing silt which also abounds in animal matter, forming food for the cod.

Over 100,000 fishermen of different nationalities make their living by fishing here during the summer months. Besides cod many other fish are found, including herring, lobsters, halibut and caplin. The lobster industry is making rapid strides and is already a good source of revenue to the country.

On the east coast are large deposits of copper and iron ore, while gold, silver, lead and coal are also found. A large copper mine at Tilt Cove is now in operation, while the mine at Bell Island produces enormous amounts of iron ore each year. Up to the present time lack of capital has hindered the mining of most of these minerals. The difficulty, however, seems to have been overcome, and coal mining on a large scale has commenced on the south-west coast, near Bay St. George. There are also large quantities of oil in the interior, and wells are now being sunk under the directions of experts sent out from England.

The capital of the island is St. John's, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, situated on the Avalon peninsula on the east coast. It is the centre of the commercial life of the island, and on account of its nearness to the British Isles is also a shipping centre. St. John's has a large landlocked harbour which is available to the largest steamers all the year round. One of the best equipped dry docks on this side of the Atlantic is situated here. It can repair anything from a fishing vessel to the largest ocean liner.

About two years ago a cold storage plant was erected which saves the fisherman the time and labour of drying his catch of



fish. The first cargo of frozen fish, consisting of five million pounds, was sent to England a few months ago, and judging by the way it sold, there will be a large market opened up there. St. John's also boasts of a boot and shoe factory, three tobacco factories, two biscuit factories, a tannery and also woolen mills.

Other towns are Harbour Grace, where a large shipbuilding plant is in operation, and Grand Falls, where Lord Northcliffe's large pulp and paper mills are situated.

On one of his visits to Newfoundland Lord Northcliffe saw Grand Falls and Bishop's Falls, and immediately thought that as timber was in abundance in the locality it would be an ideal place to establish a pulp and paper mill. Besides the pulp and paper mill, which now turns out one hundred and twenty tons of "news print" daily, he also established the town of Grand Falls, putting up workmen's homes and fitting them with electricity and all modern conveniences.

Newfoundland is well called the Sportman's Paradise. Its lakes and rivers abound in trout and salmon. Under the shadow of vast forests the caribou may be seen stooping their graceful heads to drink from the rivers. The partridge comes next in rank to the caribou in the hunter's estimation, while according to the fisherman there are no fish in the world to compare with the Newfoundland salmon.

This little island, like other parts of the Empire, has done its part in the Great War. The Newfoundland Regiment has made a name for itself in France, and such names as Guedecourt, Steenbeck, Beaumont Hamel and Monchy will long be remembered by those who lost dear ones. On July 1st, 1916, the Newfoundlanders went over the top at Monchy nine hundred strong. When that heroic charge was over only eighty-two answered roll call. The fighting part of the regiment was made up wholly of volunteers, for although conscription became law in 1918, none of the conscripts ever reached France.

In recognition of the services rendered the Empire the King conferred the title of "Royal" on the Newfoundland regiment, it being the first colonial regiment to be so honoured during the war. In proportion to the population Newfoundland has upheld the traditions of Britain's oldest colony by sending a greater percentage of men than any other colony. For the splendid service rendered during the war Newfoundland has been made a Dominion, and although Canadians dream of Confederation we are quite happy to be known as the Dominion of Newfoundland.

## THE BIRD'S NEST

J. E. McDOUGALL.

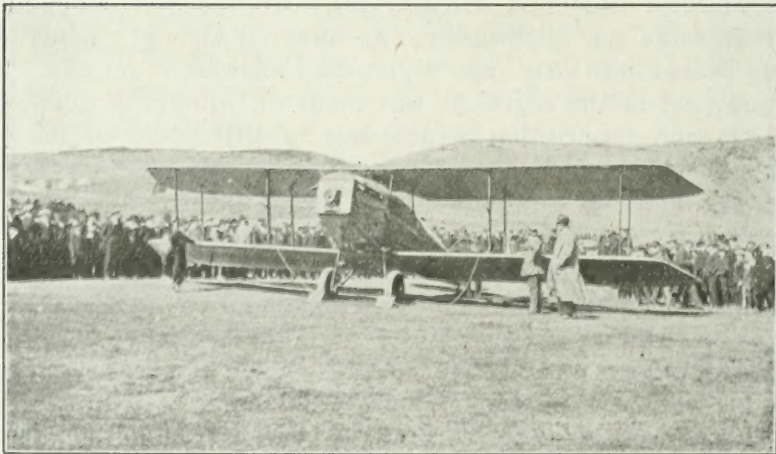
Above the cornice of the chapel,  
Blows the leafy elm's bow,  
Gently swaying in the west wind,  
Shining white and greening now.

In the branch there is a bird's nest,  
In the nest are birdlets three,  
Far above the earthly turmoil,  
In the bosom of the tree.

Here they grow their downy feathers,  
In their castle next the sky,  
Rocked to sleep by branches swaying,  
To the breeze's lullaby.

Since they live so near to heaven,  
Is it wonder that they go  
Soaring over hill and meadow,  
Heeding not the earth below,

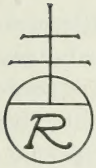
While we earthlings in our blindness,  
Crawl upon the ground like moles,  
Shut in by the hills and buildings  
In our narrowness of souls.



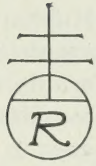
RAYNHAM TAKING OFF.

(Snapped five minutes before attempting the transatlantic flight.)





# THE



# ROYCROFTERS.

BY F. ROPER DAYMENT.

With an atmosphere of friendship the Roycroft Inn opens its doors to all who may be staying in East Aurora, New York. It is built and furnished in a style which is one of the ideas of Elbert Hubbard, and is probably nowhere else duplicated. A colony of craftsmen, who delight in fine book-binding, art metal work, and beautiful furniture, has sprung up under the leadership of Mr. Hubbard.

There is scarcely a person who has not heard of this daring man's writing, and he has enemies as well as friends. Be that as it may there is no one who can truthfully believe that all his thoughts were extreme. As a master of English prose his name ranks with those of the greatest writers. I quote an example:

*"The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is initiative. What is initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, Carry the message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honours, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honours and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when someone goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he*

*deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently waits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?"*

Elbert Hubbard was born in a little country village in Illinois in 1856, of parents who wished to give their son a better education than their scanty means permitted. It was for this reason that the ambitious boy struck out for himself, and by humble steps attained enough money to have what he most ardently desired—a college education. This was obtained at Harvard.

He then became a reporter, and wrote for several Chicago newspapers. It was while on a trip through Europe that he met William Morris, who gave him the idea of starting a magazine. He then settled down in East Aurora and wrote the booklets entitled, "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great." The village printer fell in debt, and could not make a living. He sold out to Hubbard for one thousand dollars. In order to keep the place going the *Philistine* was started. From this source the industry grew, and they were soon binding books. More room was needed, so they enlarged their premises. Still the colony progressed, until now they have a building for furniture, one for printing, leather goods, art metal works, lithographing, and book-binding.

To say that if one becomes great at home it will cause great people to visit him proved true. Their fame spread, and finally the British Museum sent for a sample of their work for exhibition in its cases. People began to flock to the colony to see for themselves the famous shops where such artistic work was executed. Each year over thirty thousand pilgrims visit the Roycroft shops, "representing every State and Territory of the Union, and every civilized country on the globe, even far-off Iceland, New Zealand, and the Isle of Guam." Thus it became necessary to provide accommodation for these visitors.

The Inn has wide verandas and large square pillars on the front. Ascending the wide steps, and entering the main reception room, one is impressed with the old wooden beams which support the peaked roof. The floors are covered with bright colored Indian mats. Each window is divided into many little panes of glass, while the top forms a gothic arch. Before the enormous fireplace are placed large Morris-chairs, all facing the hearth rug. Rising to a landing at the back of this room, is a pair of colonial stairs, which leads to the rooms above.

Immediately at the back of this main room is another which is used as a library. Silence is requested in order that those who



so desire may enjoy the many shelves of books. The center table contains all the latest publications, including those of the Roycroft shops.

Opening out on the south side of the library is the large dining-room. It also has the ceiling resembling an English chapel, with rough hewn beams. Under each little light along the sides is placed a table to accommodate two, while down the center are several round ones. Hanging from each cross-beam is a board with a quaint motto. One is "Fraternity," another "Gossips Lie Like Epitaphs," while still another bears these words, "Your Eyes and Ears Inform You Not Your Tongue." The tables and chairs are of a design which resembles both mission and colonial style. One side of this long dining-room looks out upon a little garden with a fountain and numerous bushes.

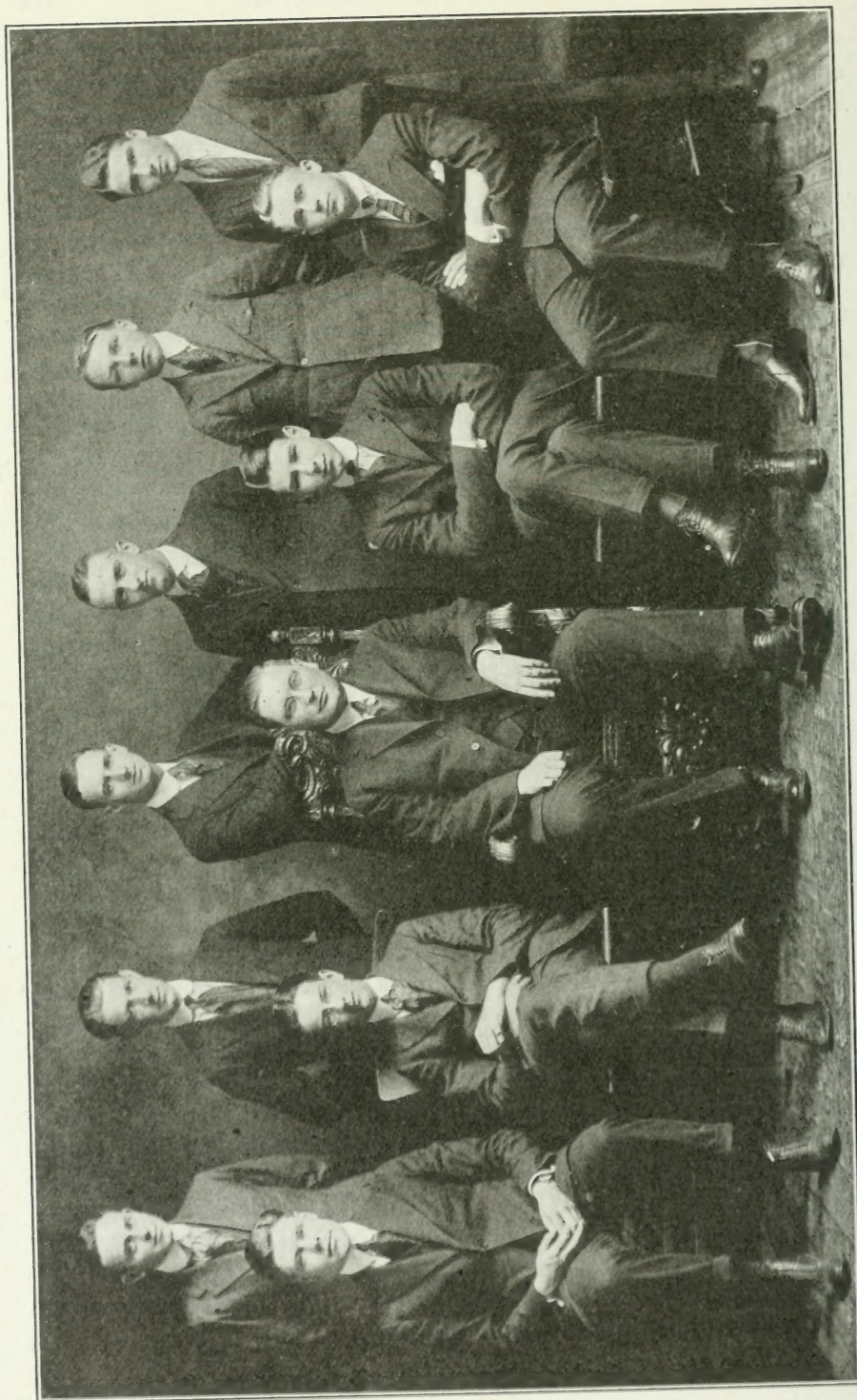
Instead of numbering the guest rooms in the inn they use the name of a celebrated author. Among the names on the doors are to be found those of Milton, Macaulay, George Eliot, Lamb, and Irving. One floor of rooms is called the Shakespeare Hall. Here each door bears the name of one of that author's characters.

The furniture building has enormous windows which admit an abundance of light and air. Those who work here are mostly the followers of Hubbard, as may be known by their dress. Each wears a large round soft hat, and a flowing Windsor tie.

From 1650 to 1690 there lived in London two brothers named Samuel and Thomas Roycroft. They were printers who tried to do their work as well as possible. The name of the shop in East Aurora is copied from these men, but it also has the meaning of King's Craft, a name by which men of great skill were called by the old-time Guilds.

Some of the illuminating of initials and title pages done by these artists very closely resembles the work done by the monks of the old monasteries. The hammered brass articles consist of lamps, desk ornaments, and book ends, while most of the electric fixtures in the shops are of this material.

If you desire a quiet holiday, one in which the blare of city noises is not heard, and the ugly brick walls of twentieth century industry are not seen, one in which the beauty of nature is enriched by the best that is in art, one that satisfies the highest ideals of the human mind, go to the Roycrofter's colony in East Aurora. There the light of beauty throws its soft radiance into the inmost recesses of the soul and the light of brotherly love makes cherry all who are within its glow.



THE REVIEW STAFF, 1918-19.



## A TRIP TO THE MING TOMBS

BY B. B. KING.

During the months of September, October and November, of 1916, I was travelling in China with my father. In November we spent two weeks in the city of Peking, and while there decided to visit the famous Ming tombs.

The tombs are the burying place of the Ming Dynasty which ruled China for about four hundred years.

Since the completion of the Peking-Kalgan railway, a road of about one hundred and fifty miles, tourists are enabled to visit the tombs and also the Great Wall of China. These places formerly could only be seen by taking a mule cart or on horseback.

Accordingly we went to the station, which is situated at the east end of the Tartar city. The train left at 8 a.m., and after traversing sixty miles, which took us three hours, we arrived at the station of Nanchow.

Standing around the platform were several soldiers. This was for protection, as the mountains in that region were infested with brigands. Nanchow is in the Nanchow pass, the great gateway between China and Mongolia. The engineers who built the railway surmounted great difficulties at this point and four tunnels were constructed. It was built entirely by Chinese engineers and financed without any foreign assistance.

The Ching Er inn was the only place here where travellers might spend a night or have a meal fit for a white man to eat. The dinner table consisted of a broad plank, propped up, and a wooden bench, on each side, to accommodate the guests. The lunch was primitive, and consisted of eggs, rice and some fruit which we dared not touch.

After lunch we took little donkeys which carried us to the tombs. The inn-keeper told us the distance to go was twelve miles, and, I never found out why, but it was said to be fourteen miles back. However, we set out on the little animals which were so short and small that our feet nearly touched the ground. Two boys accompanied us as guides, and as a stimulant to the speed of the donkeys. We crossed many little farms where the farmers were ploughing or cultivating the fields in some way or other.

The roads, or rather paths, were in horrible condition. A horse would have fallen and broken a leg. We traversed ditches, sand

roads and old river beds. The saddles were thin and the backs of the little animals came to a ridge which made them uncomfortable to ride. To add to our discomforts the fields were extensively fertilized and gave off a very disagreeable odour.

Now and then we passed through little villages. I caused much disturbance when I endeavoured to take pictures of the natives. They fled, thinking the camera to be an instrument of destruction.

Every village seemed to be overrun by pigs, and they could be seen in the fields tearing up the stony soil.

The Ming tombs are in a nearly circular valley about six miles in diameter. Thirteen tombs are located in a semi-circle at the south side of the valley. It is known to the natives as "Shih-san-ling," meaning the tombs of the thirteen emperors. The Ming Dynasty consisted of sixteen sovereigns. The founder, Hung Wu, was assassinated, one was buried in Nanking and the other was not given Imperial honours after his death.

At first we came to a white marble pailow of five arches marking the entrance to the Holy Way, which is three miles from the tombs. On each side of the avenue leading to the tombs there are huge figures of men and animals carved from blue limestone. Military mandarins, six in number, come first. They have mailed coats, a sword in the left hand, and a marshal's baton in the right. Civil officials have robes with long hanging sleeves and jade mounted belts, embroidered breast plates, and square caps. The animals facing the avenue on either side comprise two pairs of lions, two pairs of unicorn monsters, two camels, two elephants and two pairs of horses, one pair standing and one pair kneeling.

This avenue at one time was beautifully paved and stretched through a wooded valley. It was the scene of many gorgeous processions when the later Ming emperors offered sacrifices to their ancestors.

During recent centuries the marble has been stolen, the pavement torn up and the trees used for fuel. Now it is hard to follow in some places. The whole country has a bare and forbidding look.

At the end of the avenue, in the middle of the circle, stands the great temple which is dedicated to the emperor Yung-low, who reigned from 1450 to 1457.

Having passed down the avenue we came to a gate with a big rusty padlock. After waiting a minute or so, a greasy Chinaman came to us and demanded forty cents, as there was a gate and a lock. Father produced the money. Then we were taken through a court and up a flight of steps to another gateway also locked.



Here another fat Chinaman with a smile came and also demanded forty cents. When we told him that we had already paid forty cents he shook his head and smiled some more. In fact, all he knew in English was "forty cents please."

After he had been paid we were led up another flight of broken steps to the great temple. This very large building has stood for five hundred years, and is probably the largest in China, and it certainly is the best preserved.

The overhanging roof is supported by forty red lacquered pillars made from the Persia Nanmu wood, which still exhales a faint odour. The pillars are sixty feet high and twelve feet in circumference at the base.

The sacrificial tablet of Yung-lo is in the two hundred foot hall which is ninety feet wide. Offerings are still placed there.

After passing through the court at the rear of the hall we came to the tomb and a subterranean passage leading to the imitation hill which is a half mile in circumference. The coffin is suspended in a pit in this hill so that no water may touch it. The chamber may be reached by this passage, but they would not allow us to see the coffin. When we asked the guide where it was he replied, "Emperor he in der."

The other twelve tombs are built on the same principle but smaller and are rarely visited. One feature that impressed me was the silence of the place. Not even the song of a bird is ever heard.

After having seen these things we set out on the return journey. The air was colder and a drizzling rain had set in. We soon were drenched and the distance certainly seemed two miles longer. The sharp backs of the donkeys, the rough roads and the fourteen miles back made me so stiff and tired that I gladly went to bed intending to see the Great Wall on the morrow.



"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

## CAPTAIN CAMPBELL McIVOR, V.C.

BY W. E. McDONALD.

It was about the beginning of November, 1916, that Campbell McIvor won his Military Cross. Everyone knows that the V. C. is given only for exceptionally brave deeds. No doubt many brave deeds, worth of decoration, have been unrewarded in the Great War, yet it cannot be doubted that an act such as I am going to describe is worthy of the highest decoration.

Campbell McIvor had joined the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry when that famous regiment was being recruited at the beginning of the war. He had been brought up in a small western town and was scarcely twenty years old when he offered himself. However, being well over six feet in height and of splendid physical development, he was accepted without hesitation.

It was not long after landing in England that the Princess Pats were sent to the front. After this, life was a continual series of encounters with death in which the latter seemed at times almost to win the victory. But McIvor was never afraid. The example of his courage helped to make the name of his famous regiment glorious.

It was not long before our Canadian soldier had received his first stripe. Then he became a sergeant, and finally was given a star. He had won his commission on the field.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a cold, windy night, the sleet and rain forming a thick grey curtain over the battlefield. The British lines were comparatively quiet. The Boche, however, were busy from a new direction. They had taken up a position which could not be located. Our casualties were increasing, and yet the enemy remained undiscovered. The situation was serious. Canadian soldiers were falling all along the line, and if this continued they would have to retreat.

Lieutenant McIvor got in communication with his superior officer and begged for permission to take a party out in an attempt to locate the enemy. His stronghold was thought to be a trench which had escaped observation.

The commanding officer would at first scarcely listen to him. It was not without much persuasive argument that he was granted the permission sought. On returning, the party was quickly formed,



McIvor's bravery and popularity, no doubt, being a large factor in getting men to volunteer for so dangerous an undertaking.

Silently in the darkness they crept from the shelter of their trench. Had they been walking, the mud would have been well above their ankles, but crawling, as they were, the sticky clay soon incased legs and arms. The darkness, the wind and the rain made it hard to maintain a sense of direction, and were it not for the sound of the enemy's guns they would not know where to go.

Suddenly McIvor, who was ahead, gave a signal which caused each man to stop as if shot. The enemy's position was discovered. It was not a trench, as was suspected, but rather a series of shell-holes in which were stationed Germans with machine guns, trench mortars and hand grenades.

Our small party was not noticed in the darkness. Stations were some distance apart. The enemy had retreated from their front line trenches, and had left these soldiers behind to cover their retreat and to keep it from being known to the British. There were from six to ten men in a hole.

McIvor and his party worked around to the rear and opened fire on what appeared to be the end station. The Boche, seeing the attack come from the direction of their own line, were bewildered and made little or no resistance. Not a man of them escaped nor lived to tell of what happened. McIvor's party attacked shell hole after shell hole, success crowning each attack. Only three Canadian soldiers got back to the Allied lines, one of these being McIvor. He was seriously wounded, but cool as if nothing had happened. For his bravery he became Captain McIvor and was decorated with the Victoria Cross.

But there remains a sequel which if this story were merely written to amuse would not be told. One bright morning in June a German airplane flying over the British trenches released a number of bombs. One of these killed our gallant soldier.

His commanding officer afterwards, in writing to his mother, said: "He was the bravest of the brave. If we beat the enemy, which we will, it will be by the efforts of soldiers such as your son."

The enemy has been beaten and the greatest military victory of all time won. We pay tribute to the bravery of our soldiers, but the tribute should not be in words only. The boys who are back with us now, rendered incapable of taking their places in our Canadian life, owing to the bullets and shells of the enemy, should be cared for. Nor should this be considered an act of charity, but rather the proud tribute of a grateful people paid to the guardians of their civilization.

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

BY HERBIE W. MARSH.

The secret, or rather secrets, of success are quite simple. In fact, the chief thing about them is their simplicity—and their secrecy. They appeal to simple minds, so read them.

Everyone wants to be successful no matter what the sphere of life he may choose. Therefore, follow the directions on the bottle and "always shake well before using." This simple direction from the label of a Worcestershire sauce bottle will in itself ensure a measure of success.

But the true secrets of success are to be found in the magazine advertisements, yes, just the ordinary magazines one sees every day such as *Current History*, *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Snappy Stories*. There can be no doubt about it, for they say it themselves in plain straight-forward black and white, that for nothing, or practically nothing, you can increase your earnings by a percentage undreamed of by even war profiteers. Of course, increasing one's earnings does not always mean financial success. It is necessary to get what you earn. Take for instance myself, I have been earning all kinds of things since the day I first entered school, but though the sea has been breaking for thousands of years it is not yet so "broke" as I. However, I only recently learned the value of reading these magazine advertisements. No doubt I will soon get rich if I read them enough. I hope so.

But I really think I need nerve to demand what I earn; at least several people, through the advertisements for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, claim that my nerves need building up. But, on the other hand, the editor claims I have altogether too much nerve already.

For real success one need only spend a few hours each night—and a few dollars on the installment plan. By merely reading about forty-three volumes one may become a convincing speaker, earn big money, or have a skin you love to touch. So say the "ads." Though, for myself, I have my doubts about this latter as a factor of success. Many people love to touch me, but it has never brought me success, hardly thanks even.

Take, for instance, a recent number of the *Dublin Daily Discord*. We open the journal and find on page four that for success in the slightest degree one must have a perfect education at one or more of the many schools, colleges and camps advertised therein. But



on turning to page five we read that one can do nothing without a perfect memory such as Mr. Roth has. A writer quite frankly and anonymously tells us so, therefore it must be so.

The sub-headlines of this "ad" are important. They say, "Send no money." The idea you get is that if you do send money you won't get success. But if you don't send money you won't get the books—as per fine print right down where you clip off the coupon. Of course, the amount is only five dollars, a mere trifle for success!

On page six one learns that one cannot be anything but a physical wreck without sending the Corrective Eating Society's coupon away—with three dollars.

Considering the high cost of living at present this must be considered cheap. Although all the restaurants have been giving courses in dieting for the past three years, even a single treatment at Bowles' or Childs' often costs this much.

On the same page is an article for ladies only. It is copyrighted by the Associated Press, Reuter's Agency and the Weakly Snarl, and states that the lady who does not use Woodbury's Facial Soap is a social failure. And who wants to be a social failure!

The next two pages seem rather contradictory. They are both full page display "ads." The first says, "Increase your will power," and then gives the autobiography of the apparently nameless person who quickly acquired "a dominating will power that earns him between fifty and seventy thousand dollars a year." Now don't make a mistake; it says he *earns* between fifty thousand and seventy thousand a year, *not* that he gets it. Those people should let us know whether they got it or not; goodness knows, I hate to think they are trying to deceive.

But the opposite page gives the biography of "the man who *wouldn't* stay down." It seems his won't power is simply tremendous, and all because he had written, enclosing five dollars, to one of those professors of correspondence culture who gave him nine volumes, a won't power like a mule, and increased his salary from fifteen dollars a week to one hundred dollars a week. This "ad." actually gives photographs, or drawings, that look just like photos, to show him at different stages between fifteen and one hundred a week.

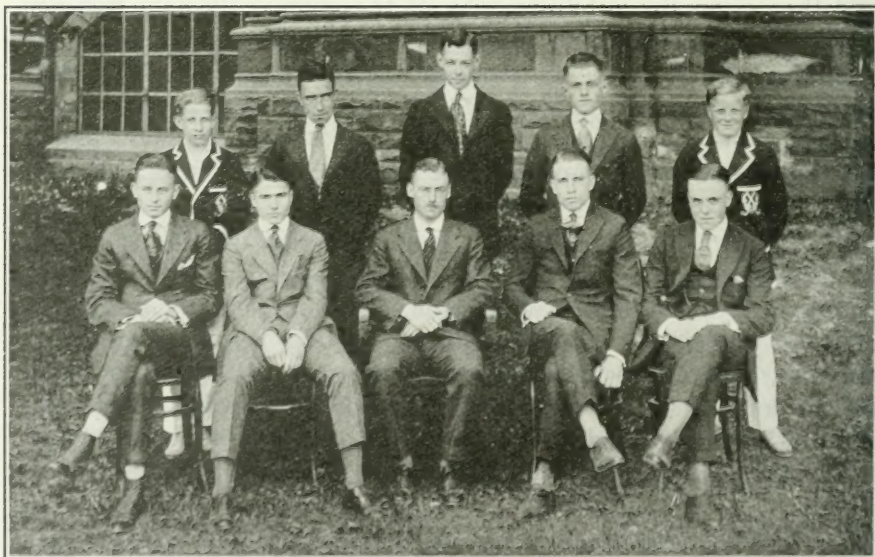
If I looked like the drawings of that chap I, too, would be getting a big salary—as a strong man.

The two pages after this are both devoted to one "ad." From what we gather this is a new guaranteed method of obtaining by conscious evolution not only will power and won't power, but dom-

inant personal business success, mental and physical power, all in one and at once. But one is really so confused after reading just these few success bringers that one does not know where he is at.

What is one to do anyway?

Well, for *my* part, if an ordinary college and university training isn't enough I shall be a failure without any hope of redemption.



OFFICERS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



## IN THE CLOVER MEADOW

BY ALLAN FINDLEY.

This is the story of a King Bird's nest that is hid in the branches of the lone apple tree in the clover meadow of Falling Water. We used to call these birds the kings of the meadow lands.

It happened on a July afternoon one day last summer. And such an afternoon! A light breeze blew over the clover which sent out wave after wave of sweet perfume. And the clover bent and rose again, now hiding its red blossoms in the deep green undergrowth, now turning the whitened underside of its leaves upward, bent and rose in perfect waves, just as the waters of an Ontario lake would toss about on such an afternoon.

I was watching the big apple tree. Every two or three minutes a small black and white bird would dart out from its branches, catch a fly with a loop-the-loop motion, and wing swiftly back again to its perch in the topmost bough.

On a lower branch sat four other birds, three of them not yet a month old, and enjoying their first outing from the nest which was just a little way off. The mother bird watched over them. She seemed a kind little creature as she talked to her little ones in her sweet, chirpy voice. Yet as the poet says, "Things are not what they seem." This little bird can be as ferocious as an eagle when danger threatens her children.

The male King Bird, when on the warpath, always waves a red banner. This is a tuft of red feathers on the top of the head. This tuft is not noticeable when the bird is in good humour, but when angry it stands up straight and at such times let enemies beware.

And in this instance an enemy was near. A lithe figure, about three feet long and as large as a man's finger, mottled with a pattern of a dull yellowish hue, glided noiselessly toward the young birds. It was that murderer and anarchist, our common Canadian black snake.

He was about half a foot from the nearest bird when, whizz! there came a buffeting of wings, and the snake's stunned body lay writhing on the ground twenty feet below. He had not taken the male bird, up on the top of the tree, into account. This wild Irishman had been on the lookout for just such an intruder.

But troubles never come singly. No sooner had the snake been disposed of than along came a Black Devil Crow. But this intruder was not destined to get within one hundred yards of the nest. Two grey streaks of lightning, led by a flash of red, dove headlong at him, battering and blinding him until he recovered enough of his scattered wits to fly speedily to a distant pine. He was pursued there by only one bird, the mother having flown back to the apple tree to guard the little Kings from harm.

The old crow had likely no thought of the young birds in the apple tree, but as crows have been known to have a liking for eggs and younglings, the Kings were taking no chances. Black feathers were to be seen blowing about in the clover for half an hour afterwards.

I could tell you more about the kings of the meadow, but if you keep your eyes open this summer you will see these same Bolsheviki of the air in action yourself.

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## EVENSONG

BY J. E. McDOUGALL.

The day grows old ;  
The bright light-giver sinks to rest,  
While strands of gold  
Trace out the earth's rim in the West.  
The Evening Star  
Darts quickly through the glooming grey,  
While from afar  
The lights peep out at close of day.  
The twilight air,  
Dew-freshened, doth pure thoughts inspire ;  
The sweetest e'er,  
Consumed the soul with holy fire.  
How easy then  
To be a Galahad sublime !  
How different when  
The cold grey dawn the sky doth climb !





THE CADET CORPS BAND.

# Our Old Boys

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*Editor, J. E. McDougall.*



LIEUT. J. E. H. PAISLEY,  
A. Battery, R.C.H.A.,  
S.A.C., 1908-1910.

## OLD BOYS NEWS

CAPT. R. G. GILL has won the Military Cross for bravery in action.

CAPT. J. A. FERGUSON has been awarded the Military Cross.

LIEUT. S. G. STOKES has also won the M. C.



THE REVIEW CONGRATULATES Norman McLeod on his splendid First Year Arts examination results at Queen's. He took first place in Greek and English, third in Philosophy and fourth in Latin.

The following Old Boys have visited us during the Midsummer term:

Majör A. E. Duncanson, D.S.O.  
Capt. Donald McGilliveray.  
Capt. A. E. Stewart, M.C.  
Capt. C. E. Coatsworth, M.C.  
Lieut. E. A. Burns.  
Capt. Roy Lowndes.  
Lieut. Erle B. Lowndes, M.C.  
Lieut. Donald Cantley.  
Lieut. J. D. Smith.  
Lieut. Roy Firstbrook.  
Lieut. L. C. Phippen.  
Lieut. D. B. Carlisle.  
Lieut. Gordon Cassels, M.C.  
Lieut. Norman B. McPherson.  
Lieut. C. S. P. McLeod.  
Lieut. Ivan Kirckhouse.  
Gnr. Hugh Kerr.  
Mr. Warner Patterson.

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## MARRIAGES

COL. H. F. H. HERTZBERG, on March 19th, 1919, to Miss Dorothy Judah.

ERIC M. GRANT, to Miss Elizabeth Stairs.

EDWARD WINNETT THOMPSON, on April 8th, 1919, to Miss Dorothy Anderson.

KENNETH G. MICKLEBOROUGH, on April 16th, 1919, to Miss Helen Landrath.

ROSS LIVINGSTON, on April 21st, 1919.

F. HEATH STONE, on April 30th, 1919, to Miss Gladys Ellis.

EARL M. TROW, on May 10th, 1919, to Miss Evelyn D. Tenny.

THEODORE DEWITT FARQUHAR, on May 29th, 1919, to Miss Alice Jean Logan, of Musquodoboit Harbor, Nova Scotia.

## BIRTHS

To LIEUT. and MRS. D. W. BOOTH, on April 4th, 1919, a son.

To MR. and MRS. LAWREN HARRIS, on April 10th, 1919,, a son (Howard Kilborne).

To MR. and MRS. CLAYTON CRAWFORD, on April 28th, 1919, a daughter.

To MR. and MRS. R. D. DAVIS, on April 13th, 1919, as Pasadena, Cal., a son (Richard David).

To MR. and MRS. FRANK G. BOWDEN, on May 6th, 1919, a daughter (Jeanne Frances).

To MR. and MRS. R. CECIL KILGOUR, on May 25th, 1919, a son.

To MR. and MRS. KENNETH MCKINNON, on June 9th, 1919, a son.

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## OBITUARY

FRASER, JAMES K., was born on May 19th, 1889. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1905, and went into Form III. In June, 1907, after spending a year in Form IV., he left school and later moved to Alberta, where he was in the employ of the C.N.R. In January, 1910, he married.

In December, 1918, while stationed at Vegerville, he contracted influenza and succumbed after five days' illness.

MACK, GEORGE DENISON, was born on May 13th, 1893. He attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1911, to June, 1912. On leaving school he took up ranching. His brother having gone overseas it fell to George's lot to carry on at home. In November, 1918, the influenza epidemic was very severe in his neighbourhood, and he gave himself up to nursing and assisting his neighbours. As a result, he became infected himself and succumbed after a few days' illness on December 3rd, 1918.

While at school Mack made many friends, and was known for his unselfishness and good nature. There is no doubt that he gave his life in the service of others.

PROCTOR, JOHN ALEXANDER, was born on April 29th, 1894. He attended St. Andrew's College for two terms only, entering in September, 1908, and leaving at the close of January, 1909. While here he was in the Third Form. He went overseas in July, 1917,



and saw considerable service in France before being seriously wounded in September, 1918. On March 31st, 1919, two days before he was to return to Canada, he fell from a train near Guildford, on his return journey from London to Witley Camp. The wheels of the train apparently passed over him and he was killed instantly. At the time of his death he was attached to the 8th Reserve as a Lieutenant.

SMITH, DONOVAN RICHARDSON, was born on April 15th, 1896. He attended St. Andrew's College during the school year 1912-1913, entering Form III. After leaving school he was in the employ of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. In 1915 he married Miss Marjorie Bayley. In March, 1917, he left for overseas after having completed his training with the C. O. T. C. at Burwash Hall. After further training at Cambridge he was appointed to the 4th Battalion Manchester Regiment, and was sent to France. Later he was returned to England to take his Captain's course, and rejoined his Battalion in the spring of 1918. On May 27th, 1918, during the big German offensive, he was reported "missing." A year later word was received from one of his men who had been taken prisoner than Captain Smith had been killed in action by a German shell. His widow is left with a two-year-old son, who bears his father's name, and is heir to his tradition of service.

GOODERHAM, GRANT ARMSTRONG, was born on January 8th, 1892. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1906, going into Form III. His removals were obtained with regularity. In 1909 he obtained the 2nd prize in General Proficiency in his Form. He matriculated into the Faculty of Applied Science in the University of Toronto in June, 1910, and graduated from there in 1914. In the spring of 1915 he entered the aviation branch of the Royal Navy. In September, 1915, he was ranked as a Flying Sub. Lieut., and in December, 1916, became a Flight Lieut. In 1918 he obtained his Captaincy. His record overseas was an excellent one, and he saw long, arduous and successful service. In January, 1919, he was home on sick leave, his health evidently having suffered from the long and severe strain. Early in May he wandered away from home while suffering from loss of memory, and on June 9th his body was found in the Eastern Gap. He wore himself out in the service of his country, and must be counted with those of our Old Boys who have given their all in the great struggle.

There will be real sorrow in the hearts of many old S. A. C. boys at the knowledge that Grant Gooderham has gone. He was always keen in class and athletic activities. When at school he had many friends, and was deservedly a most popular boy.

MACDONALD, WILLIAM CAMPBELL, was born in Toronto on November 15th, 1902. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1912, going in to the Upper Preparatory Form. His work was always excellent, and his name appeared with regularity on the General Proficiency and Honor lists. He won the Junior Cross Country Run in 1915, and also in 1916. In the latter year he ran also in the Senior Cross Country and obtained third place. In both 1915 and 1916 he played on the Lower School Rugby team. He was also on the cricket eleven and the hockey team. For two years he was a member of the pipe band. His record both as scholar and athlete indicated unusual promise. The shock of his father's death early in 1917 produced a lasting effect upon his health, and he became the victim of a serious and seldom curable disease, which with patience and pluck he combated for a long time. In September of the present school year Macdonald was back at school in the R. M. C. group of the Lower Sixth, but he was not able to stand the strain, and was under the necessity of leaving school. His condition became slowly worse until May 4th, 1919, when he passed away. St. Andrew's College has never possessed a more loyal son than Campbell Macdonald. He was heart and soul an Andrian, and never spared himself in furthering the interests of the school activities, even in his days of weakness. He possessed unusual mental attainments and a remarkable athletic spirit and prowess at the same time. These two possessions, coupled, as they were, with a high ideal of life, and an invariably sunny and charitable disposition, led those interested in his welfare to regard him as destined for great things. However, it was not to be in this world, and the lad has gone on to the larger life beyond. The memory of his sunny disposition, of his unfailing pluck throughout his long illness, and of the entire absence of complaint from him will long remain a tradition of a race well run in the school he loved so well.

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THE CADET CORPS.



## SATAN SMOKES A CIGAR

BY AN OLD BOY.

The Old Boy opened his REVIEW, which had just arrived by mail, and out of it majestically stepped the Devil.

"Good evening, son," he drawled as he sat down and helped himself to a cigar. "I am visiting my disciples and have five minutes to spend with you."

The Old Boy rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure he was awake.

"Honoured, I'm sure," he grunted. "Got any news?"

Satan lit his cigar with the tip of his tail.

"Nearly everyone is back home now," he replied. "I just left the Fergusson boys. Tower went to London, Ontario, with his battalion and returned to Toronto just in time to meet Les. Both well."

"Glad you called," enthused the Old Boy. "There is a heap of things I want to know. Whom else have you seen?"

"Well, I saw a good many of the clan in England last week," recalled his majesty, "where, by the way, I attended another of those delightful little parties at one Jimmy's in London. Norm. Lorimer, who was on his way home then, told me they were all returning soon. So you will see them yourself."

"Saw Mel. Gooderham," continued the Devil from a cloud of cigar smoke. "He is staying in London until the fall. I held conference with Trethewey, also. Then, Buck Saunders is still in England on demobilization work, but he will be back any day now. So will Andy Duncanson. Wilf. Bole is still with the Mechanical Transport in France. Remember Gordon Rennie? He was with the Mechanical Transport in France, too, but he is back in Toronto now."

"Good stuff!" exclaimed the Old Boy. "Is Al. Ramsey still over there?"

"No, son," replied the Devil, "he came back to Toronto a few weeks ago, but after a short stay went on out west—Vancouver, I think. Did you know Fred Macdonald was back after spending over three years in Germany? Looks well, too. He was captured about the same time as Gerrie Burk, but Gerrie escaped. Ask him to tell you about it some time."

"It is all news to me. Please go on," prompted the Old Boy.

"Here's a good one," grinned Satan, as he flicked the cigar ash off with his ear. "Eric Grant is married. Still lives in Halifax.

He was married in April, just before his brother, Gerald, whom we used to call, 'Fat,' returned home."

"Last time I saw Eric was in Oxford," remembered the Old Boy.

"Yes, that was when he was convalescent. Gerry was there at the same time.—Talking about Grants, Choppie Grant of Trinidad is married, too; but that's almost ancient history now."

"What about Ollie Junkin, and White, Bell and Stewart and the Cassels boys and Dick Webber and El. Munroe and Bung Flemming?"

"All back," yawned his majesty. "Bung is one of my chosen along with Lyman Howe and Bill Macpherson and Ken Maclaren to look after the association. They are working like my domains," the Devil chuckled.

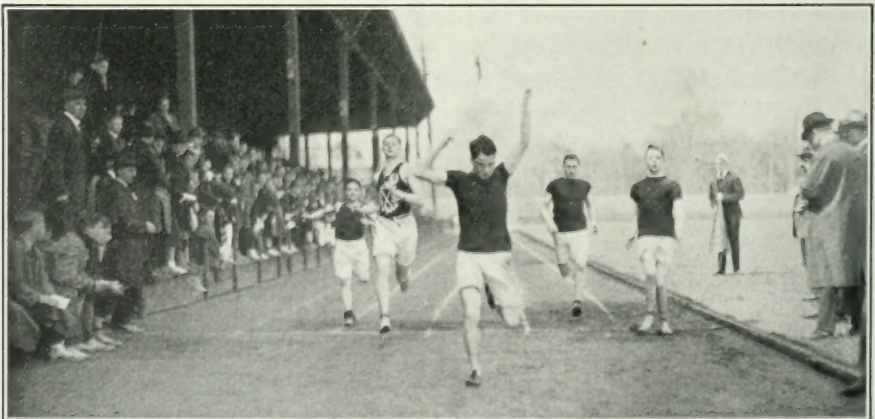
"Well, I *am* out of touch," summed up the Old Boy, and he made a mental note to attend the very next meeting of the Old Boys' Association, and in the meantime to pay a visit to the school. He would be sure to meet Mr. Robinson and Mr. Findley and Mr. Fleming, at any rate, he reflected.

"Correct," cut in the Devil, who evidently interpreted his thoughts.

"Please don't go yet," implored the Old Boy as his visitor arose and swallowed the butt of his cigar.

"I am a busy man," reminded the Devil. "In three seconds I have an appointment with Dr. Macdonald."

So saying he exhaled a large cloud of smoke and vanished in the midst of it.



GORDON I. LEADS.



## FROM THE OLD BOYS' REPRESENTATIVE

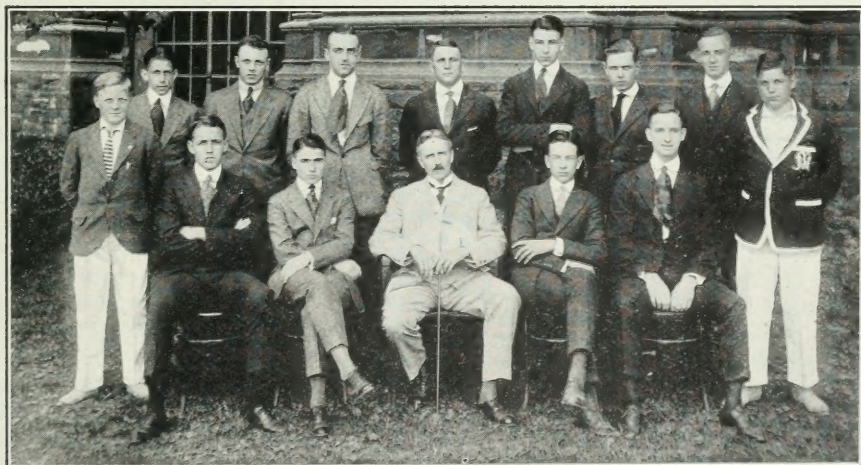
The Old Boys of S. A. C. thank the present boys for their good wishes and constant interest in them while they were serving overseas. The Christmas parcels they sent, and the REVIEWS, which came regularly, were well appreciated.

The REVIEW was of absorbing interest at all times and proved to be a welcome and efficient means for Old Boys to keep in touch with the school and with fellow Andreans, and thus it maintained a unique spirit of fellowship.

To the staff of the REVIEW has now been added an Old Boys' representative, the intention being to make the REVIEW of even greater interest to Old Boys than heretofore. News of Old Boys will be gladly received and made use of. Literary contributions are solicited. Letters and suggestions of any nature may be submitted, and will be published or not as the writer desires.

The Old Boys appreciate this opportunity to continue in close relationship with school matters, with the present boys, and with old schoolmates.

E. A. BURNS.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

[NOTE.—Of the many letters received by the Headmaster since the publication of the Easter number of the REVIEW, we are reproducing a few extracts which may be of general interest. In most cases names of writers have been withheld for the reason that their appearance might be distasteful to the ones concerned.—EDITOR.]

The attractive Old Boys' dinner invitation only reached me this evening, so you must forgive my tardy reply. It would have been a great treat to see the school again in its new surroundings. But I am looking forward to my return to Canada, which I hope will be in July or August.

I learned last evening that there is a Miss Brookes, Nursing Sister, here, and also that she is a sister of the Misses Brookes of the College. I heard this through our night nurse, a Toronto girl, and she has very kindly suggested that I meet her.

\* \* \* \* \*

### "OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND."

Away off here in Germany in springtime I can well enter into Browning's feeling when he wrote, "Oh, to be in England," etc. In fact, by just putting in "Canada" for England it just expresses my sentiments, too. Browning was in Italy when he wrote this poem. Beautiful as this country is around here, I consider Browning deserved less pity than I do now.

I have been in the army now for over three years, the last two being spent in France. I enlisted when I was sixteen years and two months. I stood the work well, and have been most fortunate in coming all through the fighting without a scratch. I have been a gunner in this battery ever since it was formed in January, 1916, at Kingston, and I am one of the few originals left in it. Ever since enlisting I have received the REVIEW regularly, and have been most delighted to receive it and keep in touch with the school.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IN VLADIVOSTOCK.

The other day I saluted a smart looking Staff Captain, and he turned around and spoke to me. It was Christie Clark, he is A. D. C. to General Bickford.

You know, of course, that we are in barracks not far from Vladivostock. There are barracks like these in the hills for about forty miles around the city—the barracks of the old Russian Imperial Army. Ours, I believe, is typical of the others. It is a solid brick building with walls about three feet thick, cement floors, big Russian stoves, which reach up almost to the ceiling, and rows of little iron beds. The walls are decorated with roughly painted crowns and swords, and sundry patches of printed writings, which an interpreter says are records of brave deeds done by their men, battles won, etc. One legend tells of an expedition into China, in which a flag was captured, another of an expedition to Japan, in which another flag was brought back, another—well, they're all about flags.

Vladivostock is built on the sides of several hills, and the streets are cobbles and little round stones, quaint but very uncomfortable. I thought when we



first marched through the city that it was a glum looking place, buildings dilapidated, everything neglected, the streets almost deserted, and those people we did see rather dull and not particularly pleased with life. We marched right through and out to our barracks where we spent most of our time for the first few weeks, carrying water from a well and carrying coal up a hill. But on Sunday I walked in to town. We climbed into a little street car built to hold about twelve, and which stood up under the weight of thirty or more. The majority of the thirty stood up, too. When we got into the centre of the town some more people wanted to get on, so the conductress motioned us to get off. We got off, and she laughed, and we laughed, and we began to walk to a restaurant. The streets were crowded with people like a Saturday afternoon in Toronto. The people overflowed from the sidewalks to the road, where the drosches were rattling over the cobbles at a great rate. The people didn't look very glum. They were a motely crowd; civilians of all types and nationalities, wearing all sorts of clothes and remarkable varieties of boots; American soldiers, French soldiers, Italian soldiers, Canadian soldiers, Japs, Russians, and, most interesting, the Czechs. Somehow or other my sympathies seem to go out to them. I imagine, or feel, that there is something noble about them, that they are tall, slim men, like one I watched curiously in the Y. M. C. A., that they have a soulful look on their faces.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NO HUNS ABOUT.

Jack Connell took out a reconnoitring patrol to try and get in touch with Gerry, but had no luck, though he went a good distance out. It is a funny war when you can't find an enemy about. Just think of coming 3,000 miles to fight the Hun and then not being able to get in touch with him when you do get up to the line. The other companies also sent patrols out, but had no better luck. On account of this, I was detailed to take a daylight patrol out next morning, and to work as far forward as possible to try and get an idea of where his line was. We left at 5.20 a.m., about an hour before sunrise, passed through a gap in our wire—formed up in diamond formation, and started forward. The sergeant was in the leading section of the patrol, and I was in rear, where I could best control the whole affair. I had my platoon sergeant, a lance corporal and eight men with me. I picked the best men in my platoon, and had quite a good patrol. As we wanted to get well out before sunrise, I thought it best to walk straight ahead with an occasional halt to check the direction and have a look over the country. I didn't see any sense in crawling out, as we had a good way to go, and it would be time enough to crawl when we were fired on. We got out between 700 and 800 yards in this way—passing a couple of farms (piles of bricks) which we examined to make sure they didn't contain any enemy. At this time, we were just about 50 yards from a road which he was supposed to hold. On our left were some sand-bagged huts, and my left flankers started to examine these. The lance-corporal and one O. R. were on the left. The first hut was empty, so he passed on to the second. The door of this one was covered over with a sand bag, and cautiously peeking underneath this, he saw to his surprise some rifles and equipment. He at once beckoned to me to come over, which I did. I peeked under, too, and deciding that the only way to settle the affair was to go in, I drew my revolver, cocked it, and then pulling aside the sand bag, entered the hut. Inside were four Boche. I don't know which of us was the most surprised. But, anyway, I had



to jump on them, and though one of them made a grab for his rifle, he changed his mind when I shoved the old six-shooter in his direction. We got these four outside and then picked up three more in the next hut. Altogether I had bagged a sergeant-major, a sergeant and 5 O. R. I thought it time now to hike for home, as I was afraid that Gerry might not be far away, and might catch us napping, so off we started. I left three men to guard our retirement, and the remainder formed up and off we went. These men were fired on when they withdrew, but no one was hit. Of course, my men took this chance of getting souvenirs and watches, rings, knives and sundry other articles, changed hands. I bagged a cap and a couple of knives which they carried in their boot tops. I didn't bother getting anything else, as I knew that the men would do everything necessary in that line. I thought the cap, etc., would make a good birthday present for Hen., and also add a bit of proof to this yarn. We got back to our line O.K., and there was great excitement in the line, of course.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LETTERS OF KENNETH JUNOR.

A series of letters, of which the following are extracts, have recently become available to the REVIEW. They were written by Kenneth Junor, who has been missing since April 23, 1918. Recently his death was confirmed.

Day before yesterday I went over to 2 A. D. to get my new bus. (I told Dolly, I think, or mother, about the crash I had with the other one.) It has a French engine (Hispano Suiza) built by the Pengot Company. There are a few slight differences to the Wolsely Hispano, but I am getting accustomed to them. Above all, it has a new type Zinith carburetor, which is a slight improvement on the old.

French engines in the squadron have the reputation of giving the most remarkable results for the first few weeks, and then going "dud," but I am convinced that it is mostly due to the pilots, and think that with care I can get good results with this one. At present it will outdistance and outclimb any other bus in the squadron. It had its first initiation to-day. Capt. Billings dropped out of the patrol before we reached the lines, with engine trouble, so I took over the leadership. First we had a fight with a two-seater. I didn't get a shot, but MacPherson killed the observer from such close range that he has spots of his blood all over his fuse bags. Dear old Mac! He is so keen on getting a Hun that he literally rushes in where angels fear to tread. I am afraid he will be done in. I got the patrol together, minus one chap who got lost, again, and we climbed to 14,000, when we spotted five Albatross scouts about 500 feet below and west of us. (We were then 12 and 15 miles into Hunland.) We got in behind them and attacked from the east. They were going toward the lines and were not expecting trouble from that quarter. The result was that they didn't even know we were upon them until we opened fire. I got slap bang on the leader's tail and fired 50 rounds. He went down out of control and crashed. Then my troubles began. First, my Lewis gun, which is mounted on the top, came unfastened—blew down and hit me an awful whack on the head, my Vickers gun jammed, and, worst of all, my engine cut out completely. I was in a bad way with Huns "revving" about all over the place. Discovered that lack of air pressure in the petrol tank had caused my engine to stop, so pumped it up with the hand pump—engine picked up. The Lewis gun bracket was broken, and the gun would not stay up. Just them I



spotted a Hun on Porter's tail. That would never do. I dived at him, holding the Lewis up with my right hand and pressing the firing lever with the left. Couldn't take a decent aim. The shots were wild, but they served to scare the old Hun away. I then turned for the lines. When I got there, I found neither Mac or Porter were with me. I was afraid they had been done for. Back I went 15 miles to the place where the fight had been; not a bus of any kind in the blue. Archie was darn bad, and I was still holding the Lewis gun up. I turned for home feeling pretty low. It was the first fight I had led a patrol into, and I didn't want to have any casualties. I couldn't even feel happy about my Hun. Imagine my relief when I got to the airdrome to find both Mac and Porter standing on the tarmac and wondering what had become of me. "All's well that end well," and everyone was pleased with the morning's scrap.

Since I wrote last we have had to move about thirty miles back to a new airdrome. The Huns have our old place now. You remember in one of my letters I spoke of walking over an old battlefield, visiting my old gun emplacements, etc., etc.—well, that is all well in Hunland now. The air has been stiff with Hun machines "revving" about in droves. I have been shot down twice in three days. I feel that I have passed a most critical point in my flying career. I certainly hope so. I have never had such a close shave before.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WHEN I GET HOME.

As this is to be a bit of shop, it probably won't be interesting for all the folks. I will write it to you, dad. I wish you would keep my letters containing so-called "combat reports," as I would like to have them when I get home. In my log book I keep a short synopsis of each. I should keep a diary, but I haven't time or energy to do so. If you will save these, or have them copied, it will serve the purpose.

Just as we were turning to come home from patrol the other day, I spotted two Albatross scouts, left the formation and attacked them. This was a foolish thing to do, because none of our chaps saw me leave the formation. I was nearly out of petrol, and two Huns on their own, when the rest of their chaps travel in flocks, are a thing to beware of, as they are sure to be "stunt merchants." As soon as I got on the tail of one chap, and was manoeuvring for firing position, I saw I was in a hob. The other chap climbed above me, got on my tail and opened fire. (To distinguish between these two chaps, one was painted yellow, with a bright red nose, the other blue.) I attacked the yellow chap and the blue one got on top of me. Right then I gave up all hope of a fight, my main object being to get home. But they had no intention of allowing me to do that. In a few seconds they were both on top of me, driving me down into Hunland. Every time I looked over my tail a Hun was driving and firing at me, they were good shots, too—their bullets came crashing into my bus. I expected to feel one any minute. I did every stunt I knew to avoid them and disturb their aim. I threw my old bus all over the sky. Once I nearly collided with the yellow chap. He rolled over on his back, and I could see the blue and yellow checks on the under side of his planes.

The fight started at 17,000, and we were now at 5,000, and I could see the Huns in their trenches below. For some reason, I wasn't the least bit excited, quite cool, in fact—cold, I guess. I was only annoyed at being beaten up. Suddenly the blue Hun stopped diving at me, and left his pal to finish me off.



I think, probably, he ran out of ammunition, as he must have fired over 400 rounds at me. When I saw I only had one machine to deal with, my spirits rose. I determined to outclimb him on my turns (we were then down to 2,000 feet, about four miles east of the lines). When he saw what I was doing, he got "wind up" and turned nose down for home. That was my chance, and I literally pounced upon him. I fired a long burst from both guns at close range. He went down in bits and crashed in a field. His miserable pal sat up above and watched the proceedings. They certainly are sportsmen, these Huns—I don't think!

I came home across the floor mighty thankful to be alive. When I landed my machine practically fell to pieces. It was shot full of holes and a complete "write off."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A VISIT FROM THE KING.

By the way, the King called on us yesterday; shook hands with us all, and was very nice and "chatty." He told us that he had just awarded McCud-dens the Victoria Cross—loud cheers! He certainly deserved it. I don't suppose there is another chap in the army, of his age, with such a string of medals—V.C., D.S.O., with a bar; M.C., with bar; Military Medal, Star of Mons, and Croix de Guerre. It is also the second V.C. for this squadron—Capt. Ball being the other one.

But I must get on with my Combat Report. I hope you aren't bored reading these comic things, dad, but I can't help writing about what I am constantly thinking and dreaming. For the present, I have put everything else aside and live for nothing but flying and downing Huns. I am determined to make a success of this business or "peg out" in the effort.

If my letters seem one continual line of "shop," and if I seem to neglect and forget things which may seem more important, please forgive me. No one will be more thankful than I when this cursed business is over, and we can get back to normal life again. My only fear, at present, is that during the fine spring weather, when we do two shows a day, my nerves or heart, or something will let me down. I think it would break my heart if I had to go to a hospital now. For months it has been borne upon me that I have a job to do here, and I am determined to do it to the best of my ability. I have never felt anything so strongly before.

Well, the other day we did a patrol—two flights of six machines each; one flight about 2,000 feet above the other. The idea being that the bottom flight would look for scraps, while the top flight would protect them, and prevent Hun scouts diving on them. I was in the top flight, Hank in the bottom (which was led by a chap named Mealing). Our flight was led by Capt. Billings. I was on his right. Shortly after we crossed the lines, the bottom flight went down after a Hun two-seater. We "revved" around over them, when turning toward our lines, I suddenly spotted 10 Albatross scouts (purple and white) led by a silver coloured Pfaltz scout (don't forget him) below us, and diving toward our bottom flight. I immediately dived on them. I got on the silver chap's tail and opened fire. Both my guns jammed. I didn't worry much, as I expected all the other Huns would be busy with our chaps, but no such luck. Before I knew it there were half a dozen of them on top of me, and they certainly could shoot. The air was filled with tracer bullets. They came crashing into my bus. They shot my main petrol tank through, just in



front of my feet. About fifteen gallons of petrol poured all over me, and my engine stopped. Of course, all this time I was throwing my bus all over the sky—never still a second—rolling, spinning, etc., and, worst of all, losing height.

If there had been one Hun, or perhaps two, I could have avoided them, but with so many it was hopeless. I was absolutely terrified that my bus would catch fire. I switched on to my emergency tank, and the engine picked up. There were only three Huns after me—two Albatross and the Silver Pfaltz. While I was avoiding one of the former, the Pfaltz dived right on top of me and fired from close range. The burst crashed right into my emergency tank above my head; one went through my wind-shield. Petrol poured over my face into my eyes, absolutely blinding me. I thought my time had come, and I almost gave up. My engine stopped again. I wish I could relate all the thoughts that flashed through my mind in those few wild seconds. I thought of dinner in a Hun mess, if I could only get down alive. I recalled with a tinge of regret that I had not had a chance to wear my M. C. ribbon, and a thousand other things.

I was down to 3,000 feet. Looking up, I saw that both Albatross had disappeared, and only the silver Pfaltz diving. But I was quite powerless with no engine. Suddenly an S. E. came out of the sky like a bolt from the blue, smack onto the Hun. I saw his tracers as he opened fire, and, quick as a flash, the Pfaltz went down, his beautiful silver plane flashing in the sun, completely out of control.

I could hardly realize that I was saved. Then the horrible thought that I could not reach the lines. I tried everything with my engine; pumping with the hand pump; switching on to different tanks, and praying it to go. I was too done up to cheer when it started to splutter—ten, twelve, fourteen hundred revs.—enough to keep me going. What it ran on I don't know. The oil tank was shot through—no oil pressure. The radiator was shot, letting out all the water, temperature over 100 degrees, but on it went like a lame duck—"clankety clank." It sounded like a farm tractor. But it was game, and with a sigh of relief, I crossed over the lines.

I picked the nearest field and went down. The engine seized up as I landed. I wish you could have seen my machine. It was full of holes. Besides what I have told you, there were several bullets in different parts of the engine—even the tips of the propeller blades were shot through. One flying wire was gone and fusebags punctured in several places. I didn't waste much time inspecting it, but commandeered the nearest car and beat it back to the airdrome.

If you have never had your life saved, you can't imagine how you feel toward the chap who does it. He and I have been great rivals in the camp in a friendly way. We got our decorations on the same day, and were nearly equal for Huns. Since I have been on leave he has quite outdistanced me. The Pfaltz made eleven Huns for him, as well as two balloons. He was about due for a D.S.O. But here is the sad part. On another shot that same day he failed to return. A machine was seen to go down in flames, and Walkeredin saw an S. E. burning on the ground.

## TWILIGHT

BY DAVID K. FINDLAY.

My son is dead. It must be so,  
And it's just a year since I saw him go.  
What does this slip of paper say?  
"Your son was killed on the first of May."

'Tis nineteen years since his baby face  
Came to gladden this lonely place,  
But now he's dead, on the first of May,  
Killed at Langemarck, so they say.

I feared to-day—I dreamed last night  
These war-worn years had taken flight;  
He came, a boy, on his way to bed  
To say good-night—and now he's dead.

How he used to come at the close of day,  
To have his troubles kissed away;  
To hear a tale and then to rest,  
To fall asleep on his mother's breast!

Those twilight tales of fairy folk,—  
Pictures we traced in the curling smoke,—  
The firelight's sheen on his golden hair,  
As he knelt at my knee to say his prayer!

A white cross gleams in a field in France,  
The sunset gilds it with parting glance,  
And there he sleeps in a foreign clime,  
And I am alone at twilight time.

The shadows lengthen o'er the lawn,  
The breezes whisper, the sun is gone.  
How sweet the lilacs smell this May,  
Ah, God—my son—the price we pay!



# The School

S. A. BEATH, *Editor.*

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## MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S

*"To the glory of God and in loving memory of Lieutenant Gordon Fraser Ross, who was killed in action at Ostend on May 10th, 1918, I unveil this tablet."*

The ceremony was performed by Major J. W. Ross, in the parish Church of St. Paul, Toronto. The date was Sunday, May 11th, and the great church was filled with worshippers, not only of his own denomination, but also from other churches in the city.

The lesson was read by the Headmaster of St. Andrew's College, who occupied a seat in the chancel during the service.

Hon. the Venerable Archdeacon Cody officiated at the dedication. Strong emotion was in evidence among members of the congregation as he said:

*"To the glory of Almighty God, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection and reunion through Jesus Christ our Lord, we dedicate this tablet, in proud and loving memory of our brother Gordon Fraser Ross. May God accept and bless this memorial, and grant that those who look upon it may realize the constraining call of duty; the glory of loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice; the joy of faithful service; the inspiration of noble comradeship; the power of an endless life, to which may He vouchsafe to bring us all, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."*

After the unveiling, the congregation stood while the Dead March in "Saul" was played on the great organ. As the majestic strains rolled through the arches of the Gothic temple, the grandeur of Gordon Ross's death and the beauty of the sacrifice which he had made, was in a measure made manifest to the worshippers.

The Last Post was sounded by the bugler, after which the choir chanted:

*"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write: From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the spirit; for they rest from their labors."*

In honour of their brother Andrean, the St. Andrew's College Cadets, led by pipe and bugle bands, marched to the church and had seats in the west transept.

## MEMORIAL SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER

On the morning of Sunday, June eighth, a memorial service was held at Westminster Church to honour the memory of the forty-one members of that congregation who had fallen in the war.

Of this number, five had been students of St. Andrew's College. Their names are Arthur W. Chestnut, William McClain Munro, Gordon Glen Ross, Douglas C. Wright and William B. Yuille.

After the opening voluntary and invocation, the hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," was sung by the congregation. Then followed the reading of the twenty-third Psalm, prayer by Dr. Neil, the lesson Rev. 7: 9-17, the hymn, "For All the Saints who From Their Labours Rest," and a solo, "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears."

The sermon by the pastor of the church followed. Then came the unveiling of the tablet by Brig.-General John A. Gunn, C.M.G., D.S.O.

The congregation remained standing while the Dead March in "Saul" was played on the organ, and the "Last Post" sounded by the bugler. The singing of the National Anthem and the Benediction closed a service which will be historical in the annals of Westminster Church.

The St. Andrew's College Cadets, in Highland costume, and led by their pipe and bugle bands, marched to the church and attended the service.



HEAD TABLE AT OLD BOYS' DINNER.



## THE CADET CORPS

Thursday, May 29th, the annual inspection of the Cadet Corps took place at the University Stadium. The day marked the closing of the work of the year. Although probably not up to the high standard set last year, it was very efficient. Captain Gordon Hewitt, with Kent and Gordon as lieutenants, proved capable officers during their second term as such. Drum-Major Bob Dingman deserves congratulations on his work with the band.

The College Cadets, being attached to the 48th Battalion, were the only Cadet Corps invited to participate in the welcome of the 15th Overseas Battalion. There was a personal note in the welcome because many old boys were among the old officers of that battalion. The corps formed a guard of honour at the saluting base on Bloor Street, afterwards being present at the trooping of the colours at the Stadium.



FINDLAY I. receiving his decoration: Yuill waiting for his.  
(Finish of the Quarter Mile.)

## THE CADET CORPS DANCE

Once upon a time there lived a man who wrote fairy tales. It was years ago—but his marvellous tales brought mystery and wonder into the hearts of many small boys and girls. There were princes, and princesses, knights and ladies, and glorious costumes of fairy cloth, cloth of gold—of silver, and many bright jewels. These wonderful people lived in a fairy world of castles—and at these castles the knights and ladies would gather often at the ball. Wonderful music—chants from the East—with their deep mysterious air: the newer melodies of the world, lilting, full of life. Wonderful costumes—stalwart men and beautiful girls. . . .

But that, all that was the fabric of dreams. Growing up—the small boy and girl found no fairies, no mystery people with golden wands. It was nothing but a story!

If that writer had lived to-day, if someone had taken him to Columbus Hall when the dance was in progress on the night of May second—*that* would have been his inspiration. The kilted ladies, their belts gleaming against the brilliant scarlet of the dress tunic, the picturesque “fly” of tartan dropping gracefully from the shoulder—made a gallant company of knights. And the ladies—but it is unnecessary to speak of them.

Mrs. Macdonald and Captain Hewitt received the guests as they entered the ball-room. About nine o'clock the bugle rang out and the dancing began. The floor was excellent, the music better, and the three hundred guests danced until the early hours.

The National Anthem and a good St. Andrew's “Hoot” ended another very successful “At Home” given by the officers and members of the St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps.



S.A.C. CADETS AS GUARD OF HONOUR.  
(Return of the 15th Battalion.)



## THE OLD BOYS' DINNER

April 10th will for some time be remembered as the date of the first Old Boy's Dinner since 1914. The dining hall of the school's present quarters in Knox College was the scene of many reunions of old schoolmates. There was a peculiar air of splendid good fellowship as boys, yes, even bald-headed "boys" joined in an affair that was almost a ceremony, with their school brothers of more recent years.

As the guests gathered in the building there were many hearty



THE OLD BOYS' DINNER.

handshakes. It was touching to see some fellow squeeze through the crowd and grasp another's hand—meeting again after many years of trial. There were many such scenes and much good-humoured jostling as they exchanged school-day reminiscences and told of meetings with other pals in all the corners of the earth.

About seven o'clock Doctor Macdonald and several of the Governors led the party to the dining-hall. Mrs. Macdonald received each with her own welcome, and they passed on to seats at tables gaily decorated with the college crimson and white. At the ends of the long tables sat the boys' old masters, who greeted many for the first time since class-room days. Cheer after cheer was given for these one time "oppressors of youth."

Even this gay evening had its note of sadness. After dinner, the headmaster arose and proposed a silent toast to those who had

given their lives in the country's service. This was drunk with many an affectionate memory of those who had "gone west."

Several other toasts were drunk, "The School," proposed by Major J. M. Macdonell, and responded to by Professor Kilpatrick and Doctor Macdonald, and "The Old Boys' Association," by Mr. Robinson, and responded to by Mr. Lyman R. Howe, the secretary.

Mrs. Macdonald—and her ceaseless efforts on their behalf—was the smiling recipient of another toast, which showed the heartfelt appreciation of the boys of her work. It was fittingly responded to by the lady herself.

Doctor Macdonald acquainted those present with the school's war effort, and outlined the projected building of the new school at York Mills. Election of officers of the Association was held, and the gathering broke up about eleven—after an evening that will long be remembered in the history of the school.



THE LIBRARIANS, 1918-19.



## "THE UPPER SIXTH"

Unhappy form! Fate is against us! We have not only one poet, but *two*! With such a handicap what could one expect? In their language we should sing, "We are seven," but, alas! it is not true. In plain prose we *is* eight! Perhaps the presence of our two poets makes up for the other required five to make us thirteen and unlucky. Somehow—we are!

We are a motley crew. We admit it! Furthermore we wish to go on record as saying we cannot help our brains (or lack of them). That is why we are beloved of masters!

But in all seriousness we do congratulate our form master, Mr. Robinson, on having such a punctual, polite and efficient mob to govern.

That is all we have to say.

Beath, "Stan."

*"My love is constant as the northern star."*

Stan. is no cheap fellow, though he does hail from the nickel metropolis (Sudbury). When he joined the R. C. N. A. S., the enemy promptly capitulated. Why? Don't ask us. Anyway, he now shares in the homely duties of the prefects. It is rumoured darkly, that, driven to desperation by a bald spot, he committed herpicide of the first degree.



Dingman, "Bawb."

*"Music hath charms. . . ."*

This specimen was found in the wilds of East Toronto, has been domesticated, and is now quite harmless. In literary language, he's "a regular fellow." Admired and liked by all the school, he leaves this year to enter McGill to study engineering. No, girls, he's not married.



Earle, "Morris."

*"What harmony!"*

Here we have the far East, yes, even further than Oshawa! Fact! St. John, N.B., was the haunt. Can play a victrola and has a great ear for—we leave that to you! But just the same he's one of our most solid citizens. Hasn't yet decided what worlds he will conquer after leaving.



Findlay, "Dave."

"How you gonna keep 'em. . . ."



Carleton Place claims David. Yes, and he claims it! Most remarkable, for most people would want to hide a past like that! He has only been with us a year, but seems to know his way about. From his story efforts he seems to understand the South American temperament. But *perhaps* that is why he is sometimes called "The Beach Comber."

Gordon, "Gord."

"They go wild . . . . etc."

Maybe you've never heard of Pembroke? Well, its 'wayback, but not too far. It sent R. G. Gordon to us, and he did everything that's to be done here, ending as head prefect. Of course—maybe they don't *all* go wild over him, but he's rather disorganizing in some society, especially. . . .



Grant, "Doug."

"Typical topical tunes. . . ."



Yes, he's a rag-picker! But not the street variety—he works on the piano. If syncopation started with an "I" it would be his middle name. Writes a little, but drops in that from rag to classic. "Merry and Bright!"

McDougall, "Joe."

"*Je sais que vous etes gentil!*"

"Joseph Easton McDougall!" If Joe could get at the fabled "Hall of Fame," he'd have it as well marked with those three words as he has his class mates' books. Nevertheless, if this poetic inclinations aren't overcome he may arrive there quite legitimately. This one's future is slightly obscured. Born at night, possibly!





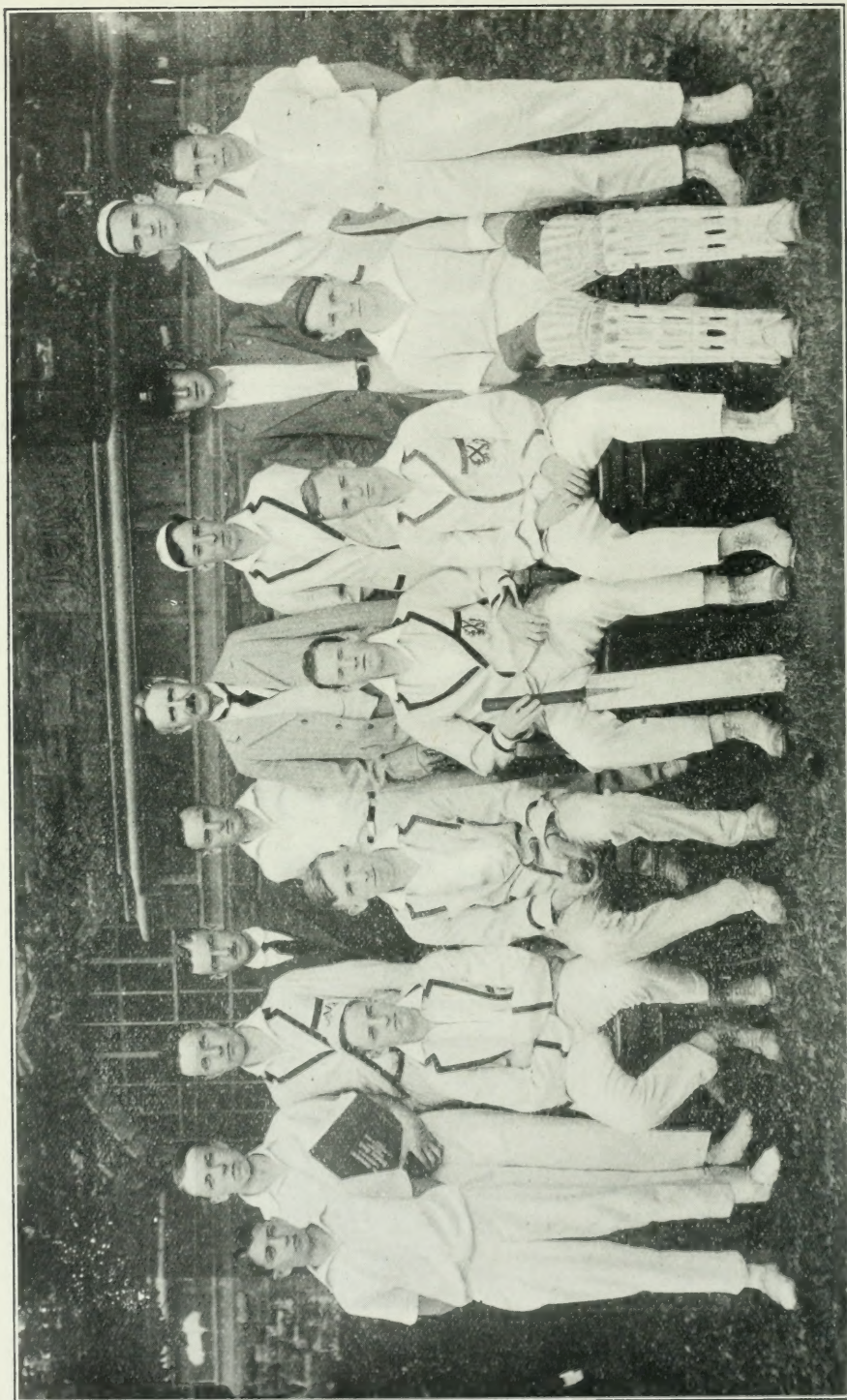
*Robertson, "Gord."*

"I'll say she do!"

When S. G. Robertson arrived in town, the Belleville String, Rope and Wire Band strikes up "Johnny's in Town," and all the fairer sex whisper "Thrills!" But it goes without saying that when he left R. M. C. at Christmas to return to St. Andrew's we gained a good soldier and they lost one. Famous also as "The Academy Kid."



E. M. SMITH, R.F.C., and A. H. COCKING, C.F.C.  
(Taken aften a flight over St. Andrew's.)

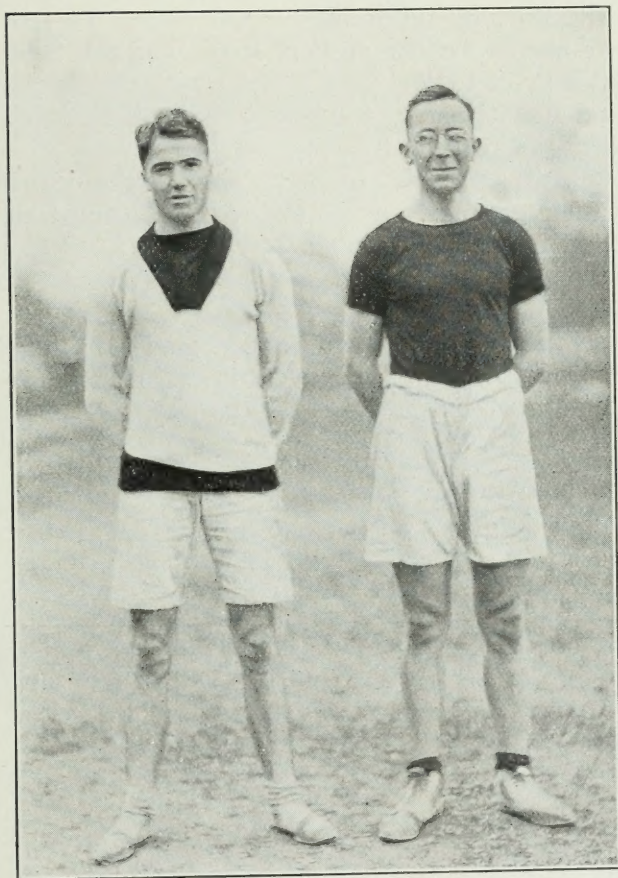


FIRST XI, 1919.



# Athletics

D. I. GRANT, *Editor.*



GORDON I. (Senior champion) and YUILL (House champion).  
SPORTS DAY, 1919.

## CRICKET

Owing to the rapid approach of the holidays this edition of the REVIEW has to go to press before our season is completed. Several practice games and two of our Little Big Four games may, however, be reported.

Our first game was with West Toronto, and the School Eleven was defeated 100 to 26.

In our next game we were more successful, defeating the St. Andrew's Old Boys by 102 to 50.

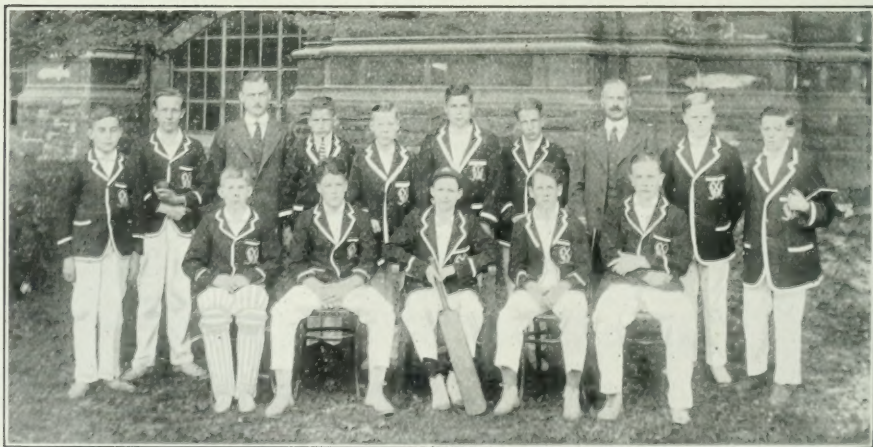
Then we played Trinity at Port Hope, and the School Eleven were defeated by 42 to 26.

Kent and Hewitt played the best cricket for S. A. C., both old colours, batting and fielding well.

The following Saturday, June 7th, we met the Upper Canada Eleven on their grounds. Lyon, for S. A. C., played an excellent game, batting and bowling in fine style.

The score at the end of the first innings stood S. A. C. 36, U. C. C. 64.

In the second innings Upper Canada made 125 for 6 wickets and declared. St. Andrew's then went in and made 26 for 8 wickets, when stumps were drawn.



LOWER SCHOOL FIRST XI.



## BASKETBALL

The basketball team this year has been very successful, and being the first team that the school has produced for a number of years, we feel proud of the fact that it did not lose a game. Under the captaincy of Loomis three games were arranged and played, the first with School of Practical Science, whom we defeated by 20-18; and the other two home-and-home games with Upper Canada. We won the first 35-18, the second 64-36.



BASKETBALL TEAM.

Grayson starred in all the games and was largely responsible for our victory over S. P. S.

Loomis and Sidey also showed up well with their many rushes.

Although we were rather late in starting the season as many games as possible were scheduled.

The whole team are experienced players, the majority of them will be back next year, and we all hope that the same success which they have had this year will attend their efforts next season.

The following were awarded colours: Loomis (captain), Grayson, Sidey, Crowther, Clark I., Cameron I., Peene.

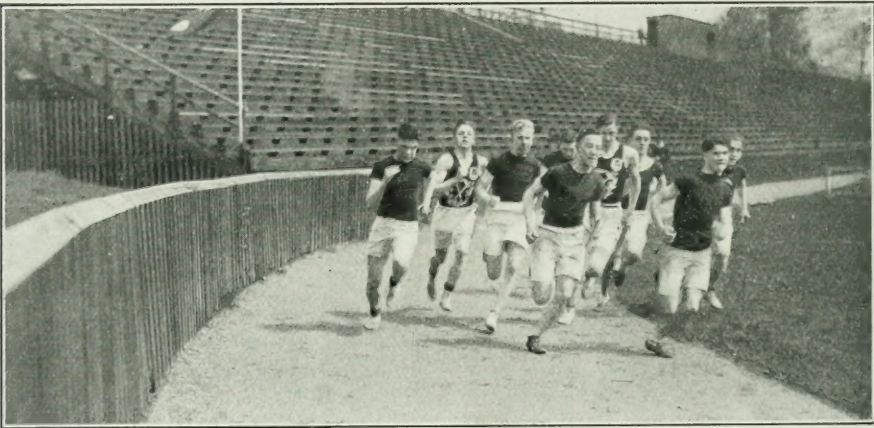
## SPORTS DAY

On Friday, May 23rd, the Nineteenth Annual Athletic meeting of St. Andrew's College was held at the University Stadium. All the events were strenuously contested and a large number of friends tended to make the afternoon a very successful one.

Lady Hendrie, who has always shown the greatest interest in the school, kindly consented to present the prizes.

The successful contestants were as follows:

One Mile Run— 1st Gear, 2nd Kent, 3rd McMullen. Time, 50 min. 30 sec.



THE TWO-TWENTY DASH.

Half Mile Run—1st Gear and Kent, 3rd Gordon I. Time, 2 min. 20 1-5 sec.

440 Yards Dash—1st Findlay I., 2nd Yuill, 3rd Kent. Time, 1 min. 1 se.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1st Grayson, 2nd Richardson.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1st Lyon, 2nd Bradley.

Kicking Football (Senior)—1st Kent, 2nd Clark II.

Kicking Football (Junior)—1st Bradley, 2nd Lyon.

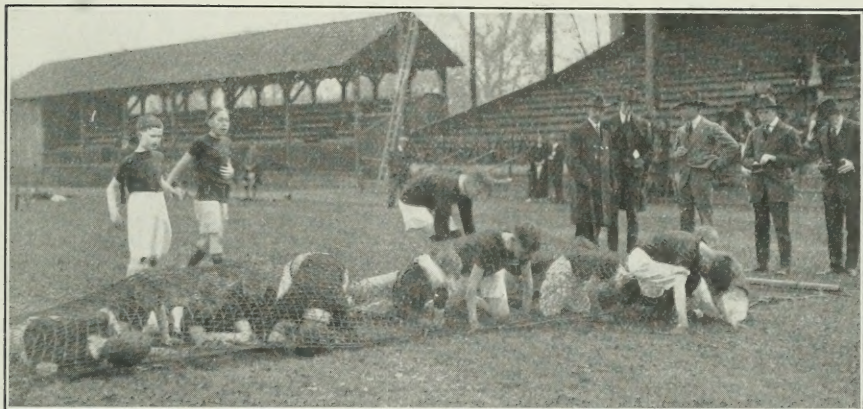
Running High Jump (Junior)—1st Bradley, 2nd Hambly, 3rd Cameron II.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1st Yuill, 8' 9½", 2nd Gordon I., 3rd MacPherson II.

(Junior)—1st Bradley 8' 2nd Kenver, 3rd King.

Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1st Gordon, 17' 8", 2nd Grayson, 3rd MacPherson II.





SMALL FRY.

(Junior)—1st King 14' 11", 2nd Skeaff, 3rd Earle III.

Shot Put—1st Stirrett, 38' 2", 2nd Grayson.

100 Yards Dash (under 17)—1st Cameron, 2nd Peene, 3rd Carrick I. Time, 12 1-5 secs.

50 Yard Dash (Preparatory Form)—1st Grant II., 2nd Kennedy, 3rd Carrick III.

100 Yards Dash (Senior)—1st Yuill, 2nd Gordon I., 3rd Kent. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

Hurdles (under 16)—1st King, 2nd Bradley, 3rd Findlay III.

100 Yards Dash ((under 13)—1st Robinson, 2nd Noonan, 3rd Munn

220 yards (Senior)—1st Gordon, 2nd Yuill, 3rd Findlay I. Time, 25 1-5 secs.

Lower School Handicap—1st Hambly, 2nd Cameron II.

100 Yard (Junior)—1st King, 2nd Bradley, 3rd Robinson.

Senior Hurdles—1st McMullen, 2nd Kent, 3rd Sissons.

220 Junior—1st King, 2nd Bradley. Time 29 1-5 secs.

Running High Jump (Senior)—1st Findlay IV., 2nd Grayson. Height, 5' 1/2".

Junior Hurdles—1st King, 2nd Bradley.

Old Boys' Race—1st Gallagher, 2nd Ross.

Three-legged Race—1st Clark II. and Richardson, 2nd Peene and Cameron I.

Sack Race—1st Cameron II., 2nd Beer.

Obstacle Race—1st Beer, 2nd Cameron II.

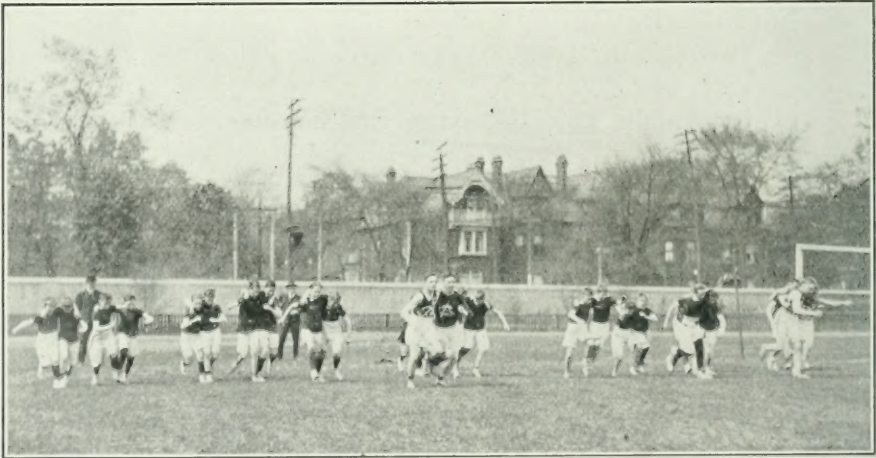
Junior Consolation Race—Earle III.

Senior Consolation Race—Carrick I.  
Table Relay Race—Gordon's Table.

#### CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior Championship—R. G. Gordon, 17 points.  
Boarders' Championship—W. C. Yuill, 16 points.  
Junior Championship—B. B. King, 21 points.  
Lower School House Championship—S. Skeaff, 16 points.

---



THE THREE-LEGGED RACE.



## BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING

This year everyone took the keenest interest in this branch of the gymnastics, with the result that there were several entries for each weight. The championships were:

### BOXING.

Heavyweight of the School.

Stirrett defeated McPherson II.

158 lbs. class—Kent defeated Auld.

145 lbs. class—McCarter defeated Kent.

135 lbs. class—Glendenning defeated Ashenhurst.

125 lbs. class—Robertson I. defeated Denovan.

115 lbs. class—McLean defeated Caswell.

105 lbs. class—Clift II. defeated Clark III.

95 lbs. class—McMurtry II. defeated Easton.

85 lbs. class—Stubbs defeated Middows.

75 lbs. class—Noonan defeated Munn.

65 lbs. class—Cowie defeated Kennedy.

55 lbs. class—Bingham II. defeated White.

### WRESTLING.

Heavyweight Class—Earle I. defeated Stirrett.

158 lbs. class—Loomis.

145 lbs. class—McCarter defeated Patten.

135 lbs. class—Clark II. defeated Crowther.

125 lbs. class—Sidey defeated Cameron I.

115 lbs. class—McMichael defeated Earle III.

105 lbs. class—Patterson III. defeated Cameron II.

95 lbs. class—Tucker defeated Deid.

85 lbs. class—Stubbs defeated Carrick III.

75 lbs. class—Munn defeated Denis.

65 lbs. class—Cowie defeated Carrick III.

55 lbs. class—Bingham II. defeated Robertson III.

### FENCING.

Senior Championship—Hewitt defeated Robertson II.

Junior Championship—Clark II. defeated Ashton.

## EXCHANGES

DAVID K. FINDLAY, *Editor.*

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

The Branksome Slogan—Branksome Hall, Toronto.

The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

The Black and Red—University School, Victoria, B.C.

The Maritime Student's Agriculturist—Truro, N. S.

The Ashburian—Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Acadia Athenaeum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

The Windsorian—King's College School, Windsor, N. S.

The University of Toronto Monthly.

The Excelsior—Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

Blue and White—Rothsay Collegiate School.

Inklings—Ethical Culture School, New York.

Macdonald College Magazine—Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

Boone Review—Boone University, China.

The Elevator—Belleville High School.

Vox Lycei, Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

Acta Ridlieana—Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Ontario Agricultural College—Guelph.

Western Canada College—Calgary.

The Collegian—St. Thomas, Ont.

Lake Lodge Record—Grimsby, Ont.

Vox Lycei—Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

Branksome Slogan: One of our finest exchanges. Full of school news, and delightful fiction. The article on Robert Louis Stevenson deserves great praise. The number of advertisements reflect credit on your business managers, but why prohibit jokes unconnected with the school, if they are good?

Acadia Athenaeum: Is a magazine with college spirit and well-written accounts of college events.

Elevator, Belleville C. I.: Your memorial number deserves praise, especially the pictures of Old Boys. Almost too much advertising matter.

Vox Lycei: Hamilton Collegiate must be a fine institution to produce such a paper. The jokes and cartoons are as good as ever. A few more stories would not be out of place.

The M. S. A. Nova Scotia, Agricultural College: Is full of useful and interesting matter, brightened by some amusing verse.

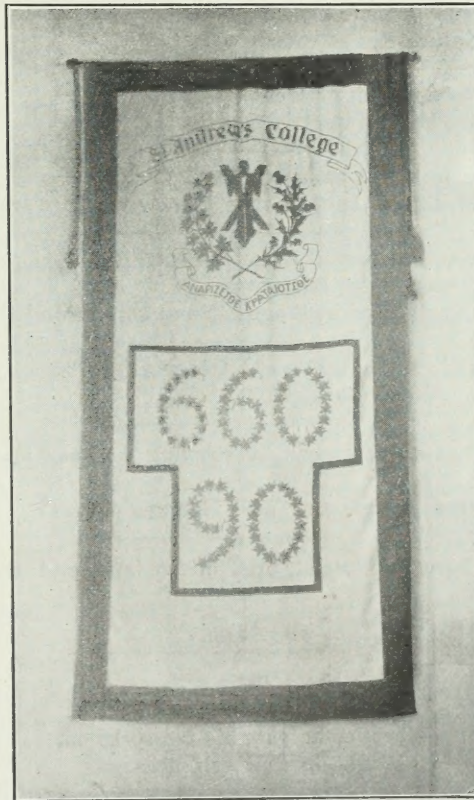


The University of Toronto Monthly: Is just what a Varsity paper should be.

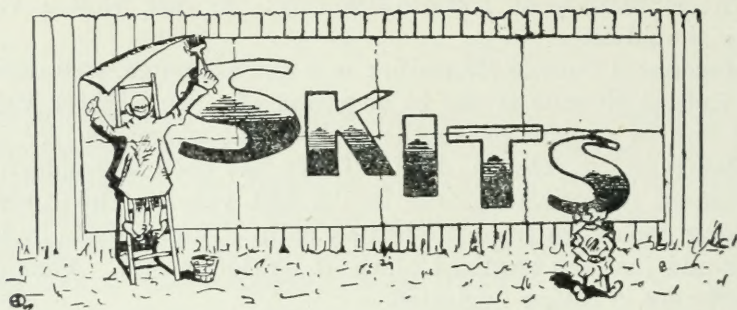
Macdonald College Magazine: Is a fine exchange, well made up. The Roll of Honour is one to be proud of. "In Lighter Vein" is good and in proportion to the rest of the magazine.

Collegian, St. Thomas C. I.: There has been a wonderful improvement in your magazine in the last year. The cover is a pleasing departure from the beaten path. The cartoons and form notes add just the required touch of lighter matter. Your fiction department is rather neglected.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa: A new exchange, which has earned a warm welcome from the REVIEW. Come again.



OUR SERVICE FLAG.



W. E. McDONALD, Editor

Stirrett: "I was just thinking."

Sidey: "I though I heard something rattle."

---

Sissons: "I trust I made myself plain?"

Ferguson: "Nature has attended to that."

---

McLean: "Was there an accident?"

McVean: "Yes, he was hurt infernally."

---

Emory: "You look like an nut, Jimmy."

Jimmy: "Well, that's the first time I knew my face was a mirror."

---

McLean: "Why is a pancake like the sun?"

Hutchings: "Don't know, I'm sure."

McLean: "Well, it rises in the yeast and sets behind the vest."

---

Thorley: "Well, how's the world treating you?"

Macdonald I.: "Not very often."

---

Rendell: "What do you mean by showing me such low collars? Haven't you any taller?"

Shop Girl: "Sorry, sir! Our next size are cuffs."

---

If a man is born in Finland, bred in England, and dies in Canada, what is he?

A corpse.

---

Sissons had a little calf,  
And it was white as snow;  
Where'er he puts his red socks on,  
Right in that calf does go.

J. E. M.



Patten: "I wish you wanted to borrow a dollar from me this morning."

Ashton: "Why?"

Patten: "So that I could remind you of the one you borrowed in September."

---

Pink (to doctor): "I have a stitch in my side."

Doctor: "Well, Pink! How much knitting have you been doing lately?"

---

Dingman: "Did you say you woke to find yourself famous?"

Rendell: "I said that I dreamed I was famous and then woke."

---

Clerk (to Stirrett, who is cashing a cheque): "Have you any identification?"

Stirrett: "Yes; I have a scar on my elbow."

---

Bethune: "We have twins in our house."

McMurtry: "What are their names?"

Bethune: "Beds."

---

Dingman to band: "Band, whoa!"

---

Clare: "Leckie, have you any soap?"

Leckie: "No."

Clare: "I thought so!"

---

### A SUMMER IDYL.

I would flee from the city's rule and law—from its fashions and forms cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on its straw and the gooseberry grows on its goose, where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat as she clutches for her prey—the guileless and unsuspecting rat on the rattan bush at play. I will catch with ease the saffron cow and the cowlet in their glee, as they leap in joy from bough to bough on top of the cowslip tree; and list while the partridge drums his drum and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and the dog devours the dogwood plum in the primitive solitude.

O, let me drink from the moss-grown pump that was hewn from the pumpkin tree; eat mush and milk from a rural stump, from folly and fashions free; I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant farm-yard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass.

ROBERT GORDON THORLEY, Poet and Land Surveyor.

---

McPherson, on week-end leave:

Aunt: "Murray, didn't I hear the clock strike two when you came in last night?"

Murray: "No, Aunt. It was going to strike ten, but I stopped it because I feared it would waken you."

---

Ex-Master: "Working for a living, Patten?"

Patten: "No. Trying my exams to see if I will or not."

Macdonald: "I'm only a poor sewing machine girl, no place to go but out, and no place to come but in."

---

Reynolds: "Society finds its level on a street car, doesn't it?"

Robertson I.: "Well! It shows how many think they have a good standing, and are merely hangers-on."

---

McLean: "I'm not two-faced!"

Rendell: "No. If you were you wouldn't wear that one."

---

McVean's philosophy on soup:

"The thicker the spoon, the louder the tune."

---

Anderson (listening to roll call): "Who are all the 'primuses?' Are they the Mexicans?"

---

Gordon: "They say a man gets morally weaker as the day goes on."

Smith: "I shouldn't be a bit surprised; it was near Eve that Adam ate the apple."

---

Bernhard, finding Master's Greek Grammar: "What is this McVean?"

McVean: "That's short hand."

---

Mr. Findlay: "I once saw a man going to a meeting of a mothers' Club."

Mr. Magee: "That's nothing, I once saw McCarter studying in prep."

---

"She's just the sweetest thing in all the world," said the fly when he was stuck to the molasses.

---

Patterson: "The 'orn of the 'unter was 'eard on the 'ill."

Clare: "Why don't you pronounce your h's?"

Patterson: "There aren't any h's in music, it just goes to g."

---



OVER THE TOP.



**PERSONAL**

Would the B. H. girl, who attempted to abduct Pat McVean, kindly apologize?—X.

---

Will some sympathetic barber volunteer to assist at the funeral of some nice-red hair? Apply V. E., care "The Splash."

---

Butts, I need money. Please remit. Eddie.

---

Lost.—One case of chicken-pox. Finder please return to Hi Gear, care Infirmary. Case valued. Finder may keep contents.

---

To Let.—Fancy Highland uniforms, suitable for mask ball and summer carnivals. Apply "Securus," care "Splash."

---

Handsome young man would assist at tea dances. Latest steps. Wonderful syncopation. Try me.—Eddie.

---

If you are unsuccessful with the ladies—remember these words. Advice gratis—"Ask Murray."

---

A few summer boarders in July and August will be acceptable to Mrs. M. D. Earle at "Sleepy Hollow."

---

Mlle. Tamale Gordon, who last year appeared with the Oakville Opera Co., is this year with the Opaque Film Co. We have no doubt her voice will be more appreciated in the new field she has chosen. R. I. P.

---

Professor Piccott returned to civilization the other day after several weeks spent exploring the uncivilized section east of the Don.

The playlet, "Who Stole the Sphagette," was presented on Friday evening by the students under the direction of the cook. Mr. Worter Rendell created the "Sphagette," and "Bawb" Dingman as the "Black Hand" was a success.

---

Macpherson: "You ought to sleep well."

Earle I.: "Why?"

Macpherson: "Because you lie so easily."

---

Mr. Findlay: "What is lava?"

Piccott: "That which the barber puts on your face when he saves you."

---

Mr. Fleming: "I like a boy with few words and many actions."

McCarter: "Sir, you want my chum, he has St. Vitus dance."

---

Ashton: "Why are hot cross buns like caterpillars?"

Mackay: "I don't know."

Ashton: "Because they make the butter fly."

---

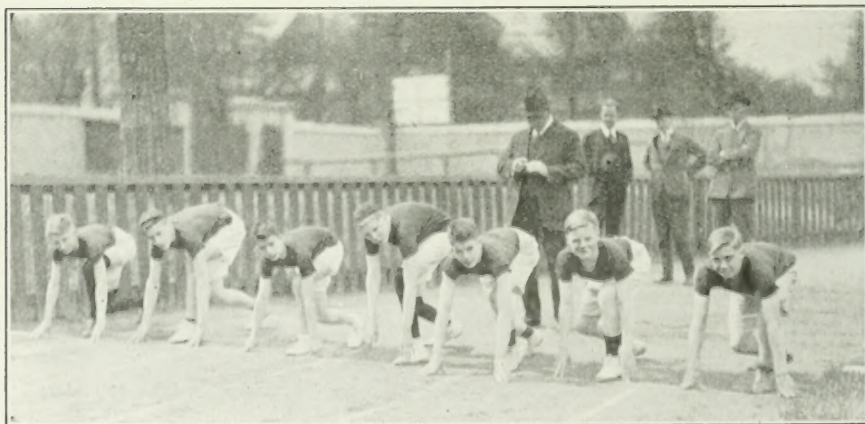
Mr. Laidlaw: "Is that gum you're chewing?"

Crowther: "Yes sir."

Mr. Laidlaw: "Bring it up here."

Crowther: "Sir, here's a fresh stick."

---



ALL SET!



Macpherson I.: "Why do you spend so much time reading that girl's letters these hot days?"

Loomis: "Because they are so cool."

---

Master: "What race do you belong to, McVean?"

McVean: "Sir, the black race."

---

Nurse: "What is this stuff your going to give Stirrett?"

Doc: "Anaesthetic; after taking it he will not know anything."

Stander-by: "Oh, Doc, he doesn't need that."

---

McMicheal to Richardson: "Are you descended from the James Richardson?"

Richardson: "No, I'm descended from a long line of telephone people."

---

She: "I wouldn't marry the best man living."

Earl I.: "I'm sorry you feel that way about me, but I appreciate the compliment."

---

Auld to New Boy: "Where do you come from?"

New Boy: "Walawala."

Auld: "I suppose they liked the place so well they named it twice."

---

Beath: "What do you think of \_\_\_\_\_?"

Dingman: "He reminds me of a river."

Beath: "Why?"

Dingman: "Because the biggest part of him is his mouth."

---

Gear: "If a woman changed her sex what religion would she be?"

Peene: "She would be a he-then, of course."

Loomis: "I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live."

Cameron: "Refused again?"

Loomis: "No, accepted."

### A JAZZ IDYL

Half a day, Half a day, Half a day free,  
All into Bowle's lunch rush S. A. C.  
"Drop two on," he said,  
Bacon, beans and bread,  
All into Bowle's lunch rushed  
S. A. C.

"Forward," Kid Stirrett cries,  
Charge for the pumpkin pies,  
And while the bacon fries,  
Happy are we.  
Their's not to wait for grace,  
Their's but to set the pace,  
And keep another place,  
For S. A. C.

Flash all our front teeth bare,  
Yell as we paw the air,  
Snatching the victuals there,  
Happy and free.

Right in the greasy smoke,  
No one but Stirrett broke,  
Some one will surely croak  
In S. A. C.

A. W. REYNOLDS.

Mr. Tudball: "If a farmer has 1,700 bushels of wheat, and sells it at \$1.17 per bushel, what will he get?"

McVean: "An automobile, sir."

Clark II.: "Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

Richardson: "It needs all the air it can get."

Beath: "How far can your ancestors be traced?"

Earl I.: "Well! When my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of the county bank, they traced him to China."



Stonehouse: "My room-mate lied to me before we roomed together."

Gordon II.: "Why?"

Stonehouse: "When I asked him about rooming together, he said that he was agreeable!"

---

Mr. Carmichael: "Take these chemistry notes: "Th-th-th-th-the laws of chemical——'"

Voice (interrupting): "Shall we write down all those t's, sir?"

---

McLean: "Did that medicine the doctor gave you cure your deafness?"

McVean: "Yes! Ten minutes after my first dose, I heard from a friend in France."

---

Wanted: The old lady who called "red-cap" when Clark II. alighted from the train.

---

Clark: "Is Daddy Mills well to do?"

Earle II.: "No, he's hard to do."

---

"What is the best way to raise cabbage?"

"With a knife and fork."

---

Leckie (coming into C205): "Can I borrow this shoe brush?"

Sidey: "Shoe brush? Put that down; it is Stirrett's tooth brush!"

---

### SOCIETY COLUMN.

Once again was "Krude Oil," the Duke of Petrolea's country place, in the Bad lands, *en fete*. It was the occasion of Lady Sissons annual garden party in aid of the Clamfisher's Hospital in midocean. The fact that the place was "in feet" prompted a speech by Canonball Leckie on the need of rubber boots for flood sufferers in the Sahara. Baron Buttsky McDonolovitch, Colonel Earle and Miss Olive McVean also ran.

---

"I never knew I was done till I was done," writes a pleased customer. That's the way we do business. McLean & Co., 23 Jerusalem Boulevard.

The annual tennis tournament at the Wayback County Club is now in progress. Wayback is somewhere near Erin. Mr. Hi Gear, a well-known athlete, is entered.

---

Social circles of St. John all agog over the rumored return of Colonel Earle this season.

---

No, Agnes, we would not advise you to dye your hair green. Nor can we direct you to a False Teeth Exchange. But you might try Miss Davie, the exchange editor.

---

Stoney—awfully lonely.—S.

---

I Yankem—dentist. Phone Pull 2-0.

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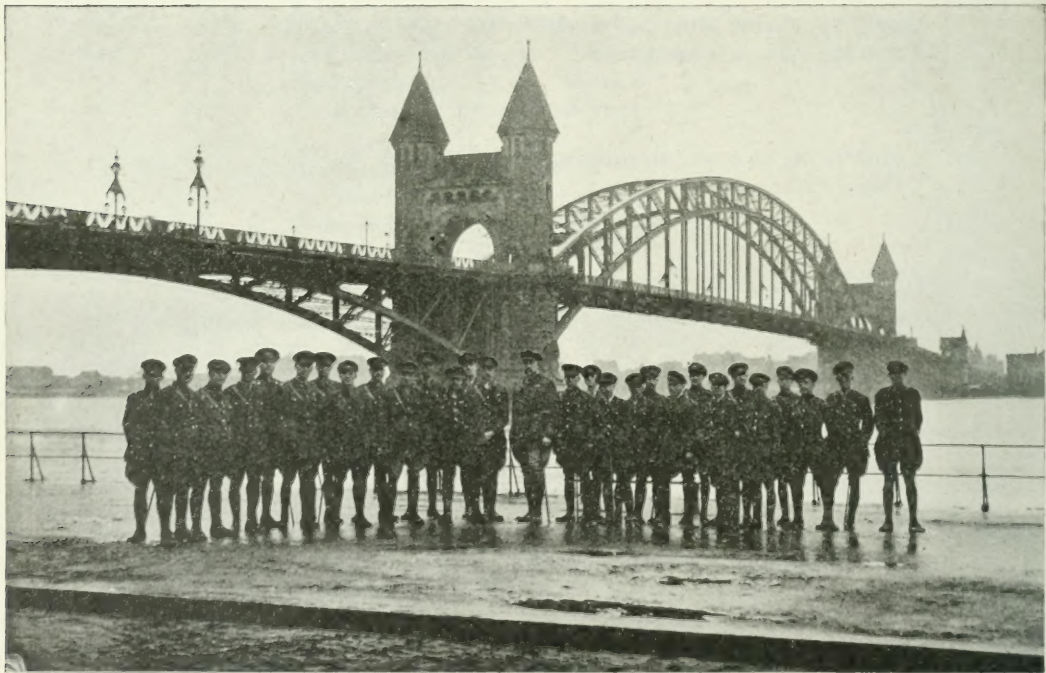
Slightly used heart for hire. Apply Grant. Phone C-201.

---

Every girl should wear our form pins. Photo on request. Messrs. Murray and Morris, third floor, Center Building.

---

S. A. B.



OFFICERS OF CANADIAN MOTOR MACHINE GUN BRIGADE.

Beside the bridge at Bonne, Germany.

(CAPT. R. C. CLARK, M.C., second from right.)



# St. Andrew's College

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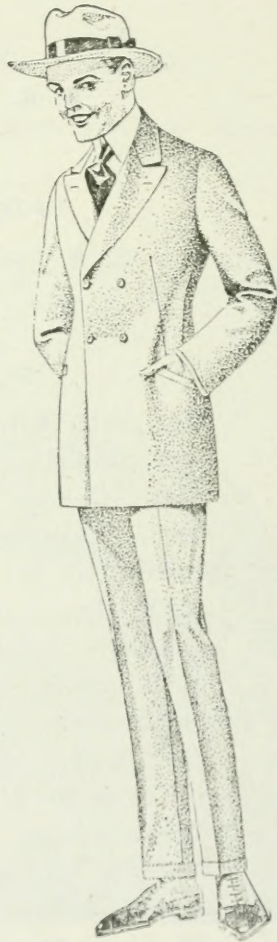
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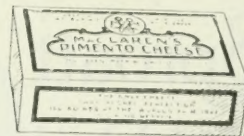
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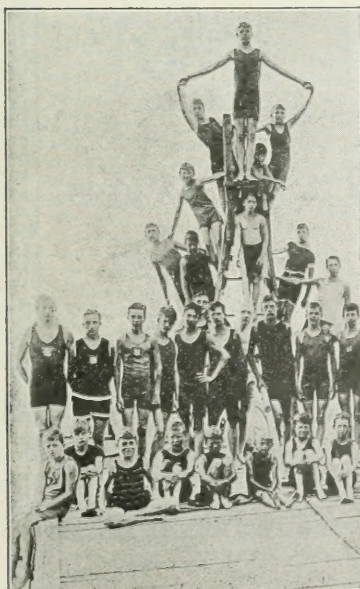
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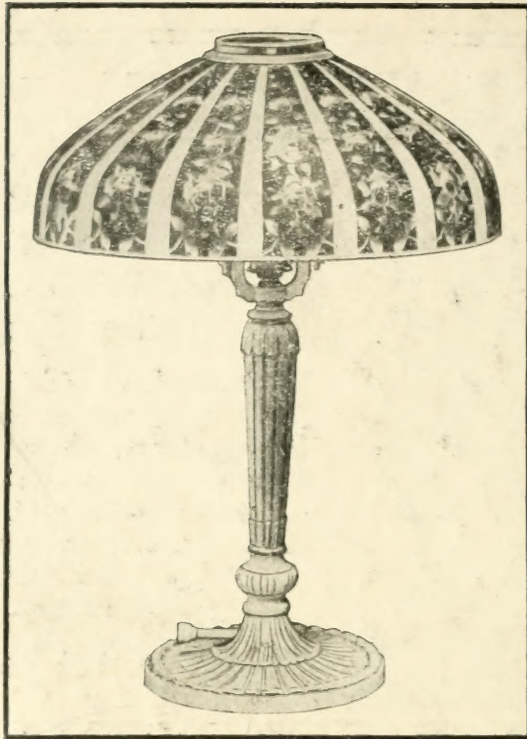
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